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THE HISTORY
OF A
WORK OF FAITH AND LOVE

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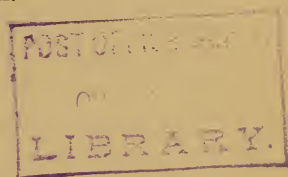
*WHICH GREW OUT OF THE CALAMITIES OF THE LATE
CIVIL WAR, AND IS A RECORD OF GOD'S
WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.*

INSTITUTION

FOUNDED BY THE

REV. A. TOOMER PORTER, D. D.,

A. D. MDCCCLXVII.



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TO
MY MANY HELPERS,
THIS
RECORD OF A WORK OF FAITH AND LOVE IS RESPECTFULLY, AFFECTIONATELY, AND
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY A. TOOMER PORTER,
RECTOR OF
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,
AND RECTOR OF THE

Holy Communion Church Institute,

FOUNDED IN 1877.

ALL-SAINTS' DAY, November 1, 1874.

* * *The Third Edition is new matter from the Seventeenth
Chapter.*

“Dwell in the land and be doing good. Verily thou shalt be fed.”

“Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.”

A RECORD OF LOVE AND FAITH.

CHAPTER I.

ON that fearful night of February 17, 1865, when Columbia, the fair capital of South Carolina, was enveloped in flames, I found myself with my little family amid the fierce and fiery billows which swept over the devoted city. Helpless, almost hopeless, not knowing what terrible fate awaited us, in this frightful extremity God raised me up a devoted friend in the person of Lieutenant John A. McQueen, of the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, which was the escort of General O. O. Howard. During the entire stay of the Federal army in the blackened and ruined city, this devoted officer never forsook us, giving all the protection he possibly could; and it was only when the last company of United States soldiers had departed that he took his leave.

On parting with him, as he mounted his horse, I placed in his hands a letter, addressed by me to General Wade Hampton, or any other Confederate into whose custody he might fall. I charged him to retain this on his person, as, in the chances of war, he might find it useful. The story is a long one, and will be found farther on in this record. Suffice it to say here, that ten days after he left Columbia, near Camden, South Carolina, Lieutenant McQueen was wounded in a skirmish, and my letter was the means of saving his life. Hearing of the casualty, I resolved to seek the disabled officer; and, after a journey of over two hundred miles by rail and wagon, and on foot, I found him. Procuring a buggy and a horse, I took him to Raleigh, North Carolina, where General Joseph E. Johnston sent him

through the lines without exchange or parole, in consideration of his noble and humane conduct in Columbia and Camden.

After the cessation of hostilities, the Right Reverend Thomas F. Davis, D. D., Bishop of South Carolina, sent me to New York in April, 1866, to endeavor to collect a fund sufficiently large to rebuild our Theological Seminary buildings, and restore our library, which had been burned during the war. At the same time, I was charged to raise money for the purpose of establishing a school for the children of the freedmen, which was to be under the direction of the Protestant Episcopal Church. For the first-named object I collected a little over five thousand dollars; and, for the second, a sufficient amount to purchase, in Charleston, the old Marine Hospital building, which I fitted up nicely for a school. The commission for colored people of the Protestant Episcopal Church have paid the teachers from that time to the present; while about eighteen hundred colored children have attended this school. Here I would state my success in collecting funds for this undertaking was owing, in great measure, to the interest evinced in me by General Howard, an interest which arose from my kindness to his lieutenant. By General Howard I was introduced to Mr. Johnson, then President of the United States, to whose liberality I was indebted for a check for one thousand dollars, paid out of his own private fund, for the purchase of the school-house for colored children.

All this, however, was, in the providence of God, only preparing the way for me to enter upon a much greater work which He had appointed for me to do. In order that my readers may fully understand, not only the nature and results of my vast undertaking, but the circumstances which led to the same, it will be necessary for me to retrace my steps, and open a sad page in my personal history.

On the 25th of October, 1864, the angel of death visited my family circle, and bore to the arms of his heavenly Father, whose pleasure it was to call him, my eldest child, a lovely boy of eleven years of age. Beautiful in person, remarkably lovely in disposition and character, this precious child was one of those spiritualized children whom we see occasionally. But the Father had need of him; and, after enduring for seventy-two hours

the agonies of that dread disease, yellow fever, he closed his eyes for ever on the things of this world, to open them in that life which is immortal.

Then, indeed, did a shadow so dark, so deep, fall upon our pathway that we could scarcely see to grope our way to clasp the Father's hand, which we knew was extended to us from behind the cloud, in loving and tender mercy. For three long years—years full of unceasing regret for the precious child gone from us—I went heavily all the day, and night after night watered my couch with my tears. Hearts that have experienced a similar bereavement can understand how it was that, at this time, life was simply a duty, all pleasure in it being gone.

It has been my custom to spend the anniversary of my child's death at his grave in the cemetery, about two miles from the city of Charleston. On the 25th of October, 1867, I repaired, as usual, to the grave to weep there, little dreaming that I was on the eve of establishing a great institution, which, under God, was to change the destiny of many hundreds. On this occasion I was more than usually afflicted; when in the depths of sorrow, our heavenly Father graciously put forth his hand, and mercifully led me into green pastures and beside still waters.

In the midst of that graveyard, surrounded by those quiet sleepers, I reflected on the present condition of my beloved boy. He had passed through the gates of light, and was enjoying those things for which I was only hoping; knowing, where I was only believing. I thought of the time when, perhaps, the Father may send him to be one of those who shall lead my spirit through the unknown country. Had he lived and grown to manhood, and become a successful minister of the gospel, at best he could have only worn the crown, and this he already had without the conflict. Calmed and comforted by these precious truths, brought us by our dear Lord, my thoughts then reached out to the boys—the young schoolmates and companions of my precious child. While he was a dweller in paradise, sharing in its glories, and partaking of its gifts, they, for the most part, were orphaned by the war, thoroughly impoverished, and growing up perfectly destitute of educational advantages. Their

parents had formerly sent them to the city or abroad, to be educated, or employed tutors at home; for, owing to the sparseness of the white population, there were no large public nor private schools in the country places convenient to the plantations. These children, as a general thing, represented the best blood of our land. What a sad change from their former condition! How pitiable to see them ignorant, uncultured, running wild in the woods! Then my thoughts reverted to the breaking up of our schools in 1861, by which so many of the Southern youth sustained the loss of education, and had grown up with minds almost entirely uncultured. It seemed to me that boys, whose parents were among the *élite* of the land, suffered a terrible fall when they were plunged into an abyss of ignorance; for, the greater the height from which they fell, the lower the depths into which they were plunged. Standing, as we were, amid the utter wreck of fortune, I felt that we must not, if the evil could be prevented, suffer the additional calamity of ignorance. Who, who would come to the rescue of these boys? The answer came, it seemed to me from heaven: "Something must be done, and done at once, and you must do it." I do it? I have no way; from day to day I can scarcely procure the means with which to sustain my family. The voice seemed ringing in my ears: "Take up your work and do it."

Gradually the light seemed to break upon me, showing me, although then dimly, the way. I remembered that I had at my command a large building, which I had erected before the war as a Sunday-school and an industrial school-house. This I could use for a schoolroom. Then I owned a house, the last piece of property I held of my patrimony, all the rest having been swept away by the terrible whirlwind of war. This building I was renting at six hundred dollars per annum. I determined to give a month's notice to the tenants; and this house I could devote to an orphanage. Thus, from thought to thought, my duty became plain, and the way growing clearer. As the sun went down, throwing gleams of glory on that little grave, I knelt on the mound, and asked of God that, if the thought and desire were from him, I might be endowed with the wisdom, the zeal, the continuity of purpose to carry out the enterprise; and I prayed that the hearts of His people might be open to me,

and that they should not listen coldly, when I pleaded the cause of the impoverished orphan; or, if this was not an inspiration, let it all pass away as a morning cloud or the fantasies of a fleeting dream.

Devoting my life afresh to our blessed Saviour, I arose from my knees and with a lightened heart returned to my home. From that time to this, although never a day has passed in which my thoughts have not dwelt upon my absent dear one, I have never been permitted to grieve for him. I left that precious little grave; but I carried with me the glorious resolve, the holy purpose with which I had been inspired while kneeling there, and which inspiration, let me say, has never deserted me, even amid weariness, sickness, and discouragement.

O reader, what a lesson you can gather from this experience! When your heavenly Father chastens you, do not give up in despair; but ask, "Lord, what is it? What wilt thou have thy servant to do?" Look about you; see what your work is; then, be up and doing. Do not suffer sorrow to so manacle your hands that you can not put them out to the needy.

That night I wrote a circular, and the next day had it printed. It was addressed to the clergy of the State, to whom it was forwarded. I sent one to every section, and, where there were no clergymen, to prominent citizens, asking them to let me know what destitute orphans, half-orphans, and others whose parents were living, but who, for lack of means, could not attend any school, were in their neighborhood.

It was soon noised abroad that I was about to establish an Orphan Home. Even my friends thought me deranged. "It can not be done," was the universal cry. Friend after friend discouraged me by prophesying failure. It seemed to them as chimerical as the attempt would be single-handed to build a cathedral in the Desert of Sahara. They had not felt the power of that inspiration of God's spirit which came upon me at that grave. The more they opposed and even condemned me, the more earnest and steadfast I became in my purpose. Soon I was flooded with applications from the country for the admission of boys, chiefly from the low country bordering on the sea, from the sea-island cotton plantations, and from the rice-growing region.

One among many letters was very touching, and came from a widow. She wrote that, "Sunday as it was, she felt compelled to write to me. She had just returned from church, where she had heard my circular read by the rector; that up to that moment she felt the cloud which overhung her was impenetrable; that, if God had not forgotten her, she was at least forsaken. By that circular the clouds had been riven, and a ray of light had come from the Throne of Grace into her darkened heart. She had a fine boy, about fifteen years old; that his father, before he died, had taken him through Cæsar; but now his education had been stopped, and there was no earthly hope for him. My circular, however, had changed all this, and she was going to send me her boy, whether I could take him or not." In due time he came; and, to anticipate a little, he was fitted for college. He went to Trinity College, Hartford; graduated creditably; studied law, and was admitted to practice; but, giving up all for Christ, he is now a candidate for holy orders in a prominent theological seminary, and will (D. V.) be admitted in about a year.

After carefully selecting my number, giving the preference to the oldest boys, knowing that they had the least time to spare, I consented to take thirty-three, the largest number the house could accommodate. Having settled this, I looked around first for a principal, and Mr. John Gadsden, of Summerville, South Carolina, son of the Rev. Mr. Phillip Gadsden, and nephew of the late Bishop of South Carolina, was engaged. Then teachers, in all eight, were contracted with. A matron was found in Mrs. John Bryan, the widow of a dear friend, and my former warden. Up to this time I had not one dollar, nor did I know where to procure one. When I look back to this period, I can only say that God must have supernaturally nerved me to the work. My circular suggested that I wished first the children of our own Church, then those of other denominations of Christians.

The quartermaster of the United States Army, then stationed at the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina, had brought letters of introduction to me, in consequence of which I had extended to him certain civilities. Hearing of my undertaking, he informed me that he had ordered some iron bedsteads, belong-

ing to the army, to be sold; that he would buy them in, and send them to me. I accepted his offer, and he sent me one hundred of them, and these, with some repairs, I have used ever since. This was the first gift to the enterprise. Here and there I gathered a little furniture, bedding, and crockery; and asked credit of certain grocers, butchers, and bakers, assuring them that I would not owe more than the house in which the children were to live was worth; and, if I failed, would close up, sell the building and pay them. On these terms the credit was granted. On the 9th of December, 1867, the day-school was opened by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Davis. There was a large attendance of children and adults in the church, to whom I delivered a written address. Thus we began in the house of God. Soon we had nearly three hundred boys and over one hundred girls in the school.

I would here state that this enterprise was not for my support. I do not instruct save in those studies which are of a religious nature. Nor is my labor for pecuniary reward; it is a labor of faith and love; and the richest offerings that I receive are the smiles of my heavenly Father, and the grateful thanks of the hearts I have been permitted by Him to gladden.

I charged fifty cents a month for each child received into the day-school; but such then was the poverty of the people that very few could pay even this small amount. I distributed over eight hundred dollars' worth of school-books among the children, for which I never received one hundred dollars in return. I was forgiven the debt, for a part of them, by a generous publisher in New York, and a part I paid for.

On the 21st of March, 1868, the first boy came to the Home. He was an orphan, the son of highly respectable parents; but the poor child gave every evidence of the wild life he had been leading. I shall never forget the shock I received on seeing him; the degeneracy was even greater than I had imagined possible. That boy remained with us five years: he was two years at Union College, Schenectady, New York; is now a medical student in Albany, and a devout communicant of the Church.

The thirty-three boys soon came into the Home. When the first five had arrived, taking them into my study, I said:

“Now, boys, you have come here as my sons; you are to be my guests. No one expects to make any money. You are here to study and to take advantage of this great opportunity. Your spiritual mother, the Church, has opened her arms to shelter you; she proposes to lead you in the way of life.” I remembered how shocked I was, when, a pure boy, I had left my mother’s home and care for a boarding-school, to see and read, upon the walls of the premises of one of the most prominent and respectable schools in Charleston, indecent figures drawn and words written. Telling the boys of this, I charged them never to allow an improper figure to appear on these premises; that I would not attend to this, but they must manage it themselves. I remarked: “The boy who writes or draws anything improper on the walls needs cleaning, and, although you can not make him clean within, you can typically. You can take him to the pump and wash him well, and, when I hear that you have done so, I will dismiss the boy.” In all these seven years I have never seen a word written, nor figure drawn, on the premises. A laughable incident took place in connection with this. About two years ago, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the poet, visited the institution, and addressed the boys in a most noble speech, after which I told him and his party how successful I had been in preventing the boys from disgracing the walls with improper figures or words. Turning to my young charges, I said, “Now, boys, have you ever ducked any one yet?” I was somewhat confounded by the general laugh which arose, and the emphatic declaration, “Yes!” they had ducked three, but as the offenders had promised faithfully never to repeat the offense, evinced much sorrow, and begged hard that I might not be told of their misdeed, as they would have to leave if I knew of it, they had put them on trial without telling me, and these boys had been as good as their word. There was a general laugh at my expense, but with such a record I was willing. I have never repeated the order since I first told the five boys; it has been handed from one year to the next, and is one of the unwritten traditions of the institution.

Now begins a series of the most wonderful providences. I would ask my readers to note how the presence of God has been with us through all the years of the life of this institution,

how He has used one means and another, at times making us realize that it was His hand guiding us, and His voice counseling us; and if my experience, given in these pages, can only strengthen one fainting heart, and encourage it in energy, patience, endurance, and faith, this narrative will not have been written in vain. If I can make only one heart realize that our Father is not far off, but nigh, that His hand is stretched out still and His ear is open to our prayers, then I shall have comforted some soul, and helped some one to cling closer to God; and this will be my exceeding great reward.

Up to this point I had been in receipt of little or no money. The tuition fees were only nominal. The common schools of the city were not organized, and my school was filled with free scholars; it was the largest, indeed the only large one, in the place. I raised in Charleston, through all the first year, only three hundred and thirty dollars for this great work. My expenses were increasing, salaries and bills were unpaid, and matters looked desperate. But my courage did not fail, nor did my resolution falter. Faith in God and the belief that He had placed this work in my hands sustained me. How much I bore from doubting and dissuading friends, whose want of sympathy became want of confidence in my success, only God knows; how many earnest prayers went up to heaven, how many sleepless nights and waking hours of anxiety were passed, are recorded only above. The world did not know of my struggles and my anxieties. I maintained a confident exterior, never suffering a thought of failure to enter into my mind.

In March, 1868, obtaining a leave of absence from my vestry, after the boys had all arrived and matters were organized, I went to the city of Baltimore. I was received with open heart and arms into the family of the Rev. Dr. Mahan, the rector of St. Paul's Church. I told my story at St. Paul's, and, when its rector handed me the collection, it amounted to nearly eight hundred dollars. This sum was soon on its way to the South, and unspeakable was the joy which it carried there. In the congregation of St. Paul's, Baltimore, was a gentleman, Mr. Wilkins Glenn, who was owner and editor of the "Baltimore Gazette." He came to me for my plans and statistics; expressed much delight at this work, regarding it as the best

effort of which he had heard from the South. He devoted many columns, day after day, in the "Gazette," to me and my work, and proposed to form an association to assist in carrying out my purposes. I passed five weeks in Baltimore, preaching in Emmanuel Church and St. Luke's, and obtaining about one thousand dollars from the two churches. Day after day I went from house to house through snow—for we had five snow-storms during my stay in the city—through rain and cold, trudging the wet streets from nine o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night.

Dear brother or sister, you who have had this trying work to do, let me tell you that many a time I have gone in between the outer and inner doors of the houses, and knelt and prayed for grace and will to pull the bell; imploring God for strength to overcome this shrinking feeling, this repugnance of the flesh and spirit. Now and then my courage has failed me, and I have gone off choked and weeping. I tried to take the ground that I was no beggar, but an ambassador for Christ, doing his work and coming to the Lord's children to place before them an opportunity of laying up treasure in heaven. I acknowledge that the position sometimes brought me scoffs; but, to the honor of Baltimore, I will say that I was received with affectionate consideration and generous assistance.

I procured in Baltimore and Washington—chiefly in the latter place, from Ascension Church, then under Dr. Pinkney, now Assistant Bishop of Maryland—sufficient money to pay all my past dues and to carry me on to June. In that month my supplies became exhausted. In that unfortunate extremity a telegram reached me from Mr. Glenn, requesting me to return to Baltimore immediately, and by the next train I left Charleston. I found that Mr. Glenn had been to New York, and succeeded in interesting Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, Mr. William Appleton, Mr. I. S. Thayer, Mr. Charles O'Connor, Mr. William B. Duncan, and others, who had consented to assist in placing me on a firmer footing. Mr. Glenn called a meeting of influential gentlemen in Baltimore, and then and there they organized a society, with Mr. Samuel G. Wyman as its president, which pledged me six hundred dollars a month for three years. I returned to my home with a feeling of happiness animating my heart, and

strengthened to proceed with my work. By the faithful fulfillment of this pledge I was enabled to get through the first year, having had over five hundred children in the day-school and thirty-three living in the Home, whom I had, for the most part, clothed as well as fed. During that year nine of the boys were confirmed and became communicants.

CHAPTER II.

OCTOBER 1, 1868, began my second year. The school opened with as many pupils as usual, and the same thirty-three boys were in the Home. A few more day-scholars paid their tuition, which was raised to one dollar per month. A few in the Home also paid a trifling sum. On the 1st of January, 1869, I refused to take the girls again, and declined in one day one hundred and ten. This was a hard struggle, but I found my means too limited to manage both; therefore, with great reluctance, I gave up, for the time, this precious charge.

Mr. Glenn kept up faithfully his monthly remittance of six hundred dollars a month, which was, of course, a great assistance, but it was not enough. Therefore, I went to New York in November, 1868. Now my past introduction through General Howard availed me much, and I was able to collect about three thousand dollars. While in New York an advertisement from a Charleston paper was sent to me, of the proposed sale of a building immediately in the rear of the Church of the Holy Communion. I knew that if this work was to be continued that building would be essential to me, for over two hundred applicants were waiting on me to consent to take them into a house which held thirty-three. Seeing that the terms were one third cash, and the balance in three years, I made known my wants to God, and telegraphed to a friend to buy the house if the price did not exceed five thousand dollars. I had not a cent with which to meet the payment, but the house was purchased, and I was informed that, as soon as the papers were made out, I would have to pay seventeen hundred dollars; the house cost

five thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. When I ascertained how much I had to pay on my purchase, I sought my very dear friend Mr. John D. Wolfe, and told him all my plans. His name calls up in the memory of hundreds the image of one whose ear was ever open to every story of work for the glory of God and the good of men—a man who, as he lived on, ripened more and more for the inheritance of the saints. Full of love and generosity, he scattered of his abundance throughout the land; and, though dead, he yet liveth in the institutions he founded and fostered. Never seeming to weary, however many appeals were made to him—and their name was legion—he was full of humanity. After patiently hearing my story, he remarked, “You are as bad as the bishops—a sort of stand-and-deliver man.” Then, turning to his desk, he filled up a check for one thousand dollars, saying, as he handed it to me, “If you are good for anything, you can pick up the other seven hundred dollars.” This amount was raised in time, and, at the expiration of the three years, the house was paid for.

During this year nothing of consequence happened save that I received into the house just purchased thirty-one more boys. When I began this work, I was determined that I would allow no *espionage*—that I would throw the boys on their honor entirely. I told them, from the first, that the key of their dormitories was on the inside; that they need never go out of second-story windows by means of ladders at night; that no one was watching them; that, if they went out after hours, they must leave the house by the front-door, remembering always, as they crossed the threshold, that God and their conscience knew they were violating a trust, and, if they could do this, sooner or later, I would find them out, and they would leave the institution immediately. All the boys who have left have given me their assurance that never, while inmates of the Home, did they absent themselves after hours without permission. This is another unwritten tradition of the institution; and a boy who, under such circumstances, would leave the Home at night would be compelled, by the pressure of the public opinion of the boys, to leave altogether. Is not the boy here laying a foundation of truth and high-minded honor on which the man will rear a

noble structure? Will not these boys make valuable men?
For, as the poet tells us—

“As the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.”

An incident occurred this year which illustrates the tone of the institution. Tickets of admission to the theatre had been presented to two of the larger boys. The principal permitted them to go, and waited for them until their return. When they came, both were seriously under the influence of liquor. This was Friday night. On Monday, after the usual daily service, Mr. Gadsden came into the vestry-room and said that he had a disagreeable fact to lay before me. Hearing all the particulars, I told him to leave the matter to me. During the day I staid about the premises, treating these young men as though I was not cognizant of their misdemeanor. The next day, after morning prayer, while I was still in the vestry-room, they came in, and under great embarrassment opened their case to me. They stated that they had gone into the saloon adjoining the theatre, and, as it was a very cold night, each had taken a drink. Being unaccustomed to the use of ardent spirits, they had been overcome by the potion. They said they did not feel that at their age—one was nineteen and the other twenty—they had done so very great a wrong in taking the drink; the wrong was in going into a bar-room at all. It was a breach of confidence; in this they had transgressed, and feared they had lost my respect. They were willing, they said, to submit to any punishment I was prepared to inflict. Perceiving that they were deeply moved, I asked them if this confession was of their own volition. They replied, “Entirely.” I asked if this would ever again occur. “Never,” they replied, “while under your charge.” “Then,” said I, “young men, your offense is as freely forgiven as it is fully and honestly confessed; we will never refer to it again.” I saw the big tears roll down their cheeks, and, as they pressed my hand, their hearts were too full for words. At that moment everything was gained, and these two young men were patterns in the school until they left. I learned at that time the full value of our heavenly Father’s forgiveness to a truly penitent sinner. Since then, one of these young men, now a respectable citizen, called to see me, and remarked that this occurrence was

the turning-point of his life; my course with himself and his young friend conquered them, and they would have died sooner than have offended again. It had made a lasting impression on their minds and hearts, and had a most happy influence on the institution. During this year fourteen youths were confirmed and became communicants.

The society in Baltimore was prompt in its monthly payments; and with about fifteen hundred dollars collected at home, and amounts which came from various parties at the North, I got through the year, owing but little at this time. Although I was fitting boys for college, I had no expectation of sending them, but sought only to prepare them thoroughly for business. One of the many striking incidents of Divine Providence, however, now occurred which has led to great results. I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Huntington, Professor of Greek, in Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, asking if I had any boys ready for college; if so, I must send him four. Their tuition and room-rent would be remitted, and he, through a brotherhood, would provide one hundred dollars each for their support. The finger of God appeared to be pointing the way; therefore, I sent them on in September, Mr. William P. Clyde, of New York, passing them free on his line of steamers.

During this year the difficulty with which I had to contend at home was a constant prophesying of failure. I was no longer accused of insanity; now it was only rashness. The opinion was freely expressed that a work so gigantic must prove a failure. Those who have engaged in large undertakings know how discouraging such prognostications are. When you are struggling, as if for your very life, amid the rough billows of endeavor, needing some word of human sympathy, some kindly voice to cheer you on, these "miserable comforters" are not calculated to strengthen you. I can well understand the feeling which prompted Mohammed to reply to the question of his second and more beautiful wife, "Do you not love me better than you did Kadijah?" "No, by Allah!" exclaimed Mohammed; "she believed in me when none else would." Ah! my friends, even this Arab knew how precious a thing it is to be believed in. Perhaps our people were not to blame. They were under that most discouraging cloud, poverty; they had

seen their hopes blasted and their plans frustrated. Measuring this vast enterprise by my visible means, they honestly believed that the undertaking would prove a failure. But, while they walked by sight, I walked by faith, trustingly following where my Lord and my God led me.

Thus closed our second year.

CHAPTER III.

Two incidents worthy of note occurred during the second year of the life of this institution. They both convey a valuable lesson, which I trust my readers will lay to heart and profit by. I had preached in Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, on a certain Sunday, in behalf of this work. On the following Thursday the Rev. Dr. Randolph brought me six hundred and five dollars as the result of my appeal. Handing me the amount, he said: "My brother, you will, of course, be thankful for these six hundred dollars; but here is a check for one hundred dollars which might have been one thousand without inconvenience to the giver." Thus he ran through the different contributions of various parties. When he came to the five dollars he said: "This is the most precious of all; it is the gift of a washer-woman." When he remonstrated with her, saying she could not afford such a sum, she remarked "It was the Lord's, not hers, and that she freely gave it." She then told her pastor the following story: "As I preached she became interested and said to herself she would give to me all that was in the 'Lord's box.' It seems she had a box which she called the 'Lord's box,' in which she was in the habit of depositing a certain percentage of all she made by her daily labors. As I continued to preach, she added to her vow an offering of all she made in the next three days. On Thursday morning she counted up her gains, and found she had made three dollars. On looking into the 'Lord's box' she found two dollars; so, adding the two sums, she brought them as her offering to the cause of the widow and the orphan." I asked to be permitted to call on this woman,

but the rector said she would be hurt if she thought I knew this history. Therefore, I could only ask God's blessing on her, and commend her in my prayers. Reader, have you ever done like this? Is this the manner of your faith and love? What sacrifices have you ever made in bringing gifts to the Lord's treasury? Will you not let the example of this humble woman, whose name is written in heaven in letters of light, and who will shine among the redeemed, stimulate you to emulate her self-sacrificing charity? This circumstance convinced me that theologians may war upon words, but while such hearts are attuned with love the Holy Ghost still abides in the Church, and the Church is safe.

A second circumstance occurred in a different sphere of life. I preached in Grace Church, Newark, New Jersey, during the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Hodges. I was staying with a friend, who, the next morning, came into his study, where I was sitting. The tears were coursing down his cheeks, and, taking my hand in his, he said: "I thank you for coming here; you have helped to form the character of my child." Of course I was much surprised, and asked an explanation. He said: "It is my custom, when my daughters arrive at the age of seventeen, to give them a watch, and, when they are eighteen, to present them with a chain and trinkets. My daughter arrived at the latter age last week; and I told her to go to Tiffany's and select a chain and such trinkets as she wished. Last night, when you preached, my daughter was much affected; and begged me, instead of giving her the chain and trinkets, please give the amount to you. I told her no; they were all excited with sympathy. I feared it was an impulse which she might regret; to sleep on it, and see how she felt the next day." The next morning, it seems, just before my friend came in to me, his daughter had taken him into the drawing-room, and, throwing her arms around his neck, said, with tears: "Oh father, give Mr. Porter all the money, and please make it a great deal more!" He cautioned her that he would not give her the chain and trinkets again that year; but she persisted, and he did give me the amount and a great deal more. Here, reader, is another example, perchance in your own sphere of life—the first sacrifice laid at the foot of the Cross. How many, for Christ's sake,

have you laid there? That young lady is now a happy wife; and well may her husband rejoice in the possession of so great a treasure. May God grant them His blessing now and for evermore!

To anticipate a little. An incident occurred in October, 1874, in the same church, which I will relate here in this connection. I preached to a full congregation, and heard many expressions of pleasure. Kind and gratifying as such evidences of good-will are, when unaccompanied by substantial help, they avail but little, for they will not feed one hundred hungry boys. The rector gave me his check for fifty dollars; his wife gave me a marriage fee of ten more; a Presbyterian lady gave me fifty; and a lady from Georgia, who was present, sent me twenty. Save these sums, not one dollar came from that congregation. In the evening, however, when I was leaving the rector's house, a colored servant-girl, who had come from the South with her former employers, followed me to the door, and slipped into my hand a parcel, which I saw was money. I said to her, "Oh, I do not look for any aid from you." She replied, "May I not be permitted to do my little for your cause?" Of course, I did not rebuff her; and, on examining the parcel, I found that it contained a five-dollar bill, rolled around a paper, on which were written the following words of one of our hymns:

"We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

"May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give."

I was moved to tears by this offering. Of all that congregation, only this humble servant was found to show her faith by her works. Despise not thy brother and sister of low degree; Christ's jewels may be among them.

CHAPTER IV.

I WILL here give my testimony as to the uniform kindness, consideration, and affection with which I was treated from my first visit by my Northern friends. Men and women, of every political association and of every grade of society, vied with each other in paying me attention. If there was any bitterness of feeling toward the South, I have not met with it. It is true, I never felt that the civil war was a personal contest. I entertain no bitter feelings myself. The little coal of Christian charity in my own heart I carried to place beside the coal I might find elsewhere; and I did find many such coals; so that a blaze of real love has burst forth, and to-day I have a sincere affection for many friends at the North, who have given me ample proof that this feeling is reciprocal. My work, under God, in addition to the good it has done at home, has been the means of bringing together many hearts which had been estranged; and for this I thank God, feeling that I am doing the mission of an ambassador of the Gospel of Peace in so holy a work. I met a few persons whose hearts were not the sanctuaries of love and charity, by whom I was received coldly, sometimes rudely; but such cases were exceptional.

I would here give a few words of encouragement to any brother who may have a similar work to do. Appealing for aid is the hardest and most unpleasant task that a bishop or priest of the Church of God has to perform. Hard, indeed, it is for them to leave their study, diocese, and parish, to say nothing of their family, and day by day trudge through the streets, from morning until night, often gathering nothing, laying plans only to find them come to naught—sometimes meeting with chilling rebuffs, and sometimes with rudeness and insult. Far harder is this than to give a check, which, however liberal the Christianity of our day, is seldom so large as to cause serious inconvenience to the donor. On the other hand, the cases of Christian courtesy and warm-hearted sympathy are frequent, and these obliterate all painful memories, causing us to remember only the lights and none of the shadows of the picture. To cheer us we have, too, the certainty that an overruling Provi-

dence is with us; for often, when our best-laid plans fail, help comes in some unexpected way from sources we had done nothing to reach, and from which we had no right to expect anything. Thus God would teach us that not by our zeal nor our wisdom does he build, but by his own might and by his own counsel.

We have come now to the third year of our life as an institution. I should have noted that, at the close of the first year, my matron, Mrs. Bryan, obtained a more eligible place in an institution under a distinguished oculist in Baltimore; and Miss Septima S. Seabrook, the accomplished daughter of ex-Governor Whitemarsh B. Seabrook, took charge of the Home, where she has resided ever since. It would be ungracious in me not to express in this record my profound appreciation of her most distinguished merits. A true-born woman, a lady by birth, education, and association, with a heart full of tender sympathy, she exercises a most wonderful influence over her charges. I really do not know how we could have brought our institution up to its present high grade of moral and social excellence but for her example. In fact, we have had a very remarkable combination. The principal, descended from that grand old Revolutionary stock, has inherited all the fine traits of his honored ancestry. A Christian gentleman and a scholar, his place could not be filled. He is invaluable to me; yet I live in yearly dread of his leaving the institution to enter upon wider fields of usefulness. In our teachers we have had a corps who have done credit to themselves and have greatly benefited the school. Our dear doctor who, in rain and sunshine, cold and heat, never wearies in his daily visits, has contributed by his presence to inspire a manly, courteous demeanor in those who are often his patients. Those who know how impressible the young are, and how apt to catch the tone of their associations, can readily understand what a great benefit it is to the institution to have the presence of ladies and gentlemen of culture, courtesy, and refinement.

During the month of September, 1869, we had made arrangements to receive over seventy boys into the Home. Finding that our kitchen was too small, our dining-room also, and that we were cramped for sleeping room, I determined, although

not yet out of debt on the purchase-money of the house, to begin to enlarge and improve it.

This I did at a cost of five thousand dollars; and in a couple of years, by special efforts at home and abroad, I raised the money, and paid for the improvements; so that now we have accommodations for one hundred boys in the Home.

Supposing that I could still rely upon the systematic aid from Baltimore, I made my arrangements accordingly. About the last of September, however, a week before the fall opening of the institution, I received a letter from Mr. Glenn, of Baltimore, saying that circumstances would prevent his further aiding me. This was a staggering blow. I was collecting a little more money at home. I had requested all who had children in the institution to give me a conscientious statement of the most they could contribute toward the support of those children. But, really, I was almost penniless. No one, save my wife, knew of the unpleasant tidings. We opened the school as usual: I confess that I had a trembling and fearful heart; but had not God been gracious to me? I knew that his resources had not failed; that the cattle upon a thousand hills were his; therefore, my faith did not desert me.

Going to Baltimore as soon as I conveniently could, I laid the matter before some of the members of the association. They at once assured me that, whatever others did, they would continue their assistance. Gathering a little help, I then came on to New York, where I met with a generous response, receiving enough money to carry me through a few months. The most essential aid, however, came from Mr. William P. Clyde, who donated a supply of groceries sufficient to last seven months. His liberality did not end here; he passed my boys on his steamers to New York, on their way to Hartford, and back again to Charleston.

This year I sent a young man to Trinity College, Hartford, who graduated, and is now a student of theology—one of the candidates for the holy ministry from the Diocese of South Carolina. Sixteen youths were confirmed, and became communicants.

In the month of February, when I had reached a very low ebb, I received a summons to Baltimore. Here comes in an-

other signal providence. Mr. Caleb Dorsey had died, leaving about thirty thousand dollars to be distributed through the South. One of the trustees was ex-Governor Ligon, of Maryland. This gentleman had known me when I was a very little boy in New Haven, at which place my mother resided for several years with her family, after my father's death. Governor Ligon remembered those days of his college-life; and, hearing that I was engaged in this work, sent for me, and, after learning all the particulars, gave me a check from the Dorsey estate for three thousand dollars, which relieved me from the distress caused by the withdrawal of the regular monthly aid from Baltimore, and assisted in paying for the addition to the Home.

By this time some of my boys began to pass out into life, fitted to support themselves, having had a pretty good drilling in arithmetic, writing, reading, and spelling, with some knowledge in grammar, history, and geography; and, I trust, possessing that which is of so much higher importance, the groundwork of a religious and moral life. Since then, over sixty have found places in counting-houses and on farms, and I have had the testimony of their employers that they are a credit to their teachers and their training. Indeed, a passage through this institution is now a passport to business success, owing to the high tone of the establishment.

Such a work as this necessarily has its shadows as well as its lights; and as a faithful chronicler I must set down both. This year I met with a great trial in a false accusation brought against me. There are always people to be found eager to impute wrong motives to good deeds, and ready to call light darkness. Finding that they had proved false prophets, the carpers and cavers now accused me of making money out of this work, for which I was spending and being spent, giving to it not only my time and my energies, but my private means also, sometimes not knowing from what quarter more was to come. Kind friends brought to my notice this cruel slander. He, to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid, knows that my hands are clean in this work, even as my motives are pure. My books are open for the inspection of all who wish to see them. I desire to hide nothing from the world of this my great work; and I know that I can hide nothing from my

heavenly Father, who has so graciously sustained and cheered me in my undertaking. While an over-sensitive nature was sorely wounded at the grossness of the charge, yet I kept on the even tenor of my way, and lived down the libel, as a true man can always do. As human nature is the same everywhere, I record this for the encouragement of any brother who may have to undergo a like experience.

Mr. Charles O'Connor had, for three years, been a regular contributor to this work. I had never seen him, but, being in New York in the fall of the year, I called on him, introduced by the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, M. C., to whom, as much as to any one, this institution is indebted; for he was one of the largest and most constant contributors in the incipency of this work. Mr. O'Connor is a Roman Catholic, and I feared that he might not understand I was a Protestant, and that the boys were under the influence of the Episcopal Church. Therefore, I brought this fact to his notice, as I did not desire any one to contribute under a delusion. His answer was characteristic. "Why, sir," he said, "I am aware of that fact; but you are saving a class of representative people, a class that no section of this Union can afford to lose. We, at the North, are as much interested as you of the South in their preservation; and, as a great political movement, I gladly contribute, and wish I could do much more for you."

During this year I sent to Albany, New York, and engaged a young man, a graduate of the State Normal School, as one of my teachers, and he has been with me four years. My purpose was twofold. Owing to the war, our young men at home had not received the advantages of a systematic education, and were therefore not qualified to teach. It is a grave error to suppose that any and all, never mind what their previous mental training has been, are qualified to become instructors of the young. The child who is placed in the hands of incompetent teachers has a wrong done to him, from the effects of which he rarely recovers. Precious time is taken from him which can never be returned, and he goes mourning all his days, because of these well-meaning, but, alas! sad educational bunglers. I have dwelt somewhat on this matter, being interested both in the young and in education. I desire to impress upon the youth of the South,

male and female, that, if they expect to resort to teaching, it is their duty to train themselves for the work. The disastrous termination of the late war has thrown upon the South too many "prentice-hands" in this important business—a business which, to be really successful, must be carried on by master workmen. Believing this, I obtained a trained mathematical teacher, and the result has been all that I anticipated. Another object was to show my numerous and generous friends at the North, that a Northern teacher, going to the South as a gentleman, could teach and be honorably treated by the children of the best people of our land. The trial has been a success, and the fact is duly appreciated at the North.

During this year we had a class of eighteen for confirmation and communion. Thus we closed our third year, having had more than eighty boys in the Home, and over two hundred in the day-school.

CHAPTER V.

IN October, 1870, we began our fourth year, with over ninety boys in the Home, and the usual number of day-scholars. I went to Baltimore in November, but met with little success in collecting money—the people had begun to complain of dull times; only Mr. S. G. Wyman continued to assist me. This sudden shutting up of purses was unaccountable to me; I did not then understand it, but now I do. Providence was pointing me to a wider field, and to a broader work for me to do. Failing to procure the needed assistance in Baltimore, I came to New York. Even in this opulent city I found the task of collecting money a very difficult one. I was told that it was a bad time to undertake it, but, let me say, I have never yet been able to find a good time for that purpose. Excuses for not giving seem to rise naturally to the lips of some persons. "There are so many calls," they tell you—an answer which is given to all applicants, and thus none are helped. I remember, on one occasion, taking a letter to a certain party from his rector. He excused himself by telling me how much he had recently given:

thirty thousand to this object, five thousand to another, four thousand to a third, and so on. He estimated his liberality at about forty thousand dollars. I deprecated his giving me any reasons; I was quite willing to believe them good. He insisted, however, on enlightening me on the subject of his gifts, when his conscience seemed to smite him, and he began to tell the conditions on which each sum was to be given. Such were the conditions, in each case, that I had sense enough to know that his bank account would not be much lessened by this forty thousand dollars promised. I learned afterward that he really did give away about five thousand dollars. I left his home meditating on the self-deception of poor human nature, and how prone it is to cheat itself into believing that it has done what it knows it ought to do.

After a long and vigorous effort, I succeeded in gathering money enough to carry me on until April, Mr. Clyde still furnishing me with groceries, and passing my college boys on in his steamers.

I have never but once asked permission of any of the clergy of New York City to plead my cause in their pulpits; and none, save the following, ever invited me to do so: the Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, by whose invitation I preached at Trinity; the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's, by whose invitation I preached in the afternoon; the Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rector of Christ Church, by whose invitation I preached in that church at night; and the Rev. Dr. Washburn, by whose invitation I preached at Calvary in the morning. The Rev. Dr. Morgan did me the kindness to write an appeal in the "Church Journal" and the "Churchman"; but my brethren of the clergy have not been very great helpers to me in this work. Much of my aid has come from the merchants. Going from store to store, and from counting-house to counting-house, thus have I passed many anxious, weary days and months, none but the Master knowing how much real suffering of mind and body was endured. Considerable help has come to me from my Presbyterian, Congregational, and Unitarian friends. I record this with gratitude.

During this visit another very remarkable event occurred. The aid to my boys at Trinity College having been withdrawn,

I thought I had sent my last boy to college; for the load of carrying the school, and then to be responsible for their college expenses, was getting to be too burdensome for my strength. I was dining with my friend Mr. Howard Potter, at whose house the Rev. E. N. Potter, D. D., President of Union College, Schenectady, happened to be spending the day. He had befriended me when he was rector of the church at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; having sent me, unsolicited, five hundred dollars and a box of valuable clothing. He asked me "if I had any boys ready for college?" I replied that I had five; but I had no hope of sending them, as my resources at Trinity were cut off. He told me to send them to him, and they should be no expense to me save for their clothing. I afterward learned that he proposed to feed them at his own expense and at his own table. Here was indeed a glorious opening; for he promised to take five annually. It can readily be perceived what an impulse this gave to me and to the institution, and what an invaluable benefactor Dr. Potter has been to the State and to the Church. I sent him five boys, and since then, up to this date (October, 1874), fifteen have been at Union College, Schenectady. Two are now at Albany, New York, studying medicine; one, who has led his class in the engineering school, graduates in March next; one more youth will come up in January, 1875; one in March, 1875; and six (D. V.) next September, 1875. Miss C. L. Wolfe, the daughter of Mr. John D. Wolfe, most generously donated to Union College fifty thousand dollars, to be invested; and on the interest of that fund my boys are boarded, being no expense to me save for their clothing. My fervent prayer is that God will bless Dr. Potter; and that he will also bless the generous benefactress for her noble munificence, which is doing so much to aid in lifting up the long prostrate State of South Carolina. Some of these youths are looking forward to the ministry. Indeed, I have at this time six candidates for holy orders, and postulants for admission to be candidates—all graduates of the Holy Communion Institute.

During the summer of this year (1870), I enlarged the school-house by adding four rooms, 20 × 20 feet, well ventilated, and built of brick. I had no money; but these rooms were a necessity to my work, and I trusted the goodness of God to assist

me in paying for them. I have managed to pay two thousand dollars on this building, but one thousand is still due, and, if this should meet the eye of any one charitably disposed to relieve me, it would indeed be a great cause of gratitude to have it paid. I leave the matter with God, by whom this work has been begun, continued, and, when ended, I humbly pray that it may be his blessed will, and not by the folly or mismanagement of myself, nor of any one who has charge of it in the future. This Orphanage and School has had a visible effect upon the welfare of the parish. I have been compelled to enlarge the church to accommodate the congregation and the scholars. When we began, in 1867, we had but seventy-four pews in the church; now we have one hundred and thirty-eight.

I must mention one or two incidents showing the providence of God over this enterprise; they are only illustrative. Should I mention all the ways by which God has led me, this record would be extended to undue limits. I owed a bill for necessary kitchen utensils and other matters to the amount of two hundred and forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, which had been due for a length of time, much to my annoyance. I was aware that the parties to whom I was indebted had but little capital; and they had been very considerate in not pressing me. Indeed, this has been singularly true of all those to whom I owed money; cheerfully waiting my own time, thus they have helped me considerably. Being in daily expectation of a demand for the amount, and not having been able to save it, I made this a subject of earnest prayer. I was writing a sermon one Saturday afternoon, when the thought came suddenly into my mind that it was time to pay this bill, and perhaps, if I went to the post office, I might find letters for me containing money. I became so impressed with the idea that I would be thus fortunate that, putting down my pen, I went to the office. We had no street-cars then, and of course I could not afford to keep a horse or conveyance, and therefore I walked a mile and a half for my letters. I found quite a number in the office, and the first was from "James Saul," dated Philadelphia. I had then never heard of this gentleman; since, I have known him well as the Rev. James Saul, for whom I entertain high esteem. This letter stated that one of my circulars had been sent to him

by a friend in New York a year before; that it had lain on his desk quite long enough, and now he inclosed a check for one hundred dollars, to help on my work, if still in existence. The next letter was from the Rev. Dr. Pinkney, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C. He wrote that he had one hundred and fifty dollars over what he needed for some certain object, for which he asked an offering, and he did not know any work he would rather help than mine. Here was just the amount I needed, with fifty cents over. The bill was paid in a few moments. I gave thanks to God, and was cheered and encouraged by this manifestation of his care.

The friends who had predicted my failure were now silent spectators of my work, and began to have some expectation that it would probably go on. During the spring of 1871, I was compelled to come to the North, where I obtained a little help. I also collected about three thousand dollars at home this year; but we closed up and opened in October, 1870, with the incubus on us of eighteen hundred dollars due for current expenses.

A large class were confirmed this year.

CHAPTER VI.

AND so we began our fourth year, with over ninety boys in the Home, and the day-school as full as usual. In November I came on again to New York. I found that my work was becoming more difficult. None but our poor missionary bishops who have had this trying work to do know of the labor, the anxieties, the disappointments, of such a task. I do not believe that anything short of the most powerful convictions of duty, and the strengthening power of the Holy Spirit, can enable a gentleman to undertake this work. It is astonishing how appeals to the pocket show the state of the heart; how they bring out bad breeding and want of courtesy in some, and kindness and Christian sympathy in others. Sometimes you are helped grudgingly and of necessity, as it were; sometimes with a manner which makes the gift more galling than a refusal; and

sometimes with so much cheerfulness and alacrity that you are made to feel that the favor is all on the side of the giver, and not on that of the receiver. Cases like the following, I trust, are rare. I give it to show what has sometimes to be endured in a work of this kind :

A distinguished presbyter had given me a strong letter of recommendation and introduction to Mr. ——. I was told that this gentleman was immensely rich, not generous, but that my introduction would certainly bring some aid. Thus armed, I called. I was kept waiting in a cheerless anteroom for nearly a half hour before the master of the house appeared. As the old gentleman came in, he said : “ Well, sir, I have received your card ; what is it ? ” I handed him the Rev. Dr. ———’s letter of introduction, which taking very ungraciously, he read a sentence or two, glanced at the signature, and said : “ Yes, this is the signature of Dr. ——— ” ; then, crumpling up the unread letter, and forcing it into the envelope, he thrust it at me, saying, “ There are so many impostors going about, I can not attend to it. ” Utterly unprepared for so gross an insult, and feeling that I had done nothing to call it forth, I was naturally exceedingly indignant. Fortunately for me, I had read that morning the book of the prophet Nehemiah ; and there it is recorded that, when Nehemiah stood before the king, he asked him why he was of such sad countenance, and, ere he answered, he sent up a prayer for wisdom. At this moment, the story of Nehemiah flashed through my brain ; restraining myself until I was perfectly cool, I then said : “ Sir, if my personal appearance and my manners do not indicate the gentleman, then I am unfortunate enough not to indicate my social position. Knowing how often, in this great city of New York, you are liable to be deceived, I fortified myself with that letter, as much for your protection as my own. But, sir, the indignity offered me does not touch me as much as your friend who has introduced me ; and I feel that I must vindicate him. Again, sir, I would do you some good ; and I have a message to you. It is an apostolic injunction to be courteous, which is reckoned a Christian virtue. Now, sir, you can be that, even if you can not be generous. But, sir, for myself, socially, my position is as good as yours. I am a clergyman of the Church of which you are a

member. For nearly twenty years I have been rector of an important parish; for three terms a member of the General Convention and of the Board of Missions; a trustee of the General Theological Seminary of the University of the South; a member of the Standing Committee of our diocese; and I am pushing on to fifty years of age; so that my position in the Church is assured. Perhaps the next appeal to you may be made by some young man as well introduced as myself, with superior advantages to mine, with even a better work, if that be possible. His position, however, is not yet defined. He is young, sensitive, and diffident; he is met by you as I have been; he bows himself out of your presence, awed, crushed, humiliated; and he says, 'If this is what I am to meet with, I give up the work'; and at your door will be laid, at the great day, this work for Christ and his Church destroyed. To save you from this, I must give you our Master's mind on this subject." Thus I preached an earnest sermon to this poor old man, who meekly stood and received it; for I was gentle and kind, but firm and decided. Much talk followed, in which he said, "You Southerners are so highstrung and impulsive." I told him that my experience had taught me that a gentleman was always highstrung, whether from the North or South, the East or West; he could not be a gentleman if he was not. We parted; and a week after he sent to his friend a check for one hundred dollars, to be given to me; which I greatly wished to return, but good Dr. — would not permit me to do so. I had been very bold before that old man; but so keenly had I felt his indignity, that I was glad to seek an obscure street to hide the traces of feeling which I knew must be visible. This, I am glad to say, is an exceptional case, and it is here narrated not in malice, but to encourage a fellow laborer to continue his work despite insult and contumely. The Master sees it all, and he will recompense you.

During this year I collected about five thousand dollars, visiting the North again in the spring, and closing the year with a back debt of sixteen hundred dollars. I had, however, managed to pay off what was due on the house purchased and added to. Therefore, I organized a Board of Trustees, composed of Mr. George A. Trenholm, Mr. John Hanckel, Mr. Theodore

D. Wagner, Mr. F. A. Mitchell, Mr. C. S. Gadsden, Mr. Hutson Lee, Mr. Evan Edwards, and had the institution incorporated, and then deeded to them and to the Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion this property to be held in trust for ever.

In July we lost our first inmate. William Cornish, son of the Rev. J. H. Cornish, of Aiken, South Carolina, died after a very short illness. He had been confirmed, and was a communicant, and his death was a sore affliction to his family. Thus far we have never lost another; we have had some cases of serious sickness; but God has been gracious to us, and, out of three hundred inmates in seven years, there has been but one death.

The yellow fever broke out in Charleston, about the middle of August, 1871, and prevented our opening the Home until November. I was taken sick at the bedside of a man lying ill with the fever, and was myself quite sick. I had been compelled to give my note to two parties, one for ninety-eight dollars and the other for one hundred and ninety-nine dollars, for articles furnished the Home. The General Convention was to sit in Baltimore, and I was anxious to be present at its opening. I arose from a sick bed and left Charleston, without being able to provide for my notes. When I reached Baltimore I found the attention of the Church was taken up with the General Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, the missionary bishops, the Indians, the Chinese, the Africans; and there was no place for me to come in with my wants for the white people of the South. I kept my needs to myself, making them known only to God. The holy communion was celebrated every morning at St. Paul's Church at seven o'clock, which service I was glad to attend, and bring to him who there draws so near to us the burden of my soul. Tuesday, at two o'clock, my note of ninety-eight dollars was due in Charleston. Thursday, at two o'clock, the note of one hundred and ninety-nine dollars would fall due. On Tuesday morning, as I was leaving St. Paul's Church, at about eight o'clock, Miss M—— G—— met me at the door, and, placing an envelope in my hand, said that a lady had requested her to hand the same to me. On opening the envelope, I found that it contained a one-hundred-dollar

bill. I immediately went over to the Mount Vernon Hotel, and telegraphed to a friend in Charleston to pay my note and draw on me for the money. It is needless to say that I returned thanks to God for his wonderful goodness. On Thursday I was seated in the pew of the South Carolina delegation; twelve o'clock had passed, and at two o'clock that note was due. I confess that I began to feel anxious; nevertheless, the conviction was strong that God would bring it all right. A little after twelve o'clock one of the ushers came up to the pew and told me a lady wished to see me at the door. A woman again! Blessed woman! What headway would religion and charity have made without the aid of woman? Significant fact that it was to a woman Christ first showed himself after his resurrection! Even as many women followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering to him as he trod his weary way to Calvary, so do many women now minister unto their Lord by their works of love and acts of charity. While man, the money-getter and the money-holder of the world, gives of his abundance, woman, often a pensioner herself on man's bounty, gives of her penury. Blessed be all women who bring their gifts to lay on the altar of the Lord—from the rich woman who bestows, like the Jewish woman of old, her "bracelets, and ear-rings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold," down to the poor widow who parts with her two mites—her little all!

I went to the vestibule, where I was met by Mrs. S. G. W——, who tendered me an invitation to dinner, at the same time handing me an envelope. She said that its contents were for my work. On returning to my seat, and opening the envelope, I found that it contained a check for two hundred dollars. I telegraphed to Charleston to pay the note due that day, and thus saved my credit. Now is it not true that

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform?"

I had not told my wants to a single human being. None but God knew my distress. I do not pretend to enter here into an argument as to God's special providences. I will merely state that I believe in the doctrine as firmly as I do in the atonement. My God is my Father—not an absent, but a present

Father—more watchful, more loving, than the tenderest human parent, and everything which concerns me is of interest to him. Believing this, strengthened as I have been by so many evidences of his care, I have gone on in this great work fearlessly and happily, asking nothing but that his will may be done by me and through me, willing to go on, willing to labor, willing to suffer anxiety and even reproach, if thereby my Father's will may be accomplished, and willing to cease my labors when that which he sent me to do is done.

I received no other aid in Baltimore. While in the Convention, the news came of the burning of Chicago—this was in 1871. I knew that this would cause me great difficulty in raising money in New York. I was compelled to raise money, however; therefore I came to New York. The difficulty was quite equal to what I anticipated. My best friends said that it was useless to try, but to try I was obliged. Going hither and thither, day and night, walking until foot-sore and heart-weary, I gathered a little, and I was enabled, by the end of November, to return home, comparatively easy for the winter.

In the spring of this year, 1872, being compelled to visit the North again, I stopped for the first time in Philadelphia, where I met some kind friends, and collected nearly one thousand dollars. Thence I came to New York, where I succeeded in collecting a little. Then I paid my first visit to Boston, where I met a hearty welcome, and collected about fifteen hundred dollars. Returning to Charleston, I closed the school at the end of the fifth year, after a successful examination, and with a large class for confirmation. Six of my boys came on this year to Union College, and one went, in September, to Trinity College, Hartford.

CHAPTER VII.

WE began our sixth year with a full school, and over ninety boys in the Home. I required of each person bringing a child to me as a beneficiary a conscientious statement of how much he or she could pay for its support. Those who could pay from

one dollar a month up to twenty for tuition, board, fuel, lights, and doctors' bills were required to pay; but very many were not able to pay anything.

In the fall I visited New York, finding it still more difficult to collect. That my kind friends did not weary of me is wonderful; but the deep well-spring of their sympathy never seems exhausted, and, even when they can not give me material aid, they always can and do give me kind and cheering words, never turning away from me the light of their countenance. How inexpressibly precious is this tender interest, this loving Christian sympathy, I well know; and I thank God that he has permitted so much of it to fall, like the sunshine, upon my path, cheering, comforting, and strengthening me.

The beginning of troublous times was being felt; and, just as I was preparing to visit Boston again, there came that terrible fire. This, of course, prevented my going; therefore, I turned my face westward, and visited Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, in both of which places I met with kind friends and a liberal response. I then proceeded to Louisville, Kentucky; but my success there did not encourage me ever to try that field again. I arrived at home about the 23d of December. We managed to get through that year; but I had the drag-weight of a heavy back indebtedness to carry, and, now that I look back to this period, I wonder how I bore up under the burden.

During this year there was a turn in the tide. Mr. W. C. Bryant came to see us, and we were also visited by Mr. J. C. Hoadley, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Being an accomplished scholar, he gave the boys an attentive examination. Satisfied of the thoroughness of the institution, he offered to give me one thousand dollars toward the beginning of an endowment fund, provided I would raise nine thousand dollars in the State; for, as he very justly said, the work was too valuable to depend only on my life. It seemed to me impossible to raise that amount in Charleston, as the people were then giving me six thousand toward the current expenses.

I had, in my youth, passed nearly four years in a counting-house, where God in his providence was training me for the work I was to do. Thinking over various plans, I at length fell upon one, and had some bonds printed as follows:

ENDOWMENT FUND
FOR THE
ORPHAN HOME AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
OF THE
CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, THAT *bound to the*
Rector and Board of Trustees of the Orphan Home and Parochial School
of the Church of the Holy Communion, their successors and assignees, in the
sum of One Thousand Dollars, to be paid in five years, in five annual in-
stallments, as per coupons attached, with seven per cent. interest. This
bond to be surrendered when all the coupons are paid.

Witness hand and seal, this day of }
[L. S.] , eighteen hundred and seventy- }

[COUPONS.]

January 1, 1879.

Due Two Hundred and Fourteen Dollars.

NAME.

\$214.00.

January 1, 1878.

Due Two Hundred and Twenty-eight Dollars.

NAME.

\$228.00.

January 1, 1877.

Due Two Hundred and Forty-two Dollars.

NAME.

\$242.00.

January 1, 1876.

Due Two Hundred and Fifty-six Dollars.

NAME.

\$256.00.

January 1, 1875.

Due Two Hundred and Seventy Dollars.

NAME.

\$270.00.

I likewise drew up bonds for five hundred dollars, put as above:

Coupons due January 1, 1879.....	\$107 00
“ “ “ 1, 1878.....	114 00
“ “ “ 1, 1877.....	121 00
“ “ “ 1, 1876.....	128 00
“ “ “ 1, 1875.....	135 00

Also bonds for two hundred dollars, as above:

Coupons due January 1, 1879.....	\$42 80
“ “ “ 1, 1878.....	45 60
“ “ “ 1, 1877.....	48 40
“ “ “ 1, 1876.....	51 20
“ “ “ 1, 1875.....	54 00

Also bonds for one hundred dollars, as above, payable in five years:

Coupons due January 1, 1879.....	\$21 40
“ “ “ 1, 1878.....	22 80
“ “ “ 1, 1877.....	24 20
“ “ “ 1, 1876.....	25 60
“ “ “ 1, 1875.....	27 00

Thus every one who would sign one of these bonds with the coupons could see exactly how much, each year, he or she would give for this work. The plan was approved of by business men, and earnestly commended in the daily papers, the full schedule being published, and advocated by the bishop of the diocese. In ten days' time my fellow citizens signed eleven thousand dollars' worth of these bonds, in testimony of their appreciation of this work. Mr. Hoadley gave us the one thousand dollars and also signed one of the one-thousand-dollar bonds, and ever since he has proved a steadfast friend to the institution.

Although this was a prospective benefit, it did not relieve present necessities; therefore I was compelled to come North again. I stopped in Philadelphia for the second time, but found it almost impossible to obtain any help. In my hour of greatest need our heavenly Father prepared for me a most wonderful relief. I was staying with the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, Rector of St. Mark's. He asked me on Saturday to preach for

him on Sunday ; but I had already accepted an invitation from the rector of the church at Chestnut Hill, the Rev. Mr. Harris. Dr. Hoffman urged that I would have a much larger congregation at St. Mark's, but I felt it my duty to fulfill my engagement. Accordingly, I went to Chestnut Hill, and on Sunday we had a pouring rain. There were not more than fifty persons in the church, and I did not mention my work. After the service, two ladies came to the chancel, desiring to speak to me. One was a former resident of Charleston, the other a resident of Baltimore. The latter said to me that she had become greatly interested in my work through Mrs. H——, of Boston, who has established a school in Wilmington, North Carolina, and through Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who had visited my school, and who was much interested in it. She desired me to call on her, which I did on the following day. I found that she had come up from Philadelphia only to spend the Sunday. She had lost suddenly her only child, who had been drowned in her sight, and, the origin of my work having touched her heart with sympathy, she determined to help me. She gave me her signature to five thousand dollars of the endowment bonds, and also gave me letters of introduction to parties through whom I raised over three thousand dollars in money. Had I not met this lady, I should have returned home with little or no money. I certainly would not have had her five thousand dollars in bonds, and possibly my work would have ended there. Some people may call this a chance meeting ; I, however, am grateful to recognize the hand of God—that God who crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

This spring I did very little in New York. I visited Albany with letters from Mrs. B——, where, at an old ancestral mansion, I was most hospitably and generously entertained. I then proceeded to Boston, where my letters were of great avail—collecting in all about thirty-five hundred dollars on these letters of introduction. I returned home in the spring, and closed the school with a lighter heart than I had had for years, and with the prospect of opening under brighter auspices than ever before.

With regard to these bonds, I will state that, in 1880, the interest on Mrs. B——'s bonds was paid one year, but no part

of the principal or interest has been paid since. Circumstances prevented, though I have the promise that they will be paid if the party is ever able to do so. Some of the other bonds were not paid, adverse circumstances making it impossible in many cases, and the extreme necessity of our current expenses has forced us to use the amounts which have been paid to us.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY preparation was made for our October opening, 1873, being the sixth year of the life of the institution. Ninety-six boys had been accepted, and all promised well, when that terrible panic swept over the whole country like a tornado, reaching me on the 26th of September. Indeed, all charitable enterprises, I presume, have felt it most severely. It so happened that I had selected for my text for the sermon of the ensuing Sunday the words of the affrighted apostles, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" The sermon lay on my desk half written, when I received a notice from a certain bank-president that a note in his bank, given for money used in the enlargement of the church, was that day due, and must be paid in full. I went to the bank and found its president inexorable. Up to ten minutes of two o'clock he kept me in a state of anxiety, and then gave me only until Monday to pay the note. I afterward arranged the paper, but with great difficulty; and this excitement was the beginning of a long and serious illness. On my way from the bank I met the butcher, a colored man, to whom I then owed five hundred dollars on account of back supplies to the Home. Expressing much regret, he said, unless I could pay him some of this back debt, that he could no longer supply me with meat for my boys. Here was another shock. What was I to do? On Wednesday, October 1st, my boys, ninety-six in number, were expected from the country. Eight teachers had been engaged, one being on his way from New York. Here I was with a great institution on my hands, with no money, provisions, nor credit, and our country trembling on the verge of

ruin. I could not finish my sermon; the text had become a direct personal question, and my poor weak heart of unbelief was very like to that of the apostles in the storm. The winds blew, and the waves ran high and filled the ship, and we were about to sink. Oh, what a calamity!—first, to those who had learned now to look to this institution as the only and sure hope for their children. To me, what a sorrow! To see a work crumbling to pieces which had cost so much labor, so many trials and disappointments; a work on which had been bestowed so much love, so many thoughts, was indeed a heart-breaking grief. That night, at ten o'clock, I went into the church and locked the door. In the solemn and hushed darkness, alone with God, I poured out my soul in prayer. I asked that help might come to me, if it was my Father's will. I knew that man's extremity was God's opportunity; therefore I implored him now, in this time of need, not to forsake me, or, if it was his will that the work was now to cease, at least that I might be able to feel, as well as to say, "Thy will be done." I remained in the church until two o'clock, and left, feeling strengthened and comforted. I went home and finished my sermon before morning.

The next day, after divine service, I called the Board of Trustees together, and laid before them my exact condition. I told them my judgment said I must stop; my heart said I must go on; but how? They all agreed that the work had been too signally blessed for them to advise me to give up yet. We determined to go as a committee of the whole Board of Trustees, the next day, and ask the butcher, the baker, and the grocer to credit us for three months; and if, at the expiration of that time, we saw no prospect of relief, then we would close the school, and conclude our work was done. We knelt and asked God's blessing, and so adjourned, to meet the next day. Troubled as all these gentlemen were, not knowing what a day would bring forth, yet they were willing to leave their business to go with me on this mission.

On Monday morning I went to the Home. As I stood in the quadrangle, looking at the church, the school-house, and the two homes (one of the houses my personal property, called Davis Hall, after Bishop Davis, late of the Diocese of South Carolina,

and the other building, bought by me, and deeded to the trustees, called Howe Hall, after our present bishop), I wondered whether it was possible that this great work had come to an end—whether these halls would no longer ring with the merry voices of its happy inmates, these grounds would know my boys no more. Had I labored only for this? Had I prayed, battled, struggled, only for this? Thus I stood, with a heart full to overflowing, and the tears, which could not be restrained, flowing down my cheeks. I sorrowed for myself, for the parents, for the boys. How many hearts—hearts that had suffered so much already—would this blow reach! To fully depict my feelings on that Monday morning, as I looked, sad and sorrowing, upon the scene around me, would be impossible.

But, as if by magic, there came a rift in the clouds, the sunshine poured through, and the blue skies appeared. First one dray was driven into the inclosure, then another, and another, until seven arrived, all packed with barrels and boxes. Astonished, I walked up to them. There was my name on every package, "Orphan Home, Charleston, South Carolina," standing out in bold letters. Perfectly awe-struck, I stood looking at the seven drays, while I seemed to hear a voice from heaven: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" I asked one of the draymen where they came from—where was the bill? His answer was: "From the steamship Georgia, which arrived last night. I was told to bring them to you; there is no drayage to be paid by you. I am only to leave them in your hands." I seemed to hear a voice saying unto me, "Stop, if you dare!" I locked up the groceries, and then went into the church, and, kneeling at the spot where I spent Saturday night, I asked our heavenly Father to forgive me for my want of faith, while I thanked him for his merciful goodness. I then went to George Shrewsbury, the colored butcher, and told him we had intended coming to him, as a committee, to ask his credit; but I had no use for the committee: God had decided the question, the work was to go on; three months' supplies of groceries were then in the store-room of the Home; that he was a Christian man, and would recognize the finger of God; he must not be afraid of me; I would pay him the five hundred dollars, and all else I might owe him, in time; that was all I asked. He said he

could not resist the will of God, and, as long as he could furnish his stall with meat, I should have it for my institution, if he did not let any one else have a pound. I have paid him the five hundred dollars, and all I owed for another year, and up to the 1st of November, 1874. I went to the baker, who told me the same. I then communicated the joyful news to my trustees, and this was the only cheerful thing in that sad city on these sorrowful days. Suspecting who the generous donor was, I wrote to the gentleman, and so did the Board of Trustees. We passed resolutions and engrossed and framed them, and sent them to him; but we received no reply to our letters. In June, 1874, being in New York, I went to his counting-house, and told him I knew we were indebted to him for the supply of groceries; but, before he answered, I wished to tell him that, under God, he had saved the institution; had these supplies not come at that time, credit would, no doubt, have been refused me, and I would have been compelled to telegraph to the boys in the country not to come, and would have advertised in the papers the next day that the school would not reopen. I might have recommenced at some future day, but even a temporary cessation would have shaken the confidence of every one in the permanent success of this work to so great an extent that, however hard I struggled, I could never have regained my former position. My friend was affected by my statement, and said: "Well, I had cornered him; he was thankful the articles sent had done so much good. During the height of the panic he had remembered my needs, and had ordered these supplies sent, thinking they would come in time." That man—God bless him!—is William P. Clyde, the tried, firm friend of all these years, who, in June, at this time just referred to, turned to his confidential clerk and ordered two more months' supplies to be shipped at once. His kindly acts ended not here. He, with Mr. Quintard, carries my boys who are at Northern colleges to the North and back again to the South free of charge, thus greatly aiding me in my work. Oh, that we had more such men! They are the salt which savors the world. May the blessing of God be with him and his, in time and in eternity!

CHAPTER IX.

As it may be supposed, the School and Home were punctually opened on the 1st of October, 1873; and thus began our seventh year. A strong and earnest effort being made on my behalf, the City Council donated me three thousand dollars, paying me two hundred and fifty per month. This was another wonderful manifestation of God's goodness; and, but for this help, I do not see how I could have gone on. During these first six years the cost of my buildings and the current expenses had always exceeded my receipts, and each year I was accumulating a back debt. I had ample sums owing me to meet my indebtedness; but I had been unable to collect them, simply in consequence of the failure of crops, high taxes, and bad government; our people in the country had been getting poorer and poorer, and it was out of their power to pay. But, panic year as it was, I collected during the session six thousand dollars from generous friends at the North. I also obtained nine thousand dollars in Charleston, which proves that we are trying to take care of the work at home. Let it be borne in mind that we commenced with nothing, collected the first year three hundred and thirty-three dollars at home, and in the seventh year nine thousand.

And now, after all this struggle, after all this anxiety, after all this labor, traveling many hundred miles, writing hundreds of letters, often at my desk long after midnight, sometimes until two or three o'clock in the morning, my overtaxed nervous system gave way. We got up a Christmas-tree and a dinner for the poor children of the Sunday and Industrial schools of the parish; and on the 26th of December, 1873, after it was all over, I broke down. Then began a long, severe, and continued illness, and, as soon as I was able to be moved, I was sent to Florida, where I remained two weeks, and returned home only to have a second attack, more severe than the first. I was then sent to Aiken, South Carolina, where in about ten days I recuperated sufficiently to return to Charleston and resume my parish work. During my absence, our efficient principal, teachers, and matron continued their labors.

Through all this year we had not lowered our flag, but kept up to the fullest capacity of the institution.

On the last day of May I left Charleston for New York, still in very feeble health, intending to remain only a few weeks. After I had left, my family physician wrote to the bishop and my vestry that, in his opinion, it would be at the risk of my life if I returned. The vestry passed resolutions asking me to remain away six months, if necessary, and the bishop promised to take charge of my church for one month during my absence. My brethren of the clergy also agreed to give me what help they could. After much persuasion, I consented, promising to devote myself to the interests of the school and parish during my absence. My vestry have been faithful, and when they could not procure clerical aid have had lay reading; so that during my absence the church has not been closed one Sunday.

Of my long visit North, how can I speak too fully? In New York, Boston, New Haven, Newport, Lenox, and Stockbridge, friend after friend has been raised up to me, by whose kindness I have been able to close up at the end of the seventh year, and to begin the eighth year on the 1st of October, 1874, with all my debts for past expenses paid; free of debt, save the one thousand dollars still due on the school-house; with this year's outfit of such of my boys at college as needed assistance, and with the coal provided and paid for all this coming year. For this, as for all his mercies, God's holy name be praised! With a happy and hopeful heart, under brighter auspices than ever, I begin the eighth year of the institution. I also had about four thousand dollars in endowment bonds taken, thus helping me in the future, and placing the work on a more permanent basis.

I have, for the most part, avoided giving the names of the benefactors of this institution, and where I have trespassed I may be forgiven, for such deeds as I have recorded deserve to be known. One duty, however, I can not omit, and that is to testify to the earnest desire I have everywhere met for the restoration of fraternal feeling between the North and South. I wish it was possible for every man and woman of the South to have the experience that I have had at the North. I have heard the views of those who differ from us, and have given my own

with perfect frankness, never concealing my war record, or feeling that my Northern friends expected me to make an apology for the course I pursued during hostilities. I believe I have been the means of informing many as to the real condition of the South, and thus inducing a kindly feeling.

It may be proper for me to state that all opposition, misunderstanding, and misconception of me and my work have long since ceased at home, and a hearty sympathy and Godspeed meets me on every hand. This, sooner or later, comes to those who labor in a good cause.

I will here mention another of those peculiar providences which have attended this work. During the last summer I preached at St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, and after service I was sent for by a lady, who introduced herself as Mrs. O. T——, of Washington, D. C. She said she was on her way to New Britain, but, being fatigued when she reached the New Haven depot the previous night, she concluded to remain. She had gone to Trinity Church, but was compelled to leave, having been overcome by some fresh paint about the edifice. Seeing the steeple of St. Thomas's, she had strolled into the church, and was glad she had, as she had heard my appeal. She signed one of my endowment bonds of one thousand dollars, and invited me to make her house my home when in Washington, promising her aid in interesting friends when I was ready to do the same work for the girls. Some may call this accident; I am grateful to believe it Providence.

When in Boston, I was taken by a friend to Taunton, where I preached. Although I received but little money, my good brother, the Rev. Mr. Learoyd, gave me a letter to the Rev. Justin Field, of Lenox, Massachusetts, to which place I went, meeting with the most cordial and hospitable reception. Kindness after kindness was extended to me by the pleasant people from Boston and New York who summer there; and I look back to that visit as one of the pleasantest I have ever made.

While in Lenox, a lady gave me a letter to her brother in Newport, Mr. Robert M. Mason, from whom and his daughters I have received many kindnesses. Mr. Mason has now entered into the rest of the righteous. I also met with a kindly welcome from Rev. Mr. White, the Rector of Trinity Church. I

preached for him, and received a handsome contribution from the church. While there, it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance and secure the friendship of Mr. Daniel Le Roy, of New York, brother-in-law of the Hon. Daniel Webster, and that of his amiable wife, who is a sister of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State. Accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy, I became an inmate of their hospitable home during the sitting of the Convention, and, after its adjournment, the recipient of the most affectionate hospitality. Under their roof, at the request of my friends, this narrative is written. Not the least of my many privileges has been the securing of the friendship of this most charming family.

CHAPTER X.

I WILL now give the grand results of this work, begun seven years ago at the grave of my dear, dead child.

There have been thirteen hundred children in the day school.

There have been three hundred in the Orphans' Home, the representatives, before the war, of fifteen millions of dollars, bearing the most honored names of the representative people of South Carolina, now reduced almost to poverty.

Eighteen young men have been and some now are at Northern colleges. Several have been at the college in Charleston. Many of them are now engaged in mercantile pursuits, and others are at planting. I have had the universal testimony of the excellence of character of every one of them. The Professor of Greek at Union College assured me that my boys came to him better prepared than the generality of applicants for admission.

Six young men are candidates for the holy ministry in the Episcopal Church, and one is a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry. Nearly one hundred have been confirmed and become communicants.

Now, when it is remembered what most of these would have been but for this work, I think all will agree with me that the

results are marvelous; and the work has but just begun. Who can tell the good which those who have already passed through this school and Home may be the cause of, or who can prophesy all that may yet be accomplished? I have bought and paid for a Home which cost ten thousand dollars, and has accommodations for one hundred pupils, with all the necessary bedding and furniture, plain but substantial; a large brick school-house, which cost seven thousand five hundred dollars before the war, and an addition of four large rooms, 20×20 , built since the war, at a cost of three thousand dollars, for which I owe one thousand dollars.

I am entirely out of debt for current expenses; the expenses of the month of October, in the eighth year, paid; the coal for the year all furnished and paid for; but at this date (November 20, 1874) not a cent to carry on the work with, and the promise given to one hundred boys to live in the Home, and we expect about two hundred day scholars.

To God be all the praise for this wonderful work. I have been his humble agent, but he has supplied the means and given the blessing. While I have power, I pray for grace to do his will; and when he calls me away, I trust other and abler hands may take up this work and carry it on to perfection.

It may be asked, "Is there still such need of this work?" I will answer this question by giving a few of the letters I have received this year:

"October 4, 1874.

"Rev. A. T. PORTER:

"MY DEAR SIR: Will you be kind enough to let me know whether it will be agreeable for you for R—— to return to school! I have felt some delicacy about it, as I have not yet had it in my power to remit you the twenty dollars, now some time due. I am sorry that it has not been attended to before; but circumstances over which I have had no control have prevented. As soon as I can possibly collect the money, it will give me great pleasure to send it to you.

"Yours, very respectfully and truly,

"——."

This twenty dollars was all that was promised for the year before, for board, washing, tuition, and medical attendance. R—— is a fine boy, a half-orphan. It is needless to say that I told him to come.

“ October 5, 1874.

“ Rev. Mr. PORTER :

“ DEAR SIR: I was very much pleased with the progress my little son made at your school last year. The method and religious influence were the principal features to me.” (He was a day scholar.) “ I had hoped to put him back as a boarder this winter; but my husband says that he can not afford it, as his only source of supply is our plantation, and it did not do as well as usual last year. Being left in debt, he will have to plant on borrowed money this year. He thinks the little he could give would be no inducement to you to take him; but I concluded to write plainly, and beg you to help us in some measure. We can pay a small amount in provisions or wood. . . . N—— is a good boy, and very much attached to his school. He has a good voice, and is anxious to join your choir. . . .

“ Please give me an early answer.

“ I remain, with high esteem,

“ Mrs. ——.”

I took him.

“ September 30, 1874.

“ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I received, through Mr. Gadsden, some time ago, a favorable reply from you relative to admitting my two sons into your school, for which you will please accept my most grateful thanks. I now write to say that I could not possibly get them ready before the 1st of November, as I am entirely dependent upon the assistance of friends for their clothing, some of whom are very far from me. Our post-office is fifteen miles from us; and, as we have no horse, it is frequently three weeks ere we receive replies to our letters.

“ Very respectfully,

“ Mrs. ——.”

This lady is a widow.

"October 1, 1874.

"MR. PORTER :

"DEAR SIR: I feel the want of an education, and have not the means of getting one. Knowing your kindness to all in need, I take the liberty of writing to ask your help. I would like to qualify myself for something else than the plow. I tried working this summer, but failed in doing anything. I have made very little cotton, and have been sick, off and on, all the summer. I do not feel able to make my living in that way. My father is not able to do anything for me, and I must try and do something for myself. In the early part of the year I did hope to make enough to enable me to go back to school this coming year; but I have been sadly disappointed. If you can assist me, please let me know.

"I remain, very respectfully,
"————."

Let me say, that the spirit which animated the writer of this letter is one which pervades universally the boys and girls of South Carolina. Our better class have always appreciated the privileges of education; and our young people feel it to be nothing short of a calamity to be deprived of educational advantages. Who could refuse to help them in their laudable ambition? This youth had been with me two years: I took him again.

"August 17, 1874.

"REV. A. T. PORTER :

"DEAR SIR: I feel deeply grateful for the advantages given my son during the last term, and beg that you will again receive him into the Home on the same liberal terms" (gratuitously). "I trust, reverend sir, that you will not think I wish to take advantage of so great a favor; my appeal is from actual necessity. My circumstances are so poor that I can scarcely provide food and clothing for the other children remaining with me. Only God, who is the rewarder of the good, knows the deep obligation I feel under to you for taking the care of one from me; and still, in my extreme poverty and anxiety for a younger son, would beg that you take him also.

"Believe me to be, very gratefully and respectfully,
"————."

"August 4, 1874.

"To Rev. A. T. PORTER :

"MY DEAR SIR: Your kind letter of July 16th I have delayed answering. Alas! I find I am totally unable to do that which you propose, my resources being confined entirely to a small cotton crop, and the caterpillars have made their appearance on the neighboring plantations; it is more than probable that great destruction is ahead of us islanders. Many who had large possessions are now homeless; and ladies, delicately brought up, are cooking and washing here in my neighborhood. The only prospect for my seven boys is emigration and a life of hardship. With many thanks for what you have done for my sons, for which may God reward you,

"I am, with much respect, yours truly,
"_____."

I have two of these seven boys now at college, and two at the Home.

"July 24, 1874.

"Rev. Mr. PORTER :

"DEAR SIR: Unless you can add to the great benefits you have already conferred, by obtaining the means to pay all expenses, clothing, etc., he will not be able to go. Had I anything to sell, I would part with it most gladly to obtain the means to fit him out; but all our silverware went long ago; and I am not exaggerating when I tell you that we can scarcely get necessary clothing and food. — has every desire to help his brothers, and has not only been assisting them since he has been in business, but he has helped us also." (This is a son who was four years in the Home.) "The gentleman who employed him has failed; and, though he is making every effort to obtain employment of any kind, as yet he has no prospect. Sincerely hoping that you will soon be restored to health, and that God will spare you many years to carry on the great and good work you are engaged in,

"I remain, respectfully and truly yours,
"_____."

"September 28, 1874.

"REV. A. T. PORTER :

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER : Some time ago I applied for — to be admitted into your Home. I write now without the knowledge of his parents ; but, knowing their wishes, yet inability to send him, I ask you to take into consideration his case as a beneficiary. Mr. and Mrs. — were among the richest of our low-country families. Since the war, they have been poorer every year. Their eldest son, a noble, pious young man, and their two eldest daughters, all communicants, have grown up, after the war, with next to no education, being too independent, perhaps too proud, to ask for gratuitous education. Yet, during this period, Mrs. — took — by the hand and began his education, which a while was carried on by you.

"Mrs. — is now breaking in health under the long-continued and unaccustomed work to which she submits. She scarcely has a servant about her, generally doing her cooking, washing, and ironing. In regard to church work, she has not her superior anywhere. I know you are willing to extend help to such as these ; but so many are in like distress that your ability fails ; but, if you can, please let me know what hope there is for —. He is twelve years old.

"Yours, in the Church of Christ,

"——."

The above is from a pastor pleading for his sheep. Of course, the boy is at the Home.

Are these letters enough to answer the question, "Is there still need for such help?" They are taken indiscriminately from a pile of over one hundred of the same sort, all telling the same sad tale. The following, too, is a type of its kind. I am receiving letters continually from those who were once under my charge, and who are now in the business walks of life. The subjoined is from a young man of twenty ; he had been with me four years, having come at fourteen and left at eighteen. Two years had passed after leaving the Home when this letter was received :

“FLORIDA, *May 10, 1874.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have, for some time past, been trying to form a Sunday-school and Bible-class. I have succeeded in organizing one, but find it is about to prove a failure for the want of books; therefore, I thought I would write and see if you could help me by sending me some books. There are twelve members of the Bible-class, and nine members of the primary. I would like to get some question-books on the New Testament, and any kind of books you think would be best for children from eight to twelve years old; and some singing-books, like those we used in the Sunday-school in Charleston. I would not trouble you, knowing that you have so many things to attend to, if we could raise the money; but everybody is so poor out here that I can not raise money enough to buy books. We have no preaching at all at the village, and I think that, by having a Sunday-school, I may be able to do some good.

“I expect, when thinking of *your boys*, you sometimes think of me, and wonder where I am, and what I am doing for a living. I am out here in Florida, planting cotton, and trying to make an honest living.

“I hope the Home is still prospering, for I know that you have labored very, very hard to keep it up. I feel that I owe you and Mr. Gadsden a debt which can never be repaid. It makes me shudder to think what I might have been if you had not taken me into the Home, and, by teaching and example, showed me how to live so that I would not be afraid to die.

“I would like to get some prayer-books, too, as I wish to teach the catechism and have the prayer-book for my guide in general. I have to study very hard, as I have no commentary, or any book that explains the Bible.

“If you can not send the books, will you not write to me any way, and give me some general advice that you think a young man may need? I am afraid I have taxed your patience too long already, so I will close, tendering my respects to Mrs. Porter and the rest of your dear family. Remember me also to Mr. Gadsden, of whom I often think.

“I remain, one of your scattered flock, humble servant, and friend,

D. H. B.”

Such a letter well repays for many anxieties and labors. Here was good seed sown on good soil; how satisfactory the result!

This record is written at the request of friends. Not that there are not greater works than this, more worthy to be recorded; but this has been so marvelously the work of love, springing up in the most devastated of the waste places, and so soon accomplishing good results, that it was thought that the Church had a right to the story.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ninth year of the Home and School began on the 1st of October, 1874, with ninety-six boys in the Home and over two hundred in the day-school. Mr. Chaloner, of Albany, New York, who has been with us for three years as assistant to the principal, returned to his post. Mr. Banister, of Huntsville, Alabama, and Mr. McPheeters, of St. Louis, Missouri, were elected by the trustees as teachers. Mr. Gadsden, the principal, took the helm with the same lady teachers, namely, the Misses Wynne, Clark, Rhett, and Mitchell, and Miss Seabrook presiding as matron, with her wonted energy, zeal, and love for the work. All promised well, when it was rumored that the dreaded scourge, yellow fever, had visited our devoted city. Only those who live in a community subject to the ravages of this dreadful pestilence can imagine the panic its visitation produces in all who, being strangers to the climate, are liable to the disease. The affairs of the institution continued in successful operation for over a month; then the pressure became so strong that Mr. Gadsden was forced to disband the Home; but he still kept up the day-school. None of our boys had contracted the disease; and a hard frost, which kills the fever, coming quite early in the season, the city was pronounced healthy. The pupils all came back from the country, and the regular work was resumed. I returned to my post early in December, and began my winter's labors in the parish and school.

My mind was comparatively at ease, for I had succeeded in paying off a large part of my past indebtedness, although the refitting of the establishment, during the summer, for our next term had cost considerable money, which had to be made up during the year. Of the ninety-six boys in the Home, sixty could pay nothing, and the residue paid from one dollar to twenty per month. A fortunate combination of circumstances enabled me to procure a renewal of the appropriation of three thousand dollars from the City Council, and with this and the dues from the scholars, and a small interest from the endowment fund, we went on from month to month, hoping, trusting, praying that God's blessing would continue with us. During all this year we had but two severe cases of illness in the Home. Both of the boys recovered, and are again with us. God has been very gracious to us; there has been but one death in the institution in eight years.

In the month of February we received from three gentlemen in New York, Mr. J. M. D., Mr. H. F. S., and Mr. I. M. F., a handsome present of knives, forks, spoons, table-linen, sheeting, towels, and blankets—a sufficient quantity to last us two years without replenishing. Thus did God continue to evince his graciousness, cheering and encouraging us.

I will here mention a pleasing incident as illustrative of the inner life of the institution. During Lent Mr. Gadsden was called upon by some of the leading boys and requested to attend a meeting of the pupils then in session. They stated that they had formed themselves into an association to put down all profanity and evil-speaking among themselves, and wished his countenance and suggestions. As this was entirely spontaneous on the part of the boys, of course it was the more gratifying to us as an evidence that the seed we were sowing was springing up and bearing fruit.

During the month of February I must have felt the pressure of our needs very great, for I find the following entry in my day-book of the 27th of February: “Received a letter from Mrs. —, of New York, very cold and unsympathetic. O Lord God, the silver and the gold are thine! Thou knowest how anxious my poor heart is; thou knowest how I depend only on thee; thou knowest all our need; thou knowest what we

are doing; give us each day our daily bread! O Lord God, make my work thine, make me thine, and may many deacons, priests, and bishops be raised up out of this work for Christ's sake!"

On the 30th of March I was particularly low-spirited; my little pamphlet had been published, but it seemed to have fallen unheeded among the people. I was disappointed and sad; but on the 4th I was visited by Mrs. F——, the widow of an esteemed clergyman. She stated that she had just read my pamphlet, and supposed that she was behind many others in bringing her offering. It was fifty dollars—a very large contribution for her limited means. On the 5th I received a letter from Mr. S. L., of Brooklyn, saying he had just read my pamphlet, and, if I would send him one of my endowment bonds for two hundred dollars, he would gladly sign it. These two cases came as a reproof to me. I felt the rebuke as though it said, "O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?"

In March, one of my young men at Union College graduated at the head of his class in the Scientific Department, and was appointed a tutor in mathematics in the same college.

We had the pleasure during the winter of seeing a number of friends, both clerical and lay, from the North, all of whom, on visiting the Home, expressed great gratification at the manner in which it is conducted.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the 8th of March the institution met with a great loss in the death of George Shrewsbury, the colored butcher, who had been a warm, firm friend of mine and of my work from its very beginning. This person, having been mentioned before, I will therefore devote a short space to some events connected with him, which, although not directly a part of the history of this work, are yet incidentally associated with it, and will, I am sure, be of interest to many of my readers.

George Shrewsbury belonged to that respectable class of

free colored citizens who were so numerous in the city of Charleston before the war, and who have always commanded the respect and esteem of the white population. He was a man of some wealth prior to the war. For several years he had been a member of the Methodist Church; but, like many of the colored members of that denomination, he seemed to prefer that his children should be baptized by an Episcopal clergyman. I had performed that rite for several of his children, and had officiated at the funerals in his family; so that many years ago a kindly feeling had grown up between us.

On Sunday, the 10th of February, 1865, I informed the congregation of the Church of the Holy Communion that I was about to leave the city; therefore the church would be closed on the following Sunday, I knew not for what length of time. General Hardee, who was then in command of Charleston, and was a member of this congregation, had informed me the city would be evacuated on Tuesday, and, unless prepared to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, it would be well for me to leave the next day. As I had no intention of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government so long as South Carolina continued to be a part of the Southern Confederacy, I determined to take my departure, and so informed the congregation. Shrewsbury, hearing this, came to my house in the afternoon, and said, if I was afraid that my servants would leave me, although his family had never acted in a menial capacity, he would guarantee I should be waited on by some of them, if I would only remain in the city; and, so long as he had any meat at his stall in the market, I should share it. I declined all his kindness, feeling I owed a duty to my fellow citizens on a wider field than I could find in the narrow sphere of Charleston after it should fall into the hands of the Federal forces.

Time rolled on; the Confederate armies surrendered, and the South gave up its hope of establishing a separate government. I returned to Charleston on the 3d of June, 1865, after an absence of four months, having taken at Orangeburg, a town on the line of the South Carolina Railroad, the oath of allegiance to the United States Government.

It is needless here to describe the state of things which ex-

isted in Charleston in June, 1865; for that is a period in our history which, as a people, we would fain forget. Suffice it to say, I was afraid to call on any of the few families of my congregation who had remained in the city, lest they should feel it their duty to share with me of their penury, for most of them were living on rations furnished by the United States Government. I found my own house stripped of furniture, officials of the Freedmen's Bureau having made themselves comfortable at the expense of the citizens generally. I had not a cent. I would have had nothing to eat but for the old black woman whom I had left in charge of my premises; she had been my father's cook thirty-five years before the war, and had not served us for many years, but was taken care of as a part of the family. This old servant furnished me with supper and breakfast, after which I visited the market, and there met my friend George Shrewsbury, who was delighted to see me. I soon asked him if he knew the Lord's Prayer. He thought it a strange question, when I knew he had been a Christian for many years. I told him I feared I had never known before what it meant. I had for many years said, "Give us this day our daily bread"; but I was sure I had relied more upon the bank-account than upon the bountiful Giver of all things. I said, "Shrewsbury, I have not a cent, and literally I do not know where my dinner is to come from; but I find in the Scriptures this command and promise, 'Dwell in the land and be doing good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Now," I said, "I mean to do all the good God gives me the grace to accomplish. He knows I can not do any good unless I am fed, so I shall leave the whole matter in his hands." So saying, with a cheerfulness more apparent than real, I left my colored friend. The old cook had provided for me in my absence, and had a good dinner waiting my return. After that meal, while sitting on my piazza, George Shrewsbury rode to my door, and, with many apologies, offered me a roll of money which he held in his hand; it was one hundred dollars. He said he had proposed buying some cattle with it, but he had not been at rest since I had been in the market. To think that a gentleman in my position should have no money was an idea he could not take in. I declined the loan, as I had no security to offer; he

insisted, saying he would think I regarded it as a liberty on his part, and was offended with him. Of course, I could not let him go away with such thoughts, so I said, "I will give you my note for it." "I do not want your note, sir," he said; "you know you owe it, and I know it. If you can ever pay, I am sure you will; if you do not, it will make no difference. I shall only be too glad to have added to your comfort." I confess the tears, which had long ceased to flow, came coursing down my cheeks; first, that I should be in a position to need such help, and next, that it should have come from such a source. Money was then worth in Charleston anything the most extortionate chose to ask. I could not gather this little sum to return him for nearly eighteen months. When I called to pay the last five dollars, I said, "I now consider I owe you one hundred still on the interest account; I will pay it off as I can." He replied, "If you ever say interest to me again, I will think you have been angry with me all this while. No, sir, no interest. I am abundantly paid in knowing it helped you in the time of need; and whenever you wish it again, it is at your disposal." After I had opened this Orphans' Home, he became my butcher, and I paid him in eight years over twenty thousand dollars. Not that I think this remunerated him, for no amount could possibly repay that debt; the time and way the loan was bestowed made me his debtor for ever. It was a gratification, however, to be able to do something to show my appreciation of his high, gentlemanly, and Christian act. When I began to raise the endowment fund for the Home, George Shrewsbury was among the first to come forward and ask for a five-hundred-dollar bond, which he, a colored man, signed, to assist in founding an educational institution for the training of the sons of the old white citizens of South Carolina. And this bond was paid. This little incident tells a tale of the relations existing between the two races in this State which may be new to many of my readers. There are, doubtless, hundreds of such instances, if they could see the light. George Shrewsbury died on the 8th of March, 1874, honored and respected by both white and colored citizens. He was one of the City Council, representing the Conservatives in that board. I acted as one of his pall-bearers, and assisted in bearing his body to the grave.

CHAPTER XIII.

To return to our story. In March, 1874, I was very much pressed for money to pay for some groceries; the bill amounted to three hundred and twenty-four dollars, and was due on the 17th of March. On the 8th I received a letter from Miss W——, from New York, inclosing a check for two hundred dollars. I had made no appeal to her, and when the note came around, on the 17th, the money was all in hand to pay it, having come in from different sources. A valued friend in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, sent me a list of names of parties to whom he desired I would send copies of this record. I sent them to all the parties named, but have never heard from any of them. I mention this to show how often I fail where I try to awaken an interest in this work; while I still am carried on, as it were, by an unseen power. To God be all the praise.

On Easter Sunday, eight of the inmates of the Home were confirmed, and came forward to the holy communion.

On the 29th of March, the mattress-maker, a colored man, came to me for one hundred dollars which I owed him. He is poor, and needed his money. I did not have a dollar in bank; but I gave him a check for one hundred dollars, telling him it was after bank-hours, but I would see that it was paid the next day. I had determined to meet the check by putting my note in bank, unless some better way was found. I had asked very fervently for help, and felt sure that it would be afforded me. That night the choir-boys had assembled at my house to spend the evening, when a valued friend, Mr. F. W., of New York, called to see me. He has been on the Home Commission for Colored People for several years. The next day he visited the Holy Communion Institute, and the school, in Franklin Street, for colored children. When we parted, he handed me a check for one hundred dollars for the institute. I went to the bank and deposited the one hundred dollars before my check had been handed in. These coincidences are but chance to some minds; but I thank God they help to strengthen my faith in the providence of a personal present Father.

My story is now brought down to the 16th of May, Whit-

Monday. The day before, we had enjoyed a glorious service at the Church of the Holy Communion; the congregation was large, the school was full, the music was devotional and unusually fine, and we had a good sermon from the chaplain of the University of the South. On Whit-Monday, children from the different Sunday-schools of the Episcopal congregations of the city met at the Church of the Holy Communion, to practice for their anniversary celebration in that church, to be held the next day. I had been with them and practiced all the tunes, and had returned to my home. While quietly sitting with my family, I was seized with a hemorrhage from my lungs; this was a great shock, for it was so entirely unexpected. I had been feeling overworked for some weeks, but did not dream of this calamity. None but those who have been similarly stricken down can imagine the severity of this blow. Coming, as it did, in the very midst of my work, everything going on well save the finances being considerably in arrears, with several months still ahead of me before the session could close, and I apparently the mainstay, stricken down helpless, matters indeed looked desperate. I have often been asked by the friends of the work, "Have you never doubted its success in any time of your need?" and I have always been able to say, "No, never." Firmly convinced that the work was from God, I have always felt assured it would be carried on by him, through every difficulty. Now that his hand was laid heavily upon me, and I was forbidden even to speak, I felt that, in some way and by some means, God would sustain the work. Perhaps I was removed to teach me and my parish, and all connected with the enterprise, that this was not man's work, but God's; and that each and all should feel honored and privileged to be permitted to carry it on. The blow to me personally was a severe one; but I had no doubt that God would make it conduce to his glory and to the good of the work, and I think I can show in the next chapter I was not mistaken.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE sudden and severe attack of sickness which had fallen upon me awakened a lively interest in the community which has experienced the benefit of this great undertaking, and aroused the friends of the institution to renewed efforts in its behalf. I was sent to Aiken to recruit my strength, and I remained there until the 9th of June, when I returned to Charleston to join the Washington Light Infantry, a military company of which I had been the chaplain for many years, and which was about leaving the city to take part in the Centennial Celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill. The excitement was too much for me, and, a second hemorrhage ensuing, I was forced to forego the Northern trip, and I returned to Aiken. The school, meanwhile, and the Home were maintained up to their wonted standard under the principal, teachers, and matron. My helplessness drew out the sympathy of many friends at the North, and I received sundry letters of condolence, each of them containing some contribution to assist me in carrying on the work. Among the letters were the following:

“NEW YORK, *June 5, 1875.*

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER: I need not tell you how profoundly I feel for you and the cause you represent. Both you and it have my deepest sympathy and warmest admiration. But you know in whose hands both you and your work are, and to Him and His grace I commend you, in perfect confidence that your heart will be kept in the peace which is promised those whose minds are stayed on Him. I will send you, in a few days, what I can collect for you.

Ever truly yours,

“H. P.”

It was almost worth while being sick to receive such a letter from such a source. Two letters followed this one, containing the sum of nine hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Another letter, dated June 3d, from near Boston was as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: I hope that this will find you in improving health. Inclosed is a check for one hundred dollars, which please accept for your undertaking. I am sorry it is not for one thousand dollars. May God bless you, my dear sir, if not in the way that you would like at this time, then in that which will be the best at last.

Yours very truly,

"A. A. L."

"NEAR BOSTON, *June 17, 1875.*

"MY DEAR SIR: I am sorry to hear that you have not recovered your strength so as to come here; but it would have been at great risk under any circumstances. The excitement would have been too great. You can hardly estimate it without seeing the expression of feeling in Boston to-day. Your friends will tell you about it. The revulsion of feeling is complete, and it goes to prove what I told you a year ago, namely, that our people only need to know the trouble to range themselves on the side that is oppressed, and against the oppressors. What you have done to bring this about may well be a constant and lasting comfort and satisfaction to you; and it will come at the right time, when you most need cheering up.

"May God bless you in sickness and in health.

"Yours very truly,

"A. A. L."

My sickness had moved a warm friend in Boston to write an appeal in behalf of my work in the "Boston Advertiser"; the following two letters were among the results:

"To the HON. A. A. L. (God bless him!)

"DEAR FRIEND: Please send the inclosed (almost nothing) to our dear, loving, self-sacrificing brother, the Rev. A. T. Porter, of Charleston.

Your loving friend,

"E. M. W."

(Contents, ten dollars.)

This was from the well-known missionary in Boston, who is the embodiment of a self-sacrificing spirit; and he judged me by his own standard.

"BOSTON, *June 26.*

"DEAR MR. M.: Be kind enough to use the inclosed fifty dollars in aid of Mr. Porter's school. I remember your introducing me to him in the gallery of the Music Hall, where he had been much moved by the singing of a national hymn, and it is a great pleasure to be able to share a little, at least, in his labors.

"With great regard, I am, faithfully yours,

"S. E."

The Rev. Mr. Heffernan, of Paterson, chanced to be my guest the night that I was taken ill, and on his return to New York he wrote an appeal in the Church papers, which brought me the following kind letter:

"RADNOR, DELAWARE COUNTY, PA., *June 15, 1875.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Having read your pamphlet giving an account of your work for the youth of our Church in the South, and having seen an appeal in the 'Churchman' from a friend of yours in your behalf, I inclose you a small amount (one dollar) for the object. I inclose also one dollar for your own use. I do not send this latter dollar for the school. It comes out of a fund appropriated to the ministry due that object; I do not wish it appropriated to any other. I have but little for the poor, being myself in the ministry; but, if you have any sons of clergymen in your care, I will be glad to send a little for them.

Truly yours,

"B. R. P."

I have six sons of the clergy now in the Home, and have had three or four before, and I wrote to him accordingly.

My heart was greatly cheered by receiving the following letter:

"LONDON, *August 23, 1875.*

"MY DEAR SIR: I have a very pleasant recollection not only of meeting you at the home of our mutual friend, Mr. R. M. M., at Newport, but also of the very interesting account which you gave at the church at Newport of the work you had undertaken, and of its progress. I do not doubt that great good will

come from it; and my prayer is that you may be long spared to superintend and develop the good work. I inclose a check for two hundred and fifty dollars as a further contribution to its support, and remain,

Very truly yours,
"I. S. M."

The following kind letter from Newport is illustrative of the feeling drawn out by my distress, and for which I feel deeply grateful. I can not publish all the letters received; but to the kind friends who wrote I have sent my warm acknowledgments.

"NEWPORT, *August 5, 1875.*

"MY DEAR MR. PORTER: I am truly sorry to hear of your ill health, and trust that your restoration may continue under the beneficial effect of Aiken air. You do me no more than justice in counting upon my poor aid in your noble and beautiful work.

"I am disappointed at not seeing you this summer, as we had hoped, but will hope and trust that it is only a pleasure deferred. So far from counting you a 'nuisance,' as you say, I shall always be happy to hear from you; and hold it a privilege to help in your good work to the best of my ability.

"With sincere and earnest hope for your speedy and permanent recovery, I am, dear Mr. Porter,

Very truly and respectfully yours,
"I. C., JR."

This letter contained a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The following letter is another of those striking instances of a providential care, the record of which will be given as we proceed:

"PROVIDENCE, R. I., *September 24, 1875.*

"REV. MR. PORTER:

"DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed a check for one hundred dollars for the Institution of the Holy Communion. Although an Episcopalian, and trying to keep pretty well informed on what is done in the Church, I heard of your work for the first time about two months since through your Report.

"On starting on a little excursion with my friend Miss B——h, a Baptist, she said to me, 'I have a pamphlet which I wish you to read; it was handed me by my cousin, Miss B——n, a Unitarian, for me to read and give to another lady; but I thought it so wonderful and interesting that I decided to take it with me, and see if I could not induce people to aid so excellent an object.'

"I read it and shared her enthusiasm, and we took it to Lake Mohawk, a charming, quiet watering-place near the Hudson River. Here we took pains to have it read by one and another; and, as a number of wealthy people seemed much interested in it, and asked many questions about it, I hope, ere this, you have had more than one contribution as the result. Rev. William Leonard, of Brooklyn, told us that he was acquainted with you, and highly commended your efforts; finally, he gathered a little circle about him and read your pamphlet aloud. If you could send me two copies, or direct me where to get them, I should be greatly obliged.

"I heard, with very great regret, that your health was much impaired. I hope that it is now restored, and that you may long be spared to labor in the noble cause for which you have done so much. I never heard of a work more evidently of God, nor one which was so eminently and wonderfully blessed of him. May he still continue his favors, granting all needed spiritual and temporal blessings!

"Respectfully yours, in the bonds of Christ,

"Miss E. W."

To anticipate a little: this letter was forwarded to me at Newport, where I had gone about the 1st of October. I was, at the time of its receipt, very sick with an attack of fever, and as soon as I could I answered the letter. Miss W——, finding I was so near, sent the pamphlet to my reverend brethren in Providence, and to the Right Rev. Bishop Clark, who extended an invitation to me to visit Providence, which I did, becoming the recipient of a great deal of kindness from clergy and laity, and receiving in Providence nearly thirteen hundred dollars as an offering to my work, besides making many friends, for whom I have conceived a warm attachment. This all came through a

five-dollar bill. The wife of the Rev. Mr. T——, who had once resided in Charleston, had sent me, from Sweden, her annual contribution of five dollars. She had remitted this sum through her sister, Miss B——n, the lady who had been the means of placing the pamphlet in the hands of the two ladies who carried it to Lake Mohawk. When Miss B——n sent the money, she was not aware that I was a clergyman, or what the five dollars was for. I acknowledged the receipt of it, and sent her the pamphlet which interested so many persons at Lake Mohawk—among others, a gentleman of Philadelphia, who subsequently gave me two hundred and fifty dollars, and who has continued to give me that amount for six years.

It is my delight and comfort, my strength and support, to trace the hand of God in all this. We have gone over a great deal of ground, we have accomplished a great work, but there is a vast field to be occupied by us yet. There are many, very many difficulties to be overcome before this undertaking is placed on a permanent basis; and we need the superintending and providing hand of God as much to-day as we did at the beginning, eight years ago. But for my abiding faith that he will sustain and carry on the work, and make it accomplish the purpose whereunto he has ordained it, in my present uncertain health, in the financial depression of the times, in the extreme poverty of our people at home, I feel that I should faint and grow weary, instead of struggling on, as we are doing this year, with a large school, and the Home more crowded with boys than it has ever been.

CHAPTER XV.

DURING this year death has made sad inroads among those who have rendered me assistance in my work. Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall, of New York, Mr. Albert Fearing, of Boston, Mr. Robert H. Ives, of Providence, Mr. Edward King, of Newport, and Mr. James M. Bebee, of Boston, all of whom largely contributed to the furtherance of this undertaking, have passed away. Ever ready to encourage me by their help, their death

I feel sadly ; but they each died in faith, and now enjoy a more satisfying happiness than any that this world of care and sorrow can bestow. Death does not destroy man's individuality, nor does it efface the memory of the past. It seems to me that the dead in Christ, as they look back upon their earthly life, must recall with satisfaction every act of faith and love done in Christ's name ; and how earnest must be the wish that they had improved all the opportunities which God's providence had given to them whereby their fellow men would have been benefited and their Saviour glorified ! Oh, that we all could keep in mind the time when our opportunities will cease—the night in which no man can work—and so live while here that, in the other world, we shall have nothing to regret ! Few men who have passed out of this world did all the good they might have done while here. The most have lived with their opportunities unimproved. Then came the end ; life was over, labor was over ; they could not, if they would, have taken up any good work and done it heartily for Christ's sake. Ah, how many will look back when they have reached the end of life's journey, and, as the long procession of neglected opportunities passes before their fading vision, will utter their regrets in those saddest of words, " Too late ! too late ! " God has promised that he will not forget our work and labor that proceedeth of love. May this promise so stimulate all of us to good works that we may have nothing to regret when we pass to our reward ! I trust that some may be baptized for the dead, and many may be raised up as friends of this institution, to take the place of those who can no longer render it assistance.

It may be of interest to the many benefactors of this enterprise to read some of the letters received by me, from time to time, from young men who have passed from beyond our control into the wider fields of life. From these letters a very good idea can be formed of the internal working of the institution, and the kind of influence which is exerted, the impressions that are made, and the style of men we are helping to prepare for the Church and the world.

I give first a letter from one who has appeared before in this book.

"SANDY FORD, FLORIDA, *April 25, 1875.*

"REV. A. T. PORTER :

"DEAR FATHER AND FRIEND : After so long a silence, I write to you again. My health has been very poor since the 1st of last February. I am suffering with a lung disease, and was confined to my room for nine weeks. Although it seems very hard to bear, I try not to murmur, and I pray the Lord that he will always give me strength to endure the suffering he sees fit to inflict ; but oh ! it is so hard to feel and say from the bottom of my heart, 'Thy will be done.'

"I am a great deal better now, and am able to be out more. As soon as my health will permit, I am going to try and reorganize my Sunday-school.

"I attended church on Christmas-day in Tallahassee, and I really enjoyed the service.

"I heard that you had published the history of the Home ; will you please send me a copy ? I should like so much to see it ! also any Church papers you think would interest me. I am living, as you know, in the backwoods, and see and hear very little of my Church. Tell me all about the school, and your family. I remain, with much love,

"Your affectionate son and friend, D. H. B."

"SUMMERVILLE, *August 26, 1875.*

"DEAR MR. PORTER : I am very glad to hear that your health is improving, and I hope and pray that it will soon be entirely restored, and you may be able to continue your noble work. You do not know how grateful I am for all your kindness. I feel that I owe myself to you and Mr. Gadsden, for you have done everything for me. You have given me an education, which, but for you, I would have been deprived of ; and, above all, you have instilled into me the principles and doctrines of religion, which are so generally neglected at most schools.

"You have no idea how sad I felt when I left the Home ; it seemed as if I was about to leave my own home for ever, when I went out of the old school-house where I had spent so many pleasant and useful days. I only hope that I may be able at some day to make a return for all you have done for me.

"Believe me, yours truly, E. L. H."

"SUMMERVILLE, *July 15, 1875.*

"DEAR MR. PORTER: I have just been saying to my mother, that I owed you so much that I did not know how to express my thanks. I know, however, you will excuse me for not being able to tell you the deep gratitude I feel for your many kindnesses to me in every respect, and for your help and encouragement to do what was right, and for your free forgiveness for all my shortcomings. I feel ten times more prepared to start life now than when I went to you two years ago, in the church, to ask you to take me without compensation; and I shall always remember how you said, 'Certainly, my son, come.' With the kindest regards to your family, I am,

"Yours, very affectionately,

W. R."

"SCHENECTADY, *July 23, 1875.*

"DEAR MR. PORTER: I write to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and check, for which I am obliged.

"I was sorry to see that you were rather dejected. When a man of your energy and pluck talks so soberly, it makes one feel twice as fearful as when ordinary men do so. I sincerely hope you are only overcome by the duration of your unfortunate sickness. To say the truth, though I do not wonder at it, even if you were well, the work you have undertaken and the responsibility would be perfectly overpowering to most men. Don't you think it too much? You will, at any rate, feel the consciousness of having earned the gratitude of many a young man. I am sure, if human nature *is* capable of the emotion, your share will be larger than most men. The effects of your deeds will not be visible now, perhaps; the men have yet a long journey before them ere they can give any evidence of it. Expression of feeling, even, is unnatural in most; they can not speak of real emotions without effort; at least it is so with me. Not that they do not experience them—I believe they do; but they are loath to speak of them without giving tangible proof. Trust to it, if you should see the time when our people are prosperous—and I hope you will—these young men will do well, and rally round that old Home more steadily than ever did graduates before. Now, life is a terrible struggle; most can with difficulty maintain a footing, and you will not hear much from them; but

there is a time when effects will be seen. There is no man, I do believe, who has experienced the advantages of education at that institute who will not be glad to aid with all his power. For myself, I can only say I feel so ; my actions I shall leave to be my evidence. My time of probation and dependence has been long—I am ashamed of its length ; but I intend it to have good results. I dare say some have thought me—I dare say you think me—inclined to make myself easy at the expense of others. I trust that I have made every cent and year tell for my eventual benefit. Still, let my actions stand as evidence. For yourself, I can, I am sure, say that I am aware of my indebtedness. To what I now have I must add all I shall ever have, and then acknowledge I gained it through you. Whether I shall ever repay it, time and my actions alone can tell. Whether there is anything in me, remains to be proved. I hope that you will one day have an opportunity of proving me.

“I will close now. With sincerest wishes for your continued and speedy recovery,

“I remain, as ever, yours sincerely,

“B. R. H.”

“MIDDLETOWN, CONN., BERKELEY DIVINITY SCHOOL,

“September 24, 1875.

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER: . . . My absence has had little or no effect upon my advancement, and I am now in the middle class. The work is rather hard, but very agreeable, while each day's progress only increases my interest in it. However, what I want to know is about your health. Do pay me a visit, if you can ; I am anxious to see you and talk with you. I feel strengthened in my spiritual life both by your example and precept. . . . I wish to talk this over with you, too. I know that you think it injudicious, and so it was, probably ; but, when I tell you all, you may think differently. This, you know, is one of the few cases in which I have acted without knowing your wishes. I feel, however, that you will still trust and love me, and remember that now, as always, your wishes are my laws. This comes to pass from two reasons: first, all that you have done for me, thus demanding gratitude ; while the second is the great affection I have for you personally, above and beyond your kindness.

You have been to me a father, and I love you truly, and always will try to prove myself your son. If I am anything, you are the source, through Christ; and if, in the future, I am faithful to the Church, it will still be due to him who made himself my father that night in the Church of the Holy Communion, near the holy altar of God. . . .

"I am, your affectionate son in Christ, P. H. W." 1

"BLUFTON, BEAUFORT DISTRICT, *September 1, 1875.*

"MY DEAR SIR: I was exceedingly grieved to learn from your letter that you had been so near the point of death. I have always thought that surely God would not take you away from your great service to his suffering children, who owe so much to your exertions in their behalf. But on my own account your loss would make for me a blank in life. It is but natural that I regard you as something more than an ordinary friend; and I hope that you are the more inclined to believe me, when you know that I but seldom make a confession of my feelings. I am thankful, then, that you are spared longer, both to carry on your good work, and because we can not afford to lose one to whom we are attached by so many obligations. I trust that you will live to see the ripening of some of the seed you have sown; and, from what I know of your nature, I think it will in some part reward your labors, and that it will add to your happiness to realize that your life has not been a vain one. . . .

"I remain, respectfully and truly yours, C. J. C."

"SEWANEE, EAST TENNESSEE,

"UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, *November 29, 1875.*

"DEAR MR. PORTER: I received your last affectionate letter a few days since. . . . I do truly feel for you the love of a son. The more I appreciate the blessings I enjoy, the more I realize that you have been to me as a beneficent father. It is my earnest prayer that you may find, even on earth, that all your labors have not been in vain. I can well imagine the satisfaction you feel to see some of your old students entering upon the work of preaching Christ's gospel, which you have so much at heart. Oh, that they may prove worthy ministers, working

zealously ever after your example! . . . I have such an affection for the old Home that I am always drawn toward it. I am sure I will ever give my feeble assistance toward its advancement. I am only sorry that so much time must necessarily pass before I will be able to help any. May God give yourself and Mr. Gadsden, and all its benefactors, the strength to keep it up until it is self-sustaining. . . .

"I am, dear sir, with sincere attachment for you and yours,
 "Your son in Christ, I. H. LA R."

"UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, *November 24, 1875.*

"MY DEAR MR. PORTER: Since your last visit here I have acquired a sort of feeling of responsibility with regard to our boys here, and so write to keep you informed as to their progress. I am much interested in the eventual result of the whole experiment of this system of scholarship for Southern students, and puzzle my brain continually in looking beyond the present into the future. I have taken your idea as to the magnitude and importance of our position here as a body, and believe that it can be made of widespread benefit outside of the mere individuals. . . . There ought to be some definite and well-defined code by which all individuals should regulate their actions. . . . I want to see the whole number here act in unison; and those who do not come up to the mark ought to be made to feel it. There is going to be competition soon for these scholarships as the number of applicants increase, and I do not object to it either. . . . Upon this whole subject of discipline I desire that your boys should relieve the faculty altogether, so far as they are concerned. They must establish among themselves a standard, to which each one must bring himself or leave. . . . It will be of immense advantage to each one; it will continue and confirm the habit of thought and feeling which I know you have tried to instill, and which I fully appreciate. . . . Wishing you a pleasant Thanksgiving,

"Yours sincerely, B. R. H."

"PHILADELPHIA, *November 2, 1875.*

"DEAR MR. PORTER: How can I thank you for your kindness? Not in words, but in the future I hope to do so in deeds.

"I am very pleasantly situated. The college (dentistry) is an excellent one; everything goes on like clock-work. I find the Northerners very kindly disposed toward the South. . . .

"I never imagined I would miss the old Home so much, especially the choir and service; it does, indeed, seem like an old home. I shall never forget the privileges I enjoyed in being a chorister, . . . My deepest thanks to you, my kind benefactor.

"I am, your most grateful pupil, R. C. Y."

These are only a few out of a large number of letters, the writers breathing the same sentiments of affection for me, gratitude for what has been done for them, and resolve to do credit to their friends. It may well be imagined that these letters are very grateful to my heart, coming, as they do, from young men whose lives correspond with the sentiments they express.

There have been, in all, twenty-nine young men at Northern colleges through my instrumentality; two have gone to the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee; one to the College of Dentistry, at Philadelphia. With regard to the young men at Union College, I received the following letter from the Rev. E. N. Potter, S. T. D., President of the College:

"SCHENECTADY, *September 15, 1875.*

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: I am very desirous of communicating to you my high appreciation of the great work in which you are engaged, and in which I am glad to be allowed to share. It is a subject upon which you may well congratulate yourself, that the small beginning, made but a few years since, should have developed into an institution whose influence and usefulness have spread over so many States. The young gentlemen whom you have sent to us are, I am glad to say, distinguished for scholarship, high-toned Christian character, and honorable behavior. The Faculty, without exception, attest their excellence, and desire the continuance of applicants such as are now coming to us from the Southern States, and especially from your school.

"The needs of your school, as I am aware, are very large and pressing, and I am doing most willingly what I can to assist you. You may always count upon my coöperation; and I

trust that every friend of mine and of Union College, and, in truth, of national union, will aid, in every possible way, the patriotic and most important educational and Christian work which you are so successfully carrying forward, and the weight of which must rest heavily upon you. I am amazed at the economy, and yet thoroughness, with which the work is done. Your scholars compare favorably in preparation, as well as in good health and good mien, with those prepared at our best Northern schools.

"Believe me, faithfully yours,

E. N. POTTER."

I will give only one more letter. If my readers will turn to the tenth page of this book, they will see a reference to a lad sent to me by his widowed mother. The letter following is from this youth, now grown to manhood. On the 15th of October, 1875, he was ordained deacon by the Rt. Rev. W. B. W. Howe, D. D., at the Church of the Holy Communion. I was at that time quite sick at Newport. He is now my assistant at the Church of the Holy Communion :

"CHARLESTON, *October 16, 1875.*

"MY DEAR FATHER: On yesterday I was ordained in the dear old church; but oh, how I missed you! God only knows how my heart longed to have you near at that solemn period of my life; but, blessed be my heavenly Father, he has spared you to see me in the ranks of the ministry. How often have I wished for this day, and that you could see the boy not looking back and 'unstable as water,' but pressing forward in the Master's work! I do feel my responsibility; but my trust is in One who is able and willing to support me. I preach to-morrow at St. Philip's in the morning, and at St. Stephen's in the afternoon. I desired very much that my first sermon should be in the Holy Communion; but Mr. K. did not invite me until too late.

"I have received a letter conveying another message from Dr. L., but I will not ask for a transfer until I get a reply from you. Do you not need me at the Holy Communion? Cast pay out of the question. . . . It will be pay enough for me to be near you and with you. Your health is bad, and you ought not to do so much work; and, by using me while I am preparing for further

work, you might relieve yourself much. As you know, I intended to go to Washington ; but I will neither refuse nor accept until I hear from you. I know the pecuniary position of your parish, and would beg, yes, plead with you, if I can assist you in any way, to put money out of the question. You know what you have done for me ; but, what has been and is as dear as life to me, you have loved me as a father, and life would be happy under any circumstances if you are near.

"I have written the above not without consideration, but mean all I say. Write at once to

"Your ever-loving son,

"JOSIAH B. PERRY."

Is all this evidence sufficient to convince those who have helped me that they have not thrown away their benefactions ? There is an abundance of the same material still to be molded and trained. Will this simple story stimulate those who read it to continue to help us ?

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAVE been the means of sending thirty-one students to college since this work began.

The cost of the institution last year was seventeen thousand and five dollars and two cents. Of this amount I collected ten thousand five hundred and three dollars and eighty-five cents in South Carolina ; the balance of six thousand five hundred and one dollars and seventeen cents came to me from the North.

I visited Newport, Taunton, Boston, North Adams, Providence, Hartford, Albany, Troy, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, meeting with great kindness from many persons, a few rebuffs now and then to keep me humble ; but I returned to Charleston having paid off every dollar of debt that we had incurred during these eight years, for which I give thanks to God for his unspeakable goodness.

I had, during the year, fed one hundred and eight boys at the Home ; had assisted the students at college, and those who

are studying theology, to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars, and had two hundred boys in the day school. All of this was done with the amount before stated.

I begin the ninth year without a dollar in hand, but with an abiding trust that God, who called me to this work, and who has so signally blessed, will continue his loving-kindness to us, and raise up friends according to our need. Oh, that some one could hear my plea, and endow this institution with one hundred thousand dollars! Then this good work would go on for ever, and I would be released from this charge, in order that I might do for the girls what I have done for the boys.

I will conclude this account, bringing it down to the 1st of October, 1875, with a few letters of appeal for the admission of pupils for this current year, trusting that they may be the means of touching some hearts, and inducing many to send us help in our time of need. Let it be remembered that, while we are rearing these boys for time, we are striving also to fit them for eternity. We are aiming not only to train them to be useful and honest citizens in this world, but we are trying to prepare them for the glorious city of God. We do not magnify the importance of this work, when we say that it is an undertaking which no good man would willingly let die.

"August 15, 1875.

"DEAR SIR: Your postal-card came duly to hand. Of course, it is my earnest desire to continue my son at your valuable institute. I appreciate too highly the benefit he has derived so far, to entertain any intention of removing him from its influence, if it is in my power to retain the place.

"I am sorry to have to repeat the old story of debts, failure, and inadequate means; but, in spite of every effort that we of this section can make, and honestly do make, our progress downward is rapid, and each year finds us less able to meet our liabilities. I will do my utmost, I assure you; but I can not pledge myself for more than five dollars per month. Should I be able to do better, I certainly will. I have another son over twelve years of age, whom I would like much to place under your care, in January, if I could possibly arrange to do so; but, as I have to depend so much upon your indulgence, I scarcely like to make

application for him, as others who could afford you more assistance in your noble work would have a prior claim.

"I can not refrain from making an appeal for my brother's orphans. My sister has already written, applying for S—— to return. She had hoped to send her next son, a lad of fourteen years, but, as she could promise nothing for his support, she did not feel justified in doing anything in the matter. My brother has recently died, leaving his family, seven in number, destitute and without any resources. If you can afford any help in educating these boys, the charity would be keenly appreciated.

"Yours, with great respect,
"____."

"August 10, 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR: I would like my son S—— to return to your school next October; but how can I ask you to take him back, without being able to promise one dollar toward his support? We are very poor, and have to struggle for bread and clothes of the plainest kind. I have seven fatherless children to support. I would shrink under the responsibility, were it not for the promise of our dear and loving God, who has said that he will be a Friend to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

"I have another son, a boy of thirteen years, who is anxious to go to you. I fear that, as much as you would like to take him, it is more than your limited means would allow.

"I hope, dear sir, that your health continues to improve, and that it may be the will of Divine Providence to spare you to your family, and to us all.

"I remain, with high esteem and gratitude,
"____."

"ADAMS RUN, August 10, 1875.

"MR. PORTER:

"DEAR SIR: I truly hope you have quite recovered your health, and that God may spare you many more years, and permit you to carry on the great work you have begun and kept up so well to the present time. It is indeed a great work, and I thank you sincerely for the benefit that I have received from it. I would like very much to return for this coming session. My

father is unable to pay anything; indeed, the drought has injured the crops so much that he will not make near enough provisions to last him the year out; but I am aware of the value of an education, and, being unable to obtain one in any other way than through your kindness, I thought I would write, and ask you to take me back another year.

"I remain, yours truly, ———."

"WADMALAW, *August 19, 1875.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I write to inform you that, on account of the severe drought, our provision crops are almost a total failure, and the cotton crops, from the same cause, must be so short that for the next year the question of bread will be a serious one with many of us; so that, though extremely anxious to give my sons an education, I will not be able to do anything for them.

"With the hope that God may preserve your very useful life and restore you to perfect health, permit me to subscribe myself, as I feel toward you for your many acts of kindness to my four boys,

"Your sincere friend, ———."

These are but specimens of a great number of letters before me, most of them telling the same sad tale.

A greater number of boys are paying this year than have ever done so before, from one dollar per month to twenty, which is the largest amount that any one pays.

Our work is ever widening in its influence, and only needs the fostering care of its friends, with the continued favor of God, to be one of the permanent blessings in the State and in the Church: a real outgrowth of the circumstances incident to the late disastrous war—the one bright spot in a weary desert—the means, under God, of reknitting, in the gentle offices of Christian love and benevolence, the people who were severed from each other, and greatly embittered the one toward the other.

May it continue to be the shelter of the orphan and destitute; the home to which many hearts will continue to turn; the link which binds together that which was broken; the living witness of the providence of God; a striking proof that God hears and answers prayer!

CHAPTER XVII.

I HAVE omitted, in its proper order, to record an event which is a striking illustration of that which this narrative is intended to enforce. I mention it now, hoping that it will strengthen the faith of others in the precious truth that the living God, our Father, is taking an active part in the lives of his children.

Being accustomed to the daily prayers of the Church, I missed the privilege during my sojourn in Aiken; and it was my practice to ride out every day into the solitude of the pines, and in that "temple not made with hands" go through the morning service. On the 14th of August, 1875, I went, as usual, to my place of prayer, my mind somewhat oppressed by care, for I was in great need. My weak condition prevented my engaging in any work, and the remittances which had been sent me were entirely exhausted. Nevertheless, the expenses of my institution were going on, and a point was reached when I must have money. My health was in too precarious a condition for me to venture a note in bank. I could scarcely have gotten it discounted, save with the prospect of my endorser having to arrange it, as it seemed most likely that I would be where unpaid notes could not reach me when they became due. I was, therefore, much troubled.

During the reading of the Psalms of the Day, beginning with the 71st Psalm, I perceived in myself a great change of feeling. The first words seemed to come from my heart, as so many words of the Psalmist do come from the hearts of believers: "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion, but rid me, and deliver me in thy righteousness; incline thine ear unto me, and save me. Be thou my stronghold whereunto I may always resort: thou hast promised to help me, for thou art my house of defense and my castle." Every word seemed fraught with power. I stopped and said, "With such a refuge why am I cast down?" When I came to the fourth verse, "For thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for; thou art my hope, even from my youth. Through thee have I been holden up ever since I was born:

thou art he that took me out of my mother's womb: my praise shall be always of thee." Again I stopped and said, "This is true; I do not remember the time when I did not love and fear my God; I can say this as truly as old David did; why, then, am I now cast down?" I read on; when I came to the eighth verse, "Cast me not away in the time of age; forsake me not when my strength faileth me," I put the book down, and kneeling, I sent up an earnest prayer to God to graciously answer the words of this petition. On rising from my knees, I again commenced to read until I came to the sixteenth verse, "Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am gray-headed, until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to all them that are yet for to come." It may seem to some like fanaticism, or superstition, or at best a foolish delusion, but God's own people will understand me when I say a sudden joy filled my soul. I became so excited that I could scarcely finish the whole service. This sixteenth verse had come with a message from God. I was not to be forsaken. I was appointed to "show God's strength to this generation, and his power to them that are yet for to come." Kneeling again on the earth, alone in the quiet depths of the forest, with the bright summer sky for my canopy, I looked up to God and thanked him that he had granted me this respite that I might have more time to work for him here, and that he was willing to use me, his most unworthy servant, to magnify his grace and to manifest his power.

Mounting my horse, I rode into the village, and going into the room in which my wife was seated, I said to her: "Wife, I can not explain it to you now, but I have had a message from God to-day through the 71st Psalm. I am not going to die; I shall soon recover; my work is not complete; I have to bear witness for God as to his strength and power in this unbelieving age. I do not know where the help I so much need is to come from, but come it will. The clouds have broken, and I see light. Let us kneel and give thanks to God for his great goodness"; and we did so. No event had occurred to prove that my hopes were not delusive; yet my faith remained unshaken, and my heart was filled with the calm of a peaceful joy.

When the post arrived, on the third day after the circumstances above narrated, quite a budget of letters was handed me. The first opened was from a dear friend, Mrs. A——l, of New York, dated Tarrytown, August 14th, in which she said : “My dear Mr. Porter:—I see by the ‘Churchman’ that you are still very sick at Aiken. I know you must be disturbed, and, to help relieve your troubles, I beg to inclose a check, which I hope will be of some service to you; and may God spare your valuable life and soon restore you to health and strength.” The amount inclosed was twenty dollars, more than I immediately needed. Without opening the other letters, I said to my wife, “Did I not tell you that relief was coming? Look at this letter and the date; Mrs. A——l must have been writing to me at the very hour I was on my knees in the pine woods.” I had not had one word of communication with Mrs. A——l. Deeply grateful for this fresh evidence of our Father’s mercy, we knelt, and again thanked God for the assistance received, and for which we had already thanked him in advance of its coming. Two other letters contained checks for small amounts, and thus our present necessities were relieved.

My health began to improve immediately; and on the 17th of September I left Aiken and took the steamer for New York, having in charge twenty-nine of my boys, on their way to Union College. While on a visit to Newport, I was stricken down by a fever at the house of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Le Roy; but, under God, the skillful treatment of Dr. King and the tender nursing of my friends restored me, and I was able to procure some assistance wherewith to cancel the amount due for the last year. I returned home to renew my work, preaching at the Holy Communion on Advent Sunday, the first time in seven months.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the 4th of October, 1875, the Home received its inmates from the country, after the holidays, and the day-scholars came in. Thus the eleventh year began. The highest number reached this year was two hundred and two: this included both the Home and day scholars. Not that we did not have more applications, but they were all as beneficiaries; and though my health was better, I was not strong enough to risk the continued strain upon the nervous system such as this work demands. Against the direct vote and earnest request of the Board of Trustees, I had already taken fully fifty more pupils than they thought prudent. But I have never yet been able to refuse the son of a widow or an orphan. These seem to be the especial charge which God has given me; and the prayers, which for ten years have daily gone up from this school, in which the fatherless and orphan have joined, I feel have been heard in heaven; and it is for them we have been sustained through all the trials and difficulties of these eventful years. To publish the letters received regarding the admission of the boys into the institute would unnecessarily increase the size of this volume; suffice it to say, they all tell the same sad story of which we have had examples in this work. From October 1, 1875, to October 1, 1876, there were one hundred and fifteen inmates of the Home. Of these eighteen were orphans, thirty-eight were fatherless, twenty-one were motherless, and thirty-seven had both parents living. Forty-eight paid nothing, having nothing to pay with; fifty-seven paid an average of ninety-seven dollars fifty-four cents for the whole year, including board, tuition, medical attendance, washing, lights, and fuel, the actual cost being one hundred and fifty dollars each; while the one hundred boys in the day-school received the benefit of the tuition under this average for the Home boys. A deficiency of nearly ten thousand dollars was to be made up—a deficiency that represented many anxious hours, much laborious effort, and long and prayerful wrestlings with God, which were not in vain. The Master knows why his work must be done through so much suffering; but he does not leave his children alone. Although no one has yet come to my aid to

endow this work, and thus relieve me of my constant anxiety, one by one, God has raised up friends, blessing my efforts in some quarters, while he has permitted me to fail in others. But in the darkest hours he has always come in time to save us from perishing; thus constantly supplying us from the great fountain of his love with faith, hope, and patience to run the race he has set before us.

I had been compelled to make additions to the buildings, and the current expenses were going on, so that I knew, unless aid came to me, I would close the school facing a debt of fifteen thousand dollars. This would have been appalling, under the circumstances, had I not felt that I was sent to do a work for God; that I was doing it to the best of my ability, and without any pecuniary reward; and, so far as I knew myself, for the good of my fellow men. I knew that the silver and the gold were his, as were also the hearts of men. The Father knew my necessities, if man did not, and I was sure that a way would be opened for my escape. By April my anxiety of mind began to be very great.

Mr. J. B. Perry, one of my boys, who, in the early autumn, had been ordained a deacon, was assisting me in the church. There were three other candidates for holy orders, and others were preparing to become candidates. With such an outlook could I doubt that this was God's work? Thus matters went on without one cheering event to show that God's watchful care was over us. In the continued health and good discipline of the institution, however, I saw the evidence of a kind Father's interest.

The anxiety to which I was constantly subjected began to tell upon my enfeebled constitution; and so reduced was I in health that my appearance excited the alarm of my friends. One day in the month of May, 1876, I met on the streets my old and tried friend, Mr. Charles T. Lowndes. He remarked, "You are looking very sick and feeble," to which I replied that I felt so. "You must go to Europe," he said. "Mr. Lowndes," I answered, "I could as easily go to the moon." "No, sir," he replied, "you must go; you have made yourself necessary to the Church and to the State; you must not die yet, if it can be prevented." I thanked him for his interest, remarking that I

saw no way by which the visit could be accomplished ; and we parted. Meeting him again, about ten days afterward, he inquired if I had made my arrangements to go. I told him I had not thought of it, save to be grateful for his interest. His reply was : “ *I have thought of it, and have determined that you must go. I dare say your basket is very empty at your school. I have already sent to you my annual subscription* ” (which, by the way, was a large one), “ and I could send you some more, but if I do, it will only go into the general stock, and will soon be consumed ; but if I take that money and send you away, and you recover your health, I shall be doing more for the school than to pay its present baker’s bill.” Thus saying, he asked me to step into his counting-house, where he directed his clerk to fill out a check for me, remarking, “ Now, sir, if you need more when you get on the other side, let me know.”

I was quite overwhelmed by this unexpected kindness ; but, feeling I had not in any way moved in the matter, I believed it was God’s method of helping my work. I frankly thanked Mr. Lowndes for his generous kindness, and expressed my willingness to go, provided my vestry consented, which they promptly did. Being too feeble to go alone, through the kindness of several friends my son was enabled to accompany me. Leaving the work in the hands of my principal, Mr. Gadsden, and committing it to God, I turned my back upon it all, and on the 5th of July, 1876, sailed from New York in the steamship *Abyssinia*. I improved in health at once ; and, after a short trip through Ireland and a portion of Scotland, I found myself in London about the 5th of August.

Previous to my sailing, thirty-three of my boys were confirmed, six of whom are in course of preparation for the ministry.

CHAPTER XIX.

I AT once called at the banking-house of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., and sent in my card with letters of introduction from Mr. Howard Potter to the members of the firm. The

only one present, Mr. Collet, met me with great cordiality, and said: "We have been expecting you for some time; you are doing a very wonderful work in America; and you, no doubt, would like to get some help for it here." I expressed my surprise that he should know anything of my work. "Oh!" he said, "I have read your pamphlet; Mr. Potter sent me one; it has interested me very much." I thanked him, and said I had in God's providence been sent from home in search of health, and if a way was opened to me that would assist my work, I would, of course, be very grateful. He said: "You look like a sick man; you must go to Switzerland and spend the summer there; try to forget your responsibilities at home and address yourself to the duty of getting well; come back in the autumn when people return to London, and we will help you." I thanked him and took my departure. We had as a companion the late Colonel Thomas Y. Simons, whose health was feeble, and who remained with us until the 30th of September. He has since entered into his rest. We remained a few days in London, where I met my very dear friend, Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, D. C., who insisted upon my seeing a celebrated physician, Dr. Andrew Clark, to whom I am much indebted for his many acts of kindness. After a careful examination, he assured me my lungs were not affected; that the anxieties of an overtasked life had told upon my nervous system; and that my separation from my work had been my only safety; had I remained much longer, my case would have been hopeless, but rest and a bracing air would bring me out all right again. This, of course, afforded me infinite relief. We went to Paris, and from there to Switzerland, returning to London on the 29th of September. Colonel Simons and my son left me on the afternoon of that day for Liverpool, and sailed on the 30th for America. I shall never forget the utter loneliness of that evening. My health was so far restored that I could have returned to America; but there was fifteen thousand dollars of debt staring me in the face. The 1st of October was at hand, when the institute was to be reopened, and how could I maintain the work unless I procured some help? In consequence of my absence, the school had been disbanded earlier than usual, and through the kindness of some of the banks in Charleston, I had been enabled

to tide over the summer; but notes were falling due, and no money had come in. Mr. Collet had volunteered to help me; could I refuse the assistance? I saw my son and my friend to the cars, and, as they rolled out of the station, I stood alone in London, having but one acquaintance, Mr. Collet, in that great city, and I had seen him but once for a few moments. I endeavored to be brave, but I felt as powerless as a child alone on a raft in the midst of the sea. I was there, however, in the providence of God, and I threw myself upon Him who has said, Cast all thy care upon me, for I care for you. I believed it, and trusted him. Going to my lodging-place, in Russell Square, I looked up my letters of introduction. Among these was one from the Bishop of Alabama to the Rev. Dr. Tremlett, of St. Peter's, Belsize Park, and another from the Bishop of North Carolina to the Lord Bishop of Winchester. These I determined to use; so the next day I took a hansom and drove out five miles to Hampstead, to present my letter to Dr. Tremlett. How can I describe my reception in that hospitable home? The Doctor was engaged, and could not see me, but he sent the letter to his mother and sister, who received me cordially, making me feel I was no longer a stranger in a strange land. I found that this hospitable home had been the headquarters of my Southern friends during the civil war, all of whom were known to me. Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, an old friend of mine, who had visited England in the interests of the University of the South, had also been Dr. Tremlett's guest. Thus bound together by subjects of common interest, we soon became well acquainted, and a friendship began that night which has strengthened with years, and is one of the sweetest memories of my life. Hours rolled away, and still the Doctor did not make his appearance; in the mean while, not having learned the ways of London, I had kept the cab, much to the pleasure of the driver, but dearly to the cost of my not over-full purse. At length I arose to depart, when the Doctor came in, apologizing for his delay, which I, as a clergyman, could well understand. His first words were, "Where are you staying?" I told him my address, when he replied, "Stay where you are, and give me the number of your packages, and I will go and bring your luggage here." This I declined with many thanks, but he said: "You, a South

Carolina clergyman, in London alone, with a letter from the Bishop of Alabama, and not in my house! I will not tolerate it; you must come here, and make this your home while you stay in London." He was so earnest that I yielded, but, refusing his offer, I went myself, and gathering up my effects, by ten o'clock at night I found myself the guest of a gentleman I had never seen before, and at whose home I remained for four months and a half, only broken by occasional visits to other parties. I can not convey an idea of the genial and generous hospitality of those months. Had I been a brother, I could not have been treated with greater kindness. I gave the Doctor one of my pamphlets, this book, which then ended with the fifteenth chapter. The next morning he said to me, "You ought never to give that book to anybody late in the evening, if you do not intend to take away their night's rest. I began to read it, not intending to spend much time over it; but I read on and on until I had read every word. Why, I had no idea who you were when I asked you to stay with me; but you must get some aid in England." I told him I had come for health, and would have returned with my son, but for the observation of Mr. Collet, which was similar to his, and it did seem that God was opening a way for me, and therefore I had remained. He told me there were many persons in England who would be interested in such a work—the only trouble would be to reach them; but he would lend me his aid, and he did most signally. Reader, do you see the hand of God in all this? If you do not, read on and you soon will.

I called on Mr. Collet, and by this time Mr. Hamilton, another member of the firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., had returned. I was introduced to him, and received from him and his wife and daughters most cordial and enjoyable hospitality at the Brent Lodge, Finchley, near London. It had pleased our Heavenly Father to take from them two dear boys in one week, and when my story was known a responsive chord was struck which has vibrated ever since. These gentlemen advised me to procure a subscription-book, which they headed as an endorsement, following Dr. Tremlett, who entered his gift as the first offering from England. I was soon introduced to parties who took a lively interest in my work. I had with me twenty-five

of my pamphlets, which were soon distributed, and my friends advised me to telegraph to Messrs. Appleton to ship me five hundred copies of the book then in their hands. This was done, and in ten days they came. These also were distributed by friend after friend, and the edition was exhausted. A second edition, of a thousand copies, was published in England, and before I left in February many of these had been distributed. Help thus came from many quarters, until eight hundred pounds had gone across the water to meet my liabilities in Charleston. This gave strength to my credit, as, by a judicious use of this amount, my different obligations were promptly met, and an extension was granted, giving me time to pay the balance. About this time the contributions in and about London ceased; this was the last week in November, but in about six weeks I had sent nearly four thousand dollars home. I had letters to Mr. Stephen Watson, from Mr. W. M. Lawton, in Charleston, and also to A. H. Brown, Esq., M. P., from Mr. Howard Potter; I sent them to Liverpool, and soon received very pressing invitations from both gentlemen to visit them. Believing that my work was done in London, I bade my friends good-by, intending, when I saw the door closed in Liverpool, to take the steamer for New York. I was most hospitably entertained by both Mr. Brown and Mr. Watson, and generously helped by these gentlemen. Mr. Watson, owing to his age, could not make much exertion in my behalf; but Mr. Brown devoted himself to my interests, and soon raised about three hundred pounds. Feeling then that I was a tax upon their generosity, I determined to sail for America.

CHAPTER XX.

ABOUT five thousand five hundred dollars had been sent to Charleston, which was, of course, an immense relief; but nearly ten thousand dollars of debt still remained. The income of the current months had been paid out to meet some of this past indebtedness, but the debts for current expenses only took the place. But, reader, would I have been a Christian had I

doubted God's ever-present care? It would swell this narrative into volumes if I should relate all the wonderful ways by which I, a perfect stranger, was led from friend to friend in these two months and one week since I had gone to Dr. Tremlett's house. I felt, although the prospect before me was full of anxiety, that God would be with me, and I could trust him.

Just then there occurred an event that has, I may say, molded my entire subsequent life. It appears that the Rev. Dr. Tremlett had given one of my pamphlets to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Cutts, who was an acquaintance of the Rev. George H. Wilkinson, the Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Dr. Tremlett requested him to hand this book to Mr. Wilkinson, who took it, not expecting to read it, for he is overwhelmed with work; but, as he afterward told me, the pamphlet lay upon his table for several weeks, when, on some occasion, he felt that he ought to glance over it. He chanced to open it at a passage which arrested his attention, and this induced him to begin at the first chapter, and after that he did not put it from him until he had read the whole. As soon as he had read it, he wrote a short note to me at Dr. Tremlett's to this effect: "Rev. and dear Sir:—I have read your little book, and would like to make your acquaintance. I am a very busy man, and therefore, if you will make an appointment, I will call and see you; but, if you will not stand on ceremony, and will call on me, I will be glad to see you. Yours truly, George H. Wilkinson." I had gone to Liverpool, and the letter, being forwarded, reached me just as I was preparing to leave for New York. I had met with Mr. Wilkinson's book, "The Devout Life," and had heard a great deal about the author in London—as what churchman who enters into the Church life of London has not? Such a man is felt even in such a mighty world as London. He is the vicar of one of the most influential parishes in that city, and the center of an immense Church work. To reach him, had never entered my head; to interest him in my work, I had never presumed to hope. I had not done or said anything to bring it about, and yet here was a letter from him asking me to call and see him. Here was another door which God had opened for me. I think I was much in the same state of mind in which St. Peter was when the angel opened the

prison door and he went out. The next morning's train took me back to London. When I showed Dr. Tremlett the note from Mr. Wilkinson, he told me how Mr. W. had received my pamphlet through his friend, and said the door was now open to me wider than it had been before; he was sure if ever Mr. Wilkinson read that book he would be my friend, and I would find his friendship valuable. And have I not found it so? not only for the aid that he has given and is giving me in my work, but to know such a man, to be loved and trusted by him, to draw near in the closest fellowship, is a privilege such as only those thus blessed can appreciate. If ever a mortal man lived within the veil it is my brother. His influence over one's soul is unequaled by any other human influence that I know. One feels in his presence his own littleness, and longs to drink deeper of that fountain which springs up in him so abundantly a well of living water. He would not have me write thus of him; but one to whom it is given to be such a source of strength to others ought to know it, for even he can take courage from knowing he is doing his Master's work in human souls by his precepts and holy example. I went to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Sunday morning. Mr. Wilkinson preached; his text was Mark, 11th chapter, 11th verse, "And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, and now the eventide was come, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve." I thought I had never heard such preaching! It was not learned nor abstruse, nor what, in general, would be called eloquent; but it was eloquence of the sublimest kind; every word came with power; his congregation seemed spellbound. There was a death-like stillness over the immense crowd of worshipers. When he came to the close, he said, in some such words as these, uttered with great precision, slowly, calmly, "And now, my brethren, this same Jesus has come into his temple to-day, and is looking around upon all things here. He is looking upon all of you. Yes, he is looking through you [pointing to one portion of the flock], and through you [turning around to another quarter of the church], and through you; yes, through every one of you; and what does he see in you?" Leaning over his pulpit, and gazing with a fixed earnestness into the

faces of his hearers, then slowly rising, he turned and offered the ascription to the Triune God. I have never forgotten the moment. Every countenance seemed to express the thought, What does he see in me? Nearly four years have passed since then, but my brother's words have often been asked since, "What does he see in *me*?" After the surpliced choir and clergy had retired, at the close of the celebration of the Holy Communion, in due time I presented my card at the vestry door and was immediately admitted. Never shall I forget that day. Mr. Wilkinson, still in his cassock, came forward, and, extending both his hands, took mine in them, saying, "My brother, I am glad to see you. I have read your book; I know I am very full; I thought I could not take hold of another thing, but you are doing a work which has upon it so manifestly the impress of God, that I claim the privilege of sharing with you some of the blessing. I can help you, and I will." He then invited me to lunch with his family. There I was introduced to his dear wife and children. She has gone now, gone to her Saviour, leaving a vacancy that only memory fills—a memory that dwells fondly on her beautiful living presence that made her home so attractive and so enjoyable. She was everything to that household—its sunlight and its joy, cheerful, brilliant, wise. I drop the curtain, which it seems almost wrong ever to have lifted; but I could not refrain from a tribute to one who became my friend from the hour we met.

Mr. Wilkinson invited me to preach for him on the following Sunday night, which I did, returning home with them from church. Here again we all drew closer to each other; and I was given the free *entrée* into their home. It appears that after I left, Mrs. Wilkinson, whose heart had been touched by my story, and who had given me the most overflowing sympathy, said this was not what I ought to have. The morning congregation needed to hear me, and Mr. Wilkinson, looking over his engagements, found I could not have his pulpit until the 14th of February. This was about the 18th of December. How was I to fill up all that intervening time? He undertook that; and home after home was thrown open to me; several pulpits were secured; friends were made in new circles; and offerings began to pour in again. My dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Trenlett,

Vicar of St. Peter's, Belsize Park, had introduced me to his people; so that when the Sunday came on which I was to preach at his church I addressed a number of persons whose acquaintance I had made. I preached morning and night to large congregations, and the offering was among the largest received in England. It was only exceeded by the gifts of St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

I had now been absent from home since the 1st of July; affairs there needed my presence. The Rev. Mr. Perry had broken down in health. He had been called to Maryland and had gone. I was wanted in the school. A frightful state of things had prevailed at home: one of those horrors of America that occur every four years, the election of a President, had taken place, the result having brought the country to the verge of another civil war. South Carolina had been the scene of violent agitation. Charleston was taken possession of by a desperate mob, and blood had been shed in the streets. A young man, who had been educated at my school and was a member of my choir, had been shot dead while quietly walking to his business, ignorant of the disturbance that was going on. My people had become restive, and I determined my duty was to return, although it was midwinter, and a risk to make the passage at that stormy season. I appointed the 17th of February as the day of sailing from Liverpool. I preached at St. Peter's to an immense congregation, on the 14th, in the morning. In the mean while, I had made many acquaintances, and from them the offering was large. After the sermon a card was sent into the vestry, and a gentleman desired an introduction. This was Mr. F. A. White, of Kinross House, Cromwell Road. I had but one night unengaged before I was to leave London, and this he requested me to spend at his house, which I did. An ever-memorable night it was, for then began a friendship which I prize as one of the most precious of my life. He added largely to the offering made at St. Peter's. The next day I received a card from the Earl of Aberdeen, inviting me to luncheon and to return to his home, which I did, after fulfilling a previous engagement to dinner, and staid with him until four o'clock in the morning. I do not think either of us will ever forget that night. The Earl of Aberdeen made to

my work a generous donation, and we parted as though we had known each other for years. At the home of the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson I had met Mr. and Mrs. Kingscote, of whom I shall have much more to say. I also met the Hon. Edward Thesiger, son of Lord Chelmsford, and his wife, who became very dear friends. Through the Earl of Aberdeen I was introduced to Lord and Lady Selbourne, at whose hands I afterward received many acts of kindness. From Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Brent Lodge, Finchley; from Mr. Collet, of the firm of Brown, Shipley & Co.; from the Messrs. Gilliat, of Crosby Square—yes, from a host of dear friends, I received kindness such as I have not language to express my gratitude for. My fellow-countryman, Mr. Julius S. Morgan, extended to me warm hospitality, and renewed his donation, as he has continued to do for a number of years. On the 16th of February I left the hospitable roof of Dr. Tremlett, and sailed from Liverpool in the *Abyssinia* on the 17th. Prayers were offered for me in England and America; and, though it was in the middle of winter, we were blessed with a remarkable passage. I have crossed the ocean five times in summer, but have never had so smooth and pleasant a passage as this. Just before leaving Queenstown, I received a telegram from the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, telling me that the Earl of Aberdeen had deposited with my bankers the sum of seventy-one pounds, which made up the full amount that I needed to bring me home free of debt.

When I reflect upon that visit to England and the wonderful events which have followed from it, I would be blind indeed not to see the leading of God's hand, and more than faithless if I did not give him thanks for all his goodness to me. My book would grow into too large proportions were I to tell all that occurred; but I will mention one circumstance as an illustration of God's watchful care. A lady, who had become very much interested in my work, but who had not been able to assist me much pecuniarily, wrote me a letter, inclosing eighteen pounds, with this statement: She had been praying very earnestly that some way might be opened for her to aid me, when a person to whom she had loaned this money a long while before, called to see her and returned the amount, which she inclosed to me. She had forgotten that it was owing to her, and she believed,

as I do, that He who rules the heart put it in the power of the debtor to pay, in answer to her prayer which had gone up from a loving and believing heart. I am writing this record that others may learn to trust that God who has said, Cast all thy care upon me, because I care for you.

On the 1st of March, 1877, I arrived in New York; and, after a short visit to my boys at Union College, Schenectady, I returned to Charleston, where a warm welcome awaited me. The school was in full operation, and the political caldron had ceased to boil. It was evident that the crisis was passed in the State, and things seemed to be settling down to quiet, if not prosperity. I found the Home quite full of boys and a good-sized day-school. During my absence the Rev. Mr. Perry had been ordained priest; and he now has a charge in Maryland. Mr. P. H. Whaley was ordained deacon, and is at work in Connecticut. These had both been my boys; the latter had been a class-mate of that sainted child at whose grave this institution arose; and he was one of the first who came into my mind when God told me to rouse myself from my grief and go and do something for Christ and his church. And thus he has blessed me; my child is in paradise, but his young companion, through my instrumentality, is doing good work for the Master in the Church Militant. There were one hundred and eight boys in the Home this year, and the day scholars were some ninety-five more. Of these Home boys nine were orphans, twenty-nine fatherless, sixteen motherless, and fifty-four with both parents alive; forty-five paid nothing, for they had nothing to pay with; the remaining sixty-three paid on an average one hundred dollars and eleven cents; the average of the one hundred and eight inmates was sixty-four dollars and fifty cents, while the cost was one hundred and fifty dollars each, leaving a deficiency of eight thousand four hundred dollars.

The generous treatment I had received in England stimulated our people at home, and I received some outside help, and a few friends at the North aided me to a limited extent. The year passed away without any incident of note. The discipline of the school was excellent, the standard of scholarship good, and we had general cause for thanksgiving. We closed our term with three thousand five hundred dollars unprovided for.

During this year, in June, 1877, at St. Philip's Church, Charleston, Mr. C. I. La Roche was ordained deacon by Bishop Howe. I preached the sermon. This makes the third of my boys who is in the sacred ministry. Mr. La Roche came to me as a boy; he was educated at this school; went to the University of the South and to the Theological Seminary at Nashotah, and became my assistant in charge of St. Mark's Church, Charleston, an influential colored congregation, for which I am rector, as well as rector of the Holy Communion and of this institute. In April thirty-seven of my boys were confirmed.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE have now come to the beginning of the twelfth year, and the reader can form some faint idea of how full these eleven years were of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, all of which are known in heaven; but no one can tell what such a work as this costs but those who have the like to do. Does any reader say: "Why do you persevere in doing it? Why not give it up? Enough has been done, and you are likely to weary your friends. We know all the risk, the labor, the anxiety." My only answer is: "I do not dare to stop. There is no cessation for me until I lie down in the grave. God sent me to do a work, and this work has been carried on in a manner that we would call miraculous did we not know that with God nothing is impossible. An amount of good has been accomplished which never can be estimated in this world; and unless it becomes apparent by the utter failure of means that the appointed end has come, I simply must go on; woe would be to me and mine if I should stop." If this is fanaticism, it is strong conviction, and I can no more cease my efforts than St. Paul could forego to preach the Gospel. During my son's last illness, almost his dying words were, "O Lord, save thy people and bless thine heritage"; and I feel his prayer is being answered through his father's labors. Then, help a laborer, reader, with your prayers and your alms. If all who read this book would do what they could for the work,

there would never be any danger of failure, and much less anxiety in this head and heart.

The exercises of the institute began on the 1st of October, 1877, and during the year, until the close of the session in July, there were ninety boys in the Home and the same number in the school. Four of these boys were orphans, twenty-nine were fatherless, nineteen motherless, and thirty-eight had both parents alive. Thirty-two of these paid nothing, fifty-eight paid on an average ninety-five dollars and sixteen cents, and the income from the day-school amounted to about eight hundred dollars. We had many more applications, but found the small yard for a playground, close quarters; the cramped dormitories were also a great inconvenience with a crowd, so that we were compelled to refuse many who desired to enter. We began the year with a debt of three thousand five hundred dollars. By the month of December, I perceived from many indications that, though I should pay off this debt, the end of the year would find me with a balance of nearly seven thousand dollars against me. I wrote several letters to parties whom I knew to be very rich, and whom I had regarded as my friends. From one I received a most curt reply; from another, an immensely wealthy person, that the claims at home were so many he had nothing to spare. I concluded if such men could give me such answers, it was useless to apply again to any one, and I ceased my applications. About the 22d of December I wrote to my dear friend, the Rev. Canon George H. Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and told him my distress, adding that in the then depressed condition of things in England I could not think of turning to my friends there for help. Early in February I received a letter from Mr. Frederick A. White, secretary of a committee of gentlemen who had agreed to keep my memory and work green in the hearts of my English friends, stating that the committee had held a meeting and directed him to write me they could not counsel me to come, but that I had made many friends in England, and, although the times were very hard, still, if I determined to come, they would insure a hearty welcome, and would render me all the assistance they could; the decision they must leave to the Bishop of my diocese and myself, but, if I came, not to do so until after Easter. I went to the Rt. Rev.

W. B. W. Howe, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese, and laid the whole matter before him. He asked, if I went, what would I do with my two parishes, Holy Communion and St. Mark's. I told him that the Rev. Mr. La Roche would fill one, and for the other I proposed to try and get three or four of the brethren, who were in small country parishes, to take my place, each for a month. "On what ground?" the Bishop asked. I told him on the ground that this institute was rearing laymen for every parish in the State; that from it we had to look for most of the clergy in the future; and that if it failed now, it would carry desolation into hundreds of households. The Bishop remained thoughtful for some time, and then said: "I regard your work of so much value to the Church that it must not fail if human aid can prevent it. I will recall my appointments to the diocese for the Sundays, and I will myself take charge of your parish until your return." I told the Bishop this endorsement of my work would be worth a trip to England, if I did not bring back a dollar. I immediately called my Vestry and Board of Trustees together, and laid the whole matter before them. They deplored their utter inability to assist me, but agreed that the leadings of Providence seemed to indicate that it was my duty to go. During all this while, my wife had been desperately sick, had been confined to her bed for weeks, and was so feeble that she could not hold up her head. After the cheering offer of the Bishop, and the unanimous advice of the Vestry and Board, I saw that there was nothing else to do but go. I shrank from leaving home under the circumstances: my wife very sick, my oldest son to be ordained to the diaconate; my other son in my class for confirmation; from all of which I would be absent: how could I go? I laid all this before my wife, who, hearing me through, said: "I have determined your duty long since; you must go." I said: "Leave you in this condition?" Her answer was worthy the best age of the Church: "'He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, houses or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me.' If your Master has given you a work to do, do it, whatever sacrifice it costs." This determined me; and all my arrangements began to be made to leave, on the 2d of April, in the steamer Scythia.

CHAPTER XXII.

AND now another remarkable turn takes place in this history.

There is in the city of Charleston a piece of United States Government property known as the Arsenal. It embraces a square of eight acres, and has several large brick buildings upon it, and some wooden ones. In one of these buildings, on the 8th day of January, 1854, the day my first son was born, I had held my first service as a missionary to a congregation of eight persons. There we worshiped for two years, while I was building the church. This was by consent of Major Hagner, then in command. At this time, 1878, General Hunt, an officer greatly beloved in this community, was in command, and troops were garrisoned in it. One day I said to him, "General, the Arsenal is very inconveniently situated away from the water; it never was of any use before the war, and I feel sure that as years roll on the troops will be sent to the forts on the islands at the mouth of the harbor, and when this is abandoned, what a magnificent place it would be for a school! Now," I said, "for two years my wife and I have been praying that, if it is ever abandoned by the Government, it may be turned over to me or to my successor for the use of the institute." General Hunt said: "I will remember what you have said; if in my day the opportunity offers, I will assist you; it is the best possible use to which the place can be put." While negotiations were going on between my friends in England, the Bishop and my Vestry, General C. C. Augur, of the United States Army, Commander of the Department of the South, visited Charleston. General Augur had been in command at New Orleans, and by his Christian kindness to the people there had won their hearts, and the Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Louisiana had sent him as deputy to the General Convention, which met in Boston, in October, 1877. Being one of the delegation from South Carolina, and it so happening that Louisiana and South Carolina sat side by side, I there met General Augur. For days together we exchanged views, and a warm*friendship sprang up between us. He learned all about my work, and became very much interested. When he came to Charleston, he sent by General Hunt to let

me know of his being in the city, and invited me to visit him. General Hunt told me to say to General Augur what I had remarked to him. I did so, telling the General I did not know what it meant, but I had done as General Hunt had requested me to do. The General smiled and said: "I will remember this, and if in any way I can be of service to you, you may depend on my assistance; it is the best purpose the property can be put to." This was in the month of February. I thought no more of it, and turned my attention to my duties, and to my preparations for leaving America in April. Six days before I was to start for England I received a letter from General Augur, from Newport Barracks, Newport, Kentucky, telling me the authorities in Washington had determined to withdraw the troops from Charleston, and if I would make proper application, he thought I could get the Arsenal, and he would assist me. I wrote him, telling him of my contemplated visit to England, and asking what steps to take. He telegraphed me to get a strong endorsement from General Hunt, and I would find letters from him in New York.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON Tuesday, the 24th of March, 1879, I took my departure from Charleston, leaving the Bishop in charge of my work. Mr. Gadsden, my efficient co-laborer and principal of the school, had charge of my confirmation class. They were all confirmed before my return, ten of them being my boys. I took with me to New York the following letter from General Henry J. Hunt, in command of the Arsenal:

"HEADQUARTERS, FIFTH ARTILLERY,
"CHARLESTON, S. C., *March 21, 1879.*

"I have examined Rev. Dr. A. Toomer Porter's paper with respect to the acquisition of the 'Arsenal grounds,' Charleston, for the school of which he has charge, and believe that all the statements found in it are correct.

"In all excavations made in these grounds, human remains

are found. A boggy creek originally ran through the square diagonally, and it is difficult to get good foundations for new buildings. The locality is entirely outside the business part of the town, and the existing quarters, barracks, storehouses, and hospital are unfitted for any private purposes. To tear them down and sell the old material would probably be the most profitable money use they could be put to.

"If no longer required for military purposes, the place, nearly as it stands, would be admirably adapted for the uses of such a school as Dr. Porter's. I know the school. It is all it is claimed to be—has done incalculable good—and the transfer of the grounds to it would greatly augment its value to the people of this State. No other grant of lands (of the same money value) for purposes of education would, in my opinion, be so useful at this time as the transfer of this reservation to the school for its permanent establishment.

"HENRY J. HUNT,

"Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., Com'd'g Post of Charleston."

When I arrived in New York I found the following letter awaiting me:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,

"NEWPORT BARRACKS, KY., *March 25, 1879.*

"DEAR DR. PORTER: Your letter of the 20th did not reach me until yesterday morning, too late for my answer to reach you in Charleston before you leave. I therefore direct this to your address in New York.

"The War Department is the one to apply to. I can not say whether it will be necessary for Congress to take any action in the matter. I am not certain, but think the Government does not wish to sell this property, preferring, I should say, to hold it against any future contingency.

"Meanwhile, it would be better to have it occupied by some one who would properly care for it.

"I should advise your going at once to General Sherman, and explaining to him what you have been doing, and what you want to do, and interest him, as I believe you can, in your enterprise. He will go with you to the Secretary of War, and, if you wish, to the President.

"Meanwhile, have your State delegation see the Secretary and President, and your Boston and other friends who are familiar with your work do the same thing. You may say to General Sherman that I heartily approve your project, and hope he will acquaint himself with what you have done. I know that he will approve that also. I have telegraphed you to get a statement from General Hunt regarding your work, and his approval of what you propose.

Show this to General Sherman, who will tell you whether or not to make a formal application through Hunt and myself. I hope and believe if your friends North and South will make the proper effort, at once, you will succeed. I believe it may be secured before you sail—or, at least, put beyond the possibility of any one else getting it—leaving the details of the arrangement to be perfected after your return. I shall only be too happy, my dear Doctor, if it is found that I can do anything to aid you, and you must command me to the full extent of my ability.

"I believe General Sherman can be of great assistance to you, and if he has time to acquaint himself with your works and purpose I know he will do so, for he is in full sympathy with every effort tending to the good of men generally, and particularly if it promises to help you at the South in working out the great problem growing out of your mixed races—a problem that must be solved by the South itself, assisted and encouraged by good men everywhere.

"I shall be in New York about the 7th of April and, if you do not sail on the 2d, hope to see you. If you do not sail, please drop me a note, care of General Hancock, Governor's Island, New York Harbor, telling me where I can find you.

"After visiting Washington, you can tell if it is safe for you to leave this matter until your return.

"With great respect, I am truly yours,

"C. C. AUGUR."

I immediately went to Washington, and saw General M. C. Butler, M. C., who entered most cordially into this matter. I drew up the following letters, and, accompanied by General Butler, called upon General Sherman, whose kindly interest

was soon excited, and he wrote the accompanying document, and went with us to see the Secretary of War, who also cordially endorsed the papers as here given.

“WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 31, 1879.*

“HON. G. W. MCCRARY, *Secretary of War.*

“SIR: I have been informed that it is the purpose of the Government to withdraw the troops from the Arsenal property in Charleston, S. C., and leave it practically vacant, for the present at least.

“If such be the case, I have the honor to make application for the lease of the property, upon such terms as will secure its preservation and protect the interests of the Government. My purpose is to occupy the building and grounds with my school, ‘the Holy Communion Church Institute,’ an institution incorporated under the laws of South Carolina for educational purposes, and which has accomplished important results, in the last twelve years, in the education of a large number of boys and young men, almost entirely by voluntary contributions from the North and other sections of the country.

“I am anxious to extend and enlarge the scope of this work, and am encouraged to hope that the Government may help me by contracting with me for a lease of the vacant property, which is admirably adapted to the purposes of a school such as mine. It is quite competent for the institution to contract for a lease, and I am prepared to guarantee the preservation and return of the property, in such order as I find it, upon proper notice.

“I invite your attention to the letters of Generals Augur and Hunt, with General Sherman’s endorsement, and I am prepared to furnish any information which may be desired as to the character, purposes, and history of this institution, which I think commends itself to the sympathy and kind offices of every lover of education and progress.

“It is perhaps proper that I should say that I derive no pecuniary benefit from this school, and have no compensation from it more than the satisfaction of knowing that I am, and have been, instrumental through it in extending the blessings of a liberal education to numbers of our boys who would not other-

wise have enjoyed them. In other words, I desire to impress upon you that I am not making this application for speculative purposes.

"Very respectfully, etc.,

A. TOOMER PORTER,

"Chairman of Board of Trustees."

"Respectfully forwarded to the Honorable Secretary of War, cordially endorsing the proposition of Dr. Porter. I have personal knowledge of the good work which he has done and is doing in the interests of education, and the great difficulties which he has contended with and overcome. The Government could not do a better thing with this property, during the periods that it is not occupied and required by the Government, than turning it over to him.

M. C. BUTLER.

"March 31, 1879."

"HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, *March 31, 1879.*

"I concur fully in the endorsement of Senator Butler, and join cordially in the recommendation of Dr. Porter's petition.

"M. P. O'CONNOR, *Second S. C. District.*"

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 31, 1879.*

"Respectfully forwarded to the Honorable Secretary of War, most cordially approved. This property will be vacated by the military in all April, and it would be wise and advantageous to retain the title, but allow its use by a responsible educational establishment.

W. T. SHERMAN, *General.*"

"WAR DEPARTMENT, *April 1, 1879.*

"The views of the General of the Army are approved, and his recommendation is concurred in.

"GEORGE W. MCCRARY, *Secretary of War.*"

[ENDORSEMENT.]

"Respectfully referred to the Judge Advocate-General for opinion as to what, if any, Congressional action is required, and to suggest the form of such action.

"G. W. MCCRARY, *Secretary of War.*

"March 31, 1879."

[PERSONAL.]

"UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,

"WASHINGTON, *March 31, 1879.*"General W. McKEE DUNN, *Washington, D. C.*

"DEAR GENERAL: The Secretary of War will refer to you for an opinion on application of the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, of South Carolina, for a lease of the Arsenal property in Charleston, S. C., for the use of his school, and as Dr. Porter wishes to sail for England in the interest of his institution at an early day, may I not beg of you to give this matter early and special consideration? General Sherman is of the opinion, and I confess I concur with him, that the Executive Department of the Government has authority to make this lease, and it is upon this point that the Secretary of War will desire your opinion.

"You will find among the papers letters from Generals Augur and Hunt, favorably endorsed by General Sherman, recommending the transfer by lease to Dr. Porter. If he can get assurances that the lease will be made, it would be of great service to him in England, where Lord Aberdeen and others have taken a lively interest in the work of Dr. Porter.

"Begging pardon for trespassing upon you, I am, very truly,
"M. C. BUTLER."

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, *April 1, 1879.*

"SIR: Acknowledging the receipt of your reference and commendation of the request of Rev. A. Toomer Porter for a lease of the Arsenal property at Charleston, S. C., for the use of the 'Holy Communion Church Institute,' I have the honor to inform you that I have obtained from the Judge Advocate-General his opinion as to the power of the Executive to dispose of this property, and beg to inclose for your information a copy of same herewith.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"G. W. McCRARY, *Secretary of War.*

"Hon. M. C. BUTLER, *U. S. Senate.*"

"BUREAU OF MILITARY JUSTICE, *March 31, 1879.*

"Respectfully returned to the Secretary of War, with opinion that he would not be empowered to lease these premises without the authority of Congress, which alone has the constitu-

tional power 'to dispose of the territory or other property belonging to the United States.'

"In view of this provision of the Constitution, it has frequently been ruled by the Judge Advocate-General that the Secretary of War could not sell or lease public property except under the authority of special legislation. See, for example, the case of the U. S. Arsenal at Macon, Georgia, referred to in Digest of Opinions of Judge Advocate-General, p. 305.

"In the leading case on the subject, of U. S. *vs.* Nicoll, 1 Paine, 646, the United States Circuit Court, in holding that 'no property belonging to the United States can be disposed of except by the authority of an act of Congress,' adds that no authority to dispose of such property 'is to be inferred from the *general* powers vested in any of the departments of the Government.'

"In the later case of Friedman *vs.* Goodwin, McAllister, 148, a lease of United States land in California, entered into by the authority of the Secretary of the Interior, was declared void and inoperative as not having been authorized by Congress.

"To the same effect was the opinion of the Attorney-General in the case of the lease of the Government farm at Fort Delaware, where he says, generally: 'I am clearly of the opinion that the Secretary of War can not convey to any person any interest in lands belonging to the United States, except in pursuance of an Act of Congress expressly or impliedly authorizing him to do so.' (XIII, Opinions, 46.)

"In case it is concluded to procure the authority of Congress for the making by the Secretary of War of a lease of the within described premises, it is advised that the right be reserved to the United States to reënter upon and occupy the same at any time when, in the opinion of the Secretary, the public necessities may require it.

"W. M. DUNN.

"*Judge Advocate-General.*"

When we had progressed thus far, it became evident that nothing further could be done without going to Congress. I had letters of introduction to several prominent members of the Senate and the House of Representatives from my old and

stanch friend, the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter. Among others, was one to Senator Blaine, who invited me to his house, and heard from me a full statement of the work, in which he became much interested, and promised me his hearty coöperation. The next day he crossed the floor of the Senate and told General Butler of my visit to him, again giving his assurance of support. General Butler then drew up the joint resolutions herein recorded, telling me that he felt assured of its success, but would have to abide his time to introduce it; that there would be no necessity for me to remain, and giving me a letter rehearsing all these facts, to show to my friends in England, I sailed on the 2d of April, with a heart full of joy and anxious expectation as to the result of this endeavor. I had no doubt about its ultimate success, for I felt that I had been led on by an unseen hand to undertake this work, and God's blessing would go with it. I committed it to our Heavenly Father, asking that his will, not mine, be done in the matter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Now, while I am at sea, this chapter will be devoted to narrating a story of the war, the time, perhaps, having come when it can do no harm, and it may do some good, to publish it. The facts were all recorded years ago, and are given now as written then. It is a wonderful narrative; for from the circumstances herein related came all the great events which this book narrates. After the war, as I have said, I was sent to the North by Bishop Davis, where, through General Howard, I was introduced to those who could help me. I procured money enough to reopen the Theological Seminary in Camden, and to purchase a fine building in Charleston, the Marine Hospital, which was fitted up for a school for colored children, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the first large public school for that class ever established by Southerners in the South. To these events, also, I owe General Sherman's very kind interest in helping me to secure the Arsenal, with all its fine buildings and

eleven acres of ground—a magnificent place, most admirably adapted for the development of a great educational institution.

When it became evident that General Sherman would march to the coast from Atlanta, Georgia, I determined to remove my family from Charleston to Anderson, a small town in the interior of South Carolina, near the mountains, where I thought they would be safe. We left Columbia in the morning, but had not proceeded far when the unwelcome news reached us that the freshet in the Broad River had washed away a portion of the railroad. We were, therefore, compelled to return. Finding, in a few days, that the damage could not be remedied, I left my family with my friend Dr. Reynolds, and returned to my charge in Charleston. There I remained at the Church of the Holy Communion until the 11th of February. General Hardee, who was in command, and who was a worshiper at that church, sent for me, and said that he was about to evacuate the city, and unless I was prepared to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, go to prison, or be sent out of the lines, I had better leave before the army did. Having no intention of taking the oath so long as the Confederate flag floated, nor relishing the idea of prison life, nor yet a tramp through the swamps, I determined to leave the city. My family were in Columbia, and, as the aspect of affairs was threatening, I felt it my duty to rejoin them. The freshet having swept away a portion of the South Carolina Railroad, I was compelled to take a roundabout trip by the way of Florence, changing there to the Wilmington road. I placed a box containing books and clothing, sermons and valuable papers, in charge of a friend, but never saw them again until four years afterward, when the Sisters of Mercy sent me a half dozen of the books, which had been rescued by a kind-hearted Roman Catholic priest, where or how I never learned. I had taken charge of the box containing the church-plate, and this I got safely to Columbia. By this time General Sherman's army had reached the Congaree River, and fighting had begun below the city. On Thursday morning a portion of this army was distinctly visible on the heights outlined against the city. I saw a shell strike the corner of a house, in the piazza of which a group of terrified women were standing. There is a gash now in the west side of the State-house made

by one of those shells. Great consternation prevailed in the city, which was filled with women and children, refugees from the coast. The firing soon ceased, for, to the credit of General Sherman be it said, as soon as he learned that an overzealous officer was shelling the city without orders, he immediately ordered it stopped. Such was the report at the time. General Wheeler, of Texas, with his cavalry, was in full force in Columbia; and meeting one of his captains, he inquired if I could tell him where he could procure a pair of stockings. I immediately went to the store of the Ladies' Relief Association, where Mr. L. was in charge, who gave me a box of stockings with the request that I would assist him in getting rid of some of the liquor in the store, as he feared the troops might break in, and the consequence would be serious. Seeing a number of boxes of port wine marked "Ladies' Relief Association," which I thought would be of use to the sick, I went in search of the captain, and asked him to detail a squad to protect me in carrying some of this wine through the streets, giving him at the same time the stockings. Placing six boxes of the wine on a truck, I left one box at the house where I had seen the ladies in the piazza, carrying the remaining five to Dr. Reynolds. I did not return for more, but went about the city, endeavoring to reassure such ladies as were without a male protector. During these hours a constant firing was kept up between the two armies, above and below the city, in the midst of which we retired to bed, but not to sleep, an anxious, careworn people.

I shall narrate what came under my own observation, which was recorded at the time. I trust nothing that is here written will stir up an angry feeling in a single heart. This is a record of God's wonderful providences; nothing is farther from my wish or intent than to engender strife. The events of which this part of my narrative treats have passed into history. My effort since the day that General Johnston surrendered has been to make peace between the people of the North and South; and, by the blessing of God upon my humble efforts, I have been the means of bringing many on both sides to a better understanding.

During the shelling of the city on Thursday, a large quantity of cotton was brought in great haste out of many houses

and yards, from both sides of the main street, and placed in the middle of that wide thoroughfare. This cotton had been stored in every conceivable place, and when the shelling began the owners of it became frightened lest the shells should set the bales on fire, and they hurriedly brought them from their hiding-places. Thus stood the beleaguered city. On Friday morning, the 17th, between 2 and 3 A. M., there was a terrific explosion, which shook the city like an earthquake. Hastily dressing myself, I hurried into the streets to learn what had happened, and ascertained that the explosion had taken place at the depot of the South Carolina Railroad, where a quantity of blockade goods, with much powder and fixed ammunition, was stored. In the general demoralization of the hour, a number of persons had gone there with lighted torches to obtain goods which they felt would soon fall into the hands of the enemy. By accident the powder was ignited, and the depot, with all its contents, was consumed, and several lives were lost. While walking through the street, in front of Hunt's Hotel, I saw a number of cavalymen. Approaching them, I found they were General Wade Hampton and staff. The coming day was just then lighting up the eastern horizon. I said to General Hampton, "Do you propose to burn this cotton?" "No," he replied; "General Sherman does not intend to stay here; he has marked his course with desolation, and is destroying all the railroads; he is pushing on to General Lee's rear. If he burns the cotton, we can not help it; if he does not, it will be something for our poor people to live on after the war." He then asked me to go to the Preston mansion and take possession, as it would be safer with some one in it. He also advised me to get notes from the ladies in the city asking for protection, as he thought they would need it, and he was sure it would be given. I bade him good-by, and I saw him, with his staff, ride out of the city just before the sun rose, and we did not meet again until the flag of the Confederacy had been folded for ever, and the mighty combat, with all its heroic deeds, its unparalleled endurance and sufferings, had become a thing of the past. My wife declining to go to the Preston mansion, I went and urged the old servant not to betray the hiding-place of the silver. He promised, but the pressure was too much for him, and he revealed all soon after the troops

entered the place. Going over to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, I met Mr. Daniel E. Huger and many ladies, to whom I gave General Hampton's message. Several ladies went off to write the notes. While waiting, I heard for the first time in four years, floating on the morning air, the tune of Yankee Doodle! At that time I believe I would rather have heard the awakening notes of the Angel Gabriel's trumpet. Hastily gathering as many notes as were written, I started for the main street to meet the troops. I met the advancing column soon after they entered the town, and while marching down the streets many stragglers fell out on the sidewalks. I moved on among them unmolested. Very soon, with great apprehension, I saw many persons, white and colored, rushing out of stores and houses with buckets and pitchers, and heard this was given to propitiate the thirsty soldiers. It soon became evident what was in those vessels, for very many became intoxicated, and to this cause we owed some of the horrors which followed. As soon as the column halted and stacked arms, the weary and drunken men threw themselves on the cotton-bales in the middle of the street. Passing on to the State-house, thinking the officer in command would make that his headquarters, I found a perfect orgie in progress. Many trophies and mementoes of a not inglorious past, especially of the War of 1812, the Florida War, and Mexican War, battle flags, etc., were in possession of the drunken soldiers, and were being pulled to pieces and tossed about. Some of the men were wrestling and boxing; altogether the scene was so intensely painful and mortifying that I quickly retreated. Returning to Main Street, I found Lieutenant-Colonel Stone, the officer in command, and told him the city was filled with unprotected women and children, and appealed to him as a man and a soldier to give me some guards for them, calling his attention to the drunken state of his soldiers. He courteously directed me to go to the market, where I would find his Provost-Marshal, and wrote on one of the notes orders for me to have as many guards as I needed. On my way to the market-house, I saw the first bale of cotton take fire; the soldiers, who were sitting and lying on the cotton, having lighted their pipes, a spark or match falling on the loose cotton, it at once ignited. I was within twenty feet of the first cotton fired

that day. The flames soon spread, and, with execrations upon the man who had deprived them of a resting-place, the soldiers got away quickly.

During the afternoon I met General Sherman at the house of Mr. Harris Simons. He had been intimate with the family in years gone by, and was kind and considerate in some things. He seemed very deeply to deplore the condition of things, but said it was his duty, as a soldier, to stamp out the rebellion, as he termed it, whoever it hurt. He gave a special protection to the family in writing, but, notwithstanding, they were robbed and burned out that night. I walked some distance with the General, and had some conversation with him regarding the preservation of the library of the College. He remarked that he would sooner send us a library than destroy the one that we had.

CHAPTER XXV.

I PASS over many details, and come to the hour of half past eight at night. Standing on the roof of the house in which I was then residing, looking at the fires which encircled Columbia, what with the camp-fires of the enemy, and the burning country residences and farm-houses, the environs were all ablaze. Suddenly eight fires broke out almost simultaneously in the northern part of the city, about equal distances from each other, and stretched almost entirely across the town. A gale of wind was blowing which soon caused the fire to burn more fiercely, and in a short time the city was wrapped in a sheet of lurid flames. Leaving the roof of the house, I told the family our fears were realized: Columbia was to be burned by the enemy. They gathered up some trifles, and awaited anxiously the progress of events. The house was of brick, surrounded by trees, but one other standing in the square. I thought that unless the house was itself fired we would probably be safe. Going into the street, I then witnessed a scene which, while memory lasts, I can never forget. Streams of pale women, leading their terrified children, with here and there an infant in their arms, were

hurrying by, they knew not whither. Amid the fierce flames they hurried onward, leaving their burning homes and all they contained behind them. To their everlasting honor be it said, no cry escaped their lips, no tears rolled down their cheeks. Fearless and undaunted, they moved amid the surrounding horrors, silent, self-contained, enduring. I can only compare them to those wonderful women of the French Revolution who ascended the scaffold without a tremor, one only of the thousands executed showing the slightest fear. When the history of heroic women is written, let not these Carolina women who walked amid the flames of burning Columbia be forgotten. In silence the pale procession passed on. The streets were filled with soldiers, mounted and on foot; some were sober, but many were in every stage of drunkenness. The whole of Howard's 15th Corps, it was said, was turned loose upon us. Shouts of derision and blasphemy filled the air. Cries of "The aristocrats!" "The chivalry!" were yelled in the ears of these defenseless women. Men seemed to have lost their manhood, and the mere beast was in the ascendant this awful night. All the while there were explosions of fixed ammunition and shells; the bursting of barrels of liquor; the falling of brick walls; the howling of the wind, which was blowing a tempest; and the flames leaping wildly from house to house. It seemed as though the gates of hell had opened upon us. I saw men with balls of cotton, dipped in turpentine, enter house after house, and carrying also bottles of turpentine, throw the liquid over the furniture, and then set it on fire. Of course, under these circumstances, it did not take very long to fire the town. Amid the accumulated horrors of fire, pillage, a drunken soldiery, and ribald insults the awful night wore on, until about half past eleven, when the ladies of my household, becoming terrified, fearing they would be enveloped in flames and could find no way to escape, insisted on leaving their home, determined to seek protection at General Sherman's headquarters, hoping there to find some safety. I took the silver service of the church out of the box to which it belonged, and put it in an open box under my bed, and threw a towel over it. Hastily gathering a little clothing for the children, putting our infant into the arms of a faithful colored nurse, my wife and two children, Dr. Reynolds, his

wife, daughter, and wife's sister left the house, and went out into the blazing streets—out into the infuriated mob of men called soldiers—out into the dreary stream of “refugees,” to share with them their perils and their uncertain fate. Through street after street we pursued our way until we reached a house within a square of General Sherman's quarters, and, as there had been no fire set to any of the houses near the officers' quarters, we determined to stop at this friend's house. It was to this place that God's hand led us; for the most remarkable consequences have followed upon the fact that we stopped at that house. Before its gate there stood two horses, belonging to two Federal officers, a captain and a lieutenant.

As soon as the ladies were housed, Dr. Reynolds went into the street, saying he would go back to his home. It contained all the mementoes of his life, and he would go and see the last of them. We urged him not to go, and just then one of the officers to whom one of the horses belonged returned, and seeing this venerable, gray-haired man, he approached us and joined in the request that he would not venture back, as he might be insulted or ill used by some of these drunken soldiers; but the Doctor insisted upon going. The young officer—he was about twenty-eight years then—said, “I will go with you and protect you.” The two left us about half past eleven p. m. One of the ladies stood guard at the back gate, while I sat at the front door. The hours dragged on; soldiers came repeatedly to the house and threatened us with many ills, but did not molest us further. No tidings came from Dr. Reynolds and the officer who had gone with him. His wife and daughter, as the night wore on, became almost frantic as to his fate. Added to the horrors of that dreadful night, was the uncertainty as to what was to come next, or what was going on in other parts of the city. The fate of the helpless women pressed heavily on our hearts; a few men, who were able to exchange a word during the night, had given to each other a pledge that any outrage offered to the women should be met with the instant death of the offending party. The certainty that this would precipitate the shedding of blood, the dread that to burning and pillage rape and massacre were to be added, served to make of that night a series of inexpressible agonies. No language can convey an

idea of the actual suffering endured on the occasion. About three in the morning the officer returned alone. He had learned my name from Dr. Reynolds, and, approaching me, said: "Dr. Reynolds begs you to bring the ladies back, for we have saved the house, and the presence of the ladies will make it safer." I frankly confess I did not believe him; I could not imagine what he had done with Dr. Reynolds; but I thought he only wished to lure the ladies into the street that he might help the others to rob them of the few articles which they had saved. I left him at the door, to ascertain for myself before I would venture to bring the ladies out. The reader may judge of my indignation when, turning down the street which I thought led to the house, I saw it in flames. Standing there, thinking over the perfidy of the officer, General Sherman came up. It was as bright as day; the General recognized me, and commented on the scene, and in my presence ordered a Captain Andrews to go and bring in the 2d Division and have this thing stopped. This was soon done; and the drunken mob was ordered out of the city, and no more houses were fired. The discipline of that army was very fine, and we all felt this might have been prevented or sooner arrested. Thirteen hundred houses were burned that night, and seven thousand women and children driven into the streets amidst the scenes I have described.

The General passed on, and I turned back to the ladies, relieved by the order I had just heard. I was wrapped in a shawl which I had purchased in Brussels in 1858, had worn in Switzerland, and, of late, in camp and on the picket line. As I hastened down the street I was met by a sergeant and two privates, the former being drunk. When he approached me, he seized my shawl, and giving me a jerk toward him, drew off and struck me a violent blow on the left temple, saying with an oath, "What is a rebel doing with a shawl?" It was so sudden and severe that for a moment I was staggered; but, gathering myself up, I fell upon him and began to tussle for my property. The privates advised me to desist, as the man was drunk and they could not answer for him; and, moreover, he was armed and I was not. Believing, in this case, that discretion was the better part of valor, I gave up the contest, and the victor, wrapping my shawl around him, departed in triumph. He had not

gone far, when another soldier, who was coming up the street, having just come across the river into the burning town, came up and thus accosted me: "Stranger, I saw that man strike you and rob you of your shawl; it is an outrage." Dropping his gun from his shoulder, he continued: "I am ashamed this night to own that I belong to this army. I enlisted to fight to preserve this Union; I did not come here to free negroes, or burn down houses, or insult women, and strike unarmed men. Stranger, I have a mother and two sisters," and raising his right arm toward heaven, as he leant upon his gun, he said: "Oh, my God! what would I do if my mother and sisters were in such a plight as these poor women are in here to-night? Stranger, if I was a Southern man, as you are, in the sight of this burned city, I would never lay down my arms while I had an arm to raise." The time, the scene, the words, the manner, all made it a moment of thrilling eloquence. I looked at the man, blackened with powder and smoke, with profound admiration. It was an intense surprise. I said we could not discuss the subject then, but I was thankful for the sake of humanity that I had met one man that night who seemed to have a human heart in his breast. He then said: "Stranger, if you will hold my blanket and knapsack, I will get that shawl for you." Suiting the action to the word, he dropped both at my feet, and with fixed bayonet started in pursuit of the sergeant with the shawl. A few paces off he met a comrade whom he induced to join him, and the two soon overtook the offending party; the privates left the sergeant in the hands of these two men, who at the point of the bayonet double-quickened him back to me, and my friend said: "Now, apologize to that gentleman for striking him, and give him back his shawl." The sergeant was quite sobered by this action; he made every apology, said the devil had taken possession of him this night, but he was very sorry, and if he could be of any service he would stay with me and protect me. Thanking the true nobleman who had acted so grandly, I recorded his name in a pocket Bible, subsequently stolen from me that night, and I thus lost a name I would give much to recall. It would afford me great delight to meet that man again. I think his name was White; he was a member of an Iowa regiment.

All this consumed much more time than it has taken to tell

it. When I got back to the house, I found the officer waiting at the gate, who exclaimed: "Where have you been? I have taken the ladies home, and your wife is miserable about you." "What!" I said, "you have taken my wife and children back to that burning house?" He simply said: "The house is saved; your wife's hand was slightly burned, and your little daughter fainted on getting back; but they are now safe, and Mrs. Porter is almost distracted with the uncertainty regarding your fate." Had I not seen the house in flames? Yet this man coolly tells me this tale. He had taken all that was dearest to me somewhere, I knew not where. I resolved if there had been foul play the life of one of us was near its end. I determined that mine should not go first. No doubt some one quietly reading this will think, how shocking! Yes, reader, war and all its concomitants are sinful, devilish. It is begotten of Satan and born in hell. There is nothing good about it; but, before you condemn, you must be placed in the same circumstances (which Heaven forbid!) and then you can understand my feelings. I started out with the man. We passed through the street in which the scenes I have just described took place. I turned down the next street, and there stood the house of Dr. Reynolds, evidently unharmed, which, with a Baptist church, were the only buildings standing in ten or twelve blocks. I saw that I had done the soldier a great wrong. The revulsion of feeling was quick and violent. Extending my hand, I said, "Lieutenant, I have judged you unjustly. I ask of God and of you pardon. I took you for a villain, and now I find I am under great obligations to you." He took my hand and shook it warmly, saying: "Pardon you, certainly; I knew by your countenance what you felt, and it is perfectly natural after this night's experience. I do not wonder you have the worst opinion of every member of this army; but we are not all like this—there are some gentlemen and Christians among them yet. God help them if it was not so, for surely such a mob as this has been would be swallowed up by your army in a few days." He then told me his name—Lieutenant John A. McQueen, of Company F, Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, of General O. O. Howard's escort; and his home was Elgin, Kane County, Illinois. The hand of Providence now became manifest; for the institu-

tion of which I am rector, and everything else that I have done for the whites and the colored people of the South, have come from the fact that this young man went home with Dr. Reynolds that night.

I found the ladies and children all safely housed in Dr. Reynolds's parlor. They gave glowing accounts of the gentle tenderness of Lieutenant McQueen, and of the protection he had been to them. Dr. Reynolds told how, when he returned to his home, he found it a pandemonium, filled with soldiers; trunks, drawers, boxes were broken open, and the contents scattered everywhere. The box to which the church plate belonged was broken to pieces, but the box which contained the plate with a towel thrown over it was not disturbed; evidently the boldness of the thing had set the men off their guard, and thus the service of the Holy Communion, Charleston, was preserved. When Lieutenant McQueen reached the house, he drew his pistol and ordered every man out of it; placed a sentinel in the front and rear; with the aid of the servants in the yard and soldiers on the roof of the house, he formed a line, and passed water from the well to the roof, thus keeping it wet. Being a brick house, surrounded by trees, and standing alone, it could not take fire save from the roof or being ignited from below. The fire having swept past, and the place being now under guard, Lieutenant McQueen considered it safe, and returned for the ladies and myself, in the manner already related. Several families took refuge with us later, and the party opened a box of the wine I had saved, and found it very beneficial. I will state here that Miss Reynolds went through the city the next day, taking wine to sick ladies. I gave a box of it to the Rev. Dr. Shand for sacramental purposes, and if I had not saved it the holy communion could not have been administered in Columbia for months. The remainder was turned over to Dr. Raoul, who, through the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, distributed it to the sick soldiers in the hospital.

Saturday beamed upon us in all the beauty of a clear winter day; but the sun shone down on a blackened and desolated city and a broken-hearted people. On Sunday, after an excellent sermon by the Rev. Robert Wilson, son-in-law of Dr. Shand, we gathered at the table of our Lord. It was a solemn hour!

What searchings of heart there must have been ! whether, after all we had endured at the hand of the enemy, we still could go to this feast of love where all wrath and bitterness must be left behind. We thanked God that so many could go to that feast. Reader, you would have to be placed in like condition with us to understand the full meaning of that first communion, after that dreadful night, with those who had caused us so much torture. The record of that hour is on high. I trust the faith and love have been accounted of God for righteousness to the little band who, with fainting hearts, but trustful still, did go to their Master's board and say, "Thou hast stricken us, but we will not believe thou hast forsaken us."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MONDAY, the 20th of February, 1865, was another of those days of balmy beauty which occur often in midwinter at the South. But we were worn and weary ; a reaction had set in, and we did not know what trials yet awaited us. The Federal army was still in the city, and the awfulness of our condition and the desolation which was all around began to be realized. All hearts were sad, and on every face was written despair. Suddenly, about noon, there was a stir among the soldiers, and regiment after regiment, and train after train, passed rapidly through the town. General Sherman had received tidings of the evacuation of Charleston, and he started to intercept General Hardee's forces. It was not long before the unwelcome host was gone. Lieutenant McQueen lingered until near four o'clock ; and, becoming uneasy for his safety, for his army had been gone some time, I feared he would be shot if our scouts met him riding alone. I urged him to go, but his anxiety for our safety, lest some camp-followers might come in and molest us, was so great that he would not move. At length I said to him that, if he would stay, there were men enough to make him our prisoner, and I would pledge him my life to see him safely returned to his lines. But, I told him, I could not coun-

sel such a course as an honorable one, and it would, perhaps, give him trouble hereafter. He would not, of course, entertain the thought. He was, however, entirely in our power, and the temptation to keep him, for his own sake, was very great. About 5 p. m., with an amount of emotion which can scarcely be imagined, we gathered around this young man to bid him good-by. He had come among us as an enemy; he left us as a brother. General Hampton, with two hundred thousand men, could not have more effectually protected us, than he had done. I accompanied him to the door and saw him mount his horse. Just then a thought flashed through my mind which has proved the cause of blessings to many hundreds of persons. Requesting him to remain until I returned from the house, I hastily wrote a letter to General Wade Hampton or to any other Confederate into whose hands he might fall. I mentioned the noble conduct of the young man, and signed my name in full. Giving him the letter, I said: "Keep this about you; it may be of service; use it in an emergency, which, in the chances of war, may occur." I knew that the woods were filled with Confederate scouts. I thought that the occasion might arise when he would find the letter useful. I charged him, if he went to Camden, to show kindness to our old blind Bishop, Bishop Davis, and to his family, and indeed to do his best to stop this shocking style of warfare. He pledged me he would, and nobly did he redeem his promise. Commending him to God, we parted.

There was no time now to be lost. We were like a wrecked crew in a dismantled ship after a storm. Some old muskets, some older cattle, had been left at the request of the mayor; but every gun was spiked, and of the cattle one must have been starving indeed to have eaten any of them. That night we barricaded our homes, and drew out guns from places where they had been secreted, and organized ourselves into a home guard. On the following day the committee of gentlemen who had undertaken to manage affairs persuaded all to make a common joint stock of their provisions. We had all things in common, and we also agreed to take rations for each day. I think the most trying thing I ever did was to go, with Mr. Alfred Huger and Mr. Daniel E. Huger, and others of that

stamp of gentlemen, and stand for hours in the crowd of women and children, white and black, until our turn came to get a few quarts of corn-meal and a small piece of bacon. This we did for example's sake, and it had the happiest effect, for the population of the poor were thus cared for until they could send out beyond the belt of forty miles of desolation around us (whence nothing could be got), to draw from those sections that had escaped the invader.

A month passed before I could obtain any kind of conveyance to take my family out of Columbia. At length, through the kindness of Mr. E. L. Kerrison, who by great forethought had sent his horses and carriage out of the reach of the army, we were able to leave on the 17th of March. In all that month we knew nothing save that Camden and Winnsboro' had been destroyed, and that the army had left South Carolina. Camping out the first night, we reached Newberry on the next day, and there gained the railroad, which took us next day to Anderson. On the train going up I met Mr. Aiken, who told me he had been to Darlington to look for his brother's body, Colonel Hugh Aiken, who had been killed in a skirmish, and he added: "Your friend McQueen was wounded in the same fight, and would have been killed, but he drew out a letter which he said was from the Rev. A. T. Porter, of Charleston, and fortunately it fell into the hands of a soldier who knew you; he said McQueen must be an uncommon fine 'Yank' to have such a letter, and he would take care of him; but," added Mr. Aiken, "there are plenty of men who, instead of facing the enemy, are as brave as heroes in the rear, and they think the letter a forgery and McQueen an impostor, and they have threatened to take him out at night and hang him, notwithstanding your letter." I thanked him for the information, and at once decided on my line of action.

Telling my wife the case, we agreed that it was my duty to go and see what I could do for the prisoner. When we reached Anderson I made all my arrangements. Confederate money was still available, and we had a supply of that. I felt that my family was secure, and so, taking my historic shawl and a few articles of clothing, I bade good-by to my loved ones to go into the woods to hunt for Lieutenant McQueen. Where he

was I had not the slightest idea ; but, if he was in Darlington District, I knew I should find him, or at least I would leave nothing undone to accomplish this. At Newberry, over one hundred miles from Anderson, I left the train, for there the road stopped, having been destroyed by a freshet and by the enemy below that point. I walked to Columbia, which took me two days, and both days in one of the hardest rains I have ever been in, and I had not the protection of an umbrella. When I reached Columbia I dried my clothes, which the rain had saturated, and was fortunate in obtaining a seat in a wagon ; but my pleasure was considerably lessened by the fact that the vehicle had no springs, the extemporized body being placed on the axles. An old mule pulled six of us (an unavoidable case of cruelty to animals) thirty miles to Camden. On reaching this place my inquiries began ; something led me to go to the Confederate hospital, where I thought I might perchance hear something of Lieutenant McQueen. Going first into one room, then into another, finally I opened a door with no idea of who was in the room. There were about a dozen soldiers present ; and as I entered I saw a figure rise suddenly from one of the beds on the floor, and, turning to me, he raised his arms and uttered a joyful "Thank God !" Seeing who it was, and that he was about falling, I sprang over one or two of the beds on the floor and caught Lieutenant McQueen in my arms. Laying his head on my shoulder for a moment, he sobbed. I confess the tears were running down my cheeks at the same time. The scene created some sensation ! Here were a Confederate in captain's uniform and a Federal lieutenant clasped in each other's arms and weeping ! The soldiers looked on amazed. "Wait," I said, "men, until you hear this man's story, and you will weep too." And they did heartily when they heard it, and McQueen became a hero at once. I soon learned from him how, in a night skirmish, he and another had been wounded, and two Federals had been killed, while we had lost the same. The Federals thought they were pursued, and the Confederates that they had been ambushed ; so, after a few shots, both parties had fled. After a while the Confederates had cautiously returned, and, finding him, one of them had drawn a pistol to shoot, when he held up my letter, which saved his life. A litter was made for him, and he

was taken to the home of a Mr. Postell, a Confederate soldier, who had been in the company of which an adopted son of mine was captain ; and he said, although he did not know me, for his captain's sake he would take care of him. But, finding his life in some peril, Mr. Postell had brought him by night to Camden only the week before my arrival there, and had placed him under the Confederate authorities. He had been shot about ten days after he left Columbia. The delight of Lieutenant McQueen when he saw me can not well be described. He said home at once rose before him. He did not know how, but he was sure he was now safe and would soon be at home. I went into the town, and found he had protected the Bishop's family, and many others ; he had saved every home that was saved between Columbia and Camden. When I told the people that he was among them, wounded and a prisoner, all who had received kindness from him went to the hospital and loaded him with attention. Bishop Davis went to see him and bestowed his blessing.

Finding that he was sufficiently recovered to travel, and there being only a surgeon and a quartermaster representing the Confederate Government in Camden, I obtained leave of the surgeon to take charge of Lieutenant McQueen, he holding me responsible for any damage that might come from giving me the prisoner. I procured from the quartermaster an old, lame mule, and Mr. De Saussure loaned me a vehicle ; Bishop Davis gave Lieutenant McQueen his duster, and some one else provided a suit of clothes ; so, putting his uniform in a bag, he donned the civilian's dress. Placing my wounded friend in the vehicle, together with the provisions furnished us by some ladies, I walked beside him, for the old mule could scarcely carry two. Thus we traveled, taking two days and two nights to reach Chester, a distance of sixty-four miles. We staid at night with some of the country people. We passed through a part of the country lately traversed by General Sherman's army. The people were stripped of their possessions, and were poor and distressed, but they took us in. I would tell about the burning of Columbia, and what had happened, and how one of the Federal soldiers had proved himself a Christian indeed ; and when I got the people up to wishing they could meet such a man, I would introduce my companion, and then McQueen re-

ceived the best they had. He remarked that he had never met such a people. When we reached Chester, we gave up our mule and took the train, where I met Colonel Colquitt, afterward Governor of Georgia. Being acquainted with him, I told my story; introducing Lieutenant McQueen, I asked protection, for I had nothing whatever to show for my having this "Yank" along, whose speech betrayed him all the while, and therefore I advised him to speak as seldom as possible. It was a risky business to undertake at such a time, and I think of it, these fifteen years afterward, and wonder how I dared to do it, and how we escaped without an unpleasant word from any one. Colonel Colquitt gave me a paper saying I had authority to take charge of this man, but I never had occasion to use it. I was taking him to Richmond. Mr. George A. Trenholm, a member of my flock in Charleston and a very warm friend, was Secretary of the Treasury, and I knew with his aid I could send Lieutenant McQueen through the lines. We had not gone far from Chester before those murmurs that filled the air when disasters happened or success crowned our arms came floating through the cars. No one could tell where they came from or who had circulated them, yet we all knew that something dreadful had happened about Richmond. I determined to leave the direct line and go to General Hardee at General Johnston's headquarters at Smithville, North Carolina, through whom I hoped to send my companion to General Howard, in General Sherman's army. On taking him there, I chanced as the train arrived to meet General Hardee. I introduced Lieutenant McQueen to him and told his story. It had taken us nearly a week from Camden to come this distance. General Hardee told me that General Johnston was about to retreat; I must take the Lieutenant back to Raleigh and meet him there the next day, which I did. I took him to the Rev. Dr. Mason's house, where, after they heard my story, the best they had was at the disposal of my companion. I called the following day on General Johnston, who had heard of Lieutenant McQueen's noble conduct. He at once sent for the officer who had such matters in charge, and wrote out a pass for Lieutenant McQueen to go through the Confederate into the Federal lines, at the same time telling me if my companion would remain quiet he would be in the Fed-

eral lines before long, as we were in retreat. It was ascertained on that day that General Lee had met with a great disaster, and a few of us knew that the end was at hand. As soon as I had secured Lieutenant McQueen's safety, I began to think of my own movements. The Confederate army was in full retreat, and the Federals were advancing rapidly; so, bidding the young soldier good-by, we parted, and have never met again. I had traveled nearly six hundred miles in circuitous route, by rail, by foot, in a wagon without springs, and in a buggy, to set him free. I would have cheerfully gone seven thousand, and encountered many more dangers than I did in his behalf.

Procuring a wagon with a pair of mules, and taking General Hardee's advice to leave a disbanding army as soon as possible, I parted with him at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and started for Cheraw, South Carolina. I passed over the ground that General Sherman's army had traversed, being seldom out of sight of some memorial of that destructive march. My course was through Columbia, and again I traveled five hundred and fifty miles in reaching home.

In concluding my story of the humane young Federal soldier to whom so many in South Carolina are indebted, I would say that we have corresponded. He is a well-to-do farmer in Elgin, Kane County, Illinois; has a wife and five or six children; and in the year 1878, when General Hampton, then Governor of South Carolina, went to Illinois to deliver a speech before an agricultural society, he gave the outlines of this story as I, his chaplain, have done. It was told to illustrate the better side of human nature, both on the Federal and Confederate sides. As soon as he had finished, there walked out of the crowd a man of about forty years of age (he was only twenty-eight when I knew him), and, pulling a letter from his pocket, he said to General Hampton: "General, I am Lieutenant John A. McQueen, and this is the letter Mr. Porter gave to me in Columbia, but which I have never been able to deliver to you before." General Hampton was, of course, delighted at this confirmation of his words. Lieutenant McQueen declined to relinquish the paper which had saved his life, but he furnished the General with a copy. The scene made a profound impression. I had this from General Hampton himself.

“But what has all this to do with the story of your institute?” This much. In 1866 Bishop Davis sent me to the North to raise money to rebuild, if possible, the Theological Seminary destroyed in Camden, and to establish the first colored school in Charleston under the Episcopal Church. I went to General O. O. Howard, and because of what I had done for Lieutenant McQueen, he exerted himself on my behalf, introducing me to leading people, and they from one to another, and so I got the ear of people and their confidence, and all this great work for the white children of the State has been an outgrowth of that one deed. It is to this I owe the interest manifested by General Sherman in procuring for me the Arsenal. But here we are in Liverpool, on the 12th day of April, 1879.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON Easter eve, April 12th, 1879, I found myself at Kinross House, Cromwell Road, London, the guest of my friend Mr. Frederick A. White. I met with a warm reception from him, his wife, and sister. On the table in my room lay a letter of kindly warmth from the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Peter's, welcoming me back again, and saying that I had done right to come. There was also a note from my host, inclosing twenty pounds, an Easter offering for my own use. This was only an example of the unbounded kindness I received at their hands. For four months I was the guest of these dear friends, who left nothing undone to make my visit agreeable to myself and profitable to my work. Through the Vicar and Dr. Tremlett, Mr. White and Mr. Thomas Kingscote, all the plans were laid out for me. I preached in several churches where offerings were made to my cause. I was present at a succession of dinner entertainments, at which time friends were made for my work; and before I left, on the 5th of July, one thousand five hundred pounds were given to me in England for my institution.

Among those to whom I was indebted for kindness, I may mention the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom I had the

pleasure of breaking bread; the Archbishop of Dublin and his family, from whom I received kind attention; the Primate of Scotland, and Lord Cairns, then Lord High Chancellor of England, with both of whom I dined; the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and Lord and Lady Selbourne, who placed me under much obligation by their kindly consideration. Mr. John Welsh, of Philadelphia, the American Minister, treated me with great kindness and generosity, as also did Mr. Julius S. Morgan, who for many years has contributed to my work. Mr. Russell Sturges, of the firm of Baring Brothers, was also most liberal in his assistance. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to tell of all the kindness manifested to me in word and act. I look back to this visit with great pleasure, and am filled with gratitude, not only to those liberal and hospitable friends, but to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, who moved the hearts of his people to aid me so materially in sustaining this institution, the importance of which I know I do not overestimate. Oh! that I could but impress my own countrymen, especially those of the South, with the good that such an institution is capable of doing. A people who are blessed with the advantages of education and good moral and religious training have nothing to fear, even though the whirlwind of war may sweep away their earthly possessions. They have something better than houses and lands, jewels and gold; they have a solid rock on which to plant their feet; a sure foothold for time and for eternity. Surely, it is well worth some sacrifice to attain this. Who can compute the benefit of such an institution, not only to individuals, but to families, to the State, to the Church? It is not a stream that flows in one course, but it meanders in all directions, purifying, refreshing, giving life. We need this, and many more such institutions, to stem the tide of infidelity which, under various names, is sweeping over the land. We need it to instill such principles into our boys, that our men will uphold the true and the good in trade, in politics, and in social life. We need it, we of the South, that by education we may surmount some of the circumstances in which the disasters of the war have placed us, and stand as peers, not inferiors, in the republic of sister States. This is not a superfluous institution; it is needed—needed greatly; and if this fact could only impress

itself upon the hearts of our people—and I pray that God will enable me to do this—then would they more earnestly and liberally unite with my generous Northern friends, and my equally generous English friends, to aid me in maintaining this institution. There are many at the South who can aid me, but who have not, and to such of these as read this book I now earnestly appeal. To return from this digression :

The position of this institution, and the proposed transfer of the Arsenal property by the United States Government, gave increased interest to my work. Soon after my arrival in England I received the papers from home. The introduction of the joint resolutions by Senator Butler, and the favorable report of the Military Committee of the Senate, gave publicity to my work, and for several days the papers published articles on the subject, laudatory and congratulatory. Of course, all undertakings of a public character meet with a certain amount of opposition ; so, in due time, I received a letter from General Butler stating that some party in Charleston had employed a lawyer to defeat my project. The party intended to purchase the Arsenal, and pull down these buildings, and put up a private residence. I was not alarmed, for I knew the Government would not sell, but I foresaw some trouble. I knew, however, that if it was true that I had been led so far by God's hand, if it was for his glory and the good of the Church, I was sure that I would not be defeated in my efforts, and I was quite willing to leave all to God.

I received a letter from the Rev. John Morgan, of the American Protestant Episcopal Church in Paris, inviting me to preach for him on the 15th of June, which invitation I accepted. From a few Americans in Paris, principally friends from Baltimore, I collected four thousand francs. I met my friend Miss Mason in Paris, who requested me to visit some friends of hers from Virginia who had met with adverse circumstances, and as a fellow-countryman I assented. In apartments quite destitute of luxury, I found a lady and gentleman bearing the impress of social refinement, to whom I introduced myself as the friend Miss Mason had requested to call. It was eleven o'clock at night, and they were expecting me. I did not know, really, what I had gone for, except to express sym-

pathy. A fine-looking boy, of about twelve years of age, came out of an adjoining room in his night dress; he had been lying awake waiting to see me. I inquired if they had other boys, and they took me into their sleeping apartment, where I found another little fellow of ten or eleven asleep. I asked what prospect was ahead for these boys, and found there was really very little hope for them so far as regarded education. We all knelt, and after prayer I said: "Mr. P——, I do not know why Miss Mason asked me to come here, unless it was to see these boys; suppose I take them to America and place them in my institution, where they can receive a good education and be trained in the sphere of life in which they were born, but which, in their present state, they can not hope to attain." Both father and mother burst into tears, and he said: "For two years we have been praying that some means would be raised up to send these boys home to be educated." "Well," I replied, "I must be the answer to your prayers. God, perhaps, has sent me for them, and I will take them on two conditions—first, that I can get a free passage for them from England to America, and next, that they be not interfered with by any of the family." To these conditions they readily assented, and kneeling again to ask God's blessing and direction, I left them. On my return to London, I told Mr. William Cunard their story, and he generously gave me a ticket for them, provided I would go in the *Abyssinia*. I had my ticket to return by the *Gallia*, and the *Abyssinia* was going to leave a little before I was ready, but I felt the way had been made so clear for me that I must accept the offer; and so the two boys returned with me to America, and have now been with me a year. I have not been disappointed in them; and I pray that God may bless and fit them for his service.

It will interest my Christian readers to hear how gracious God was to me on my passage to England in April. On the steamer I met a young man from Massachusetts, about twenty-four years of age. We were thrown much together; he sought my acquaintance and gave me his confidence. I found a great deal to do, and every night, when all on that ship save those on duty were asleep, that young man was in my stateroom with me, and many prayers went up for him and with him. During his stay in Europe, he corresponded constantly with me, and on

his return to his home in America he was married and was confirmed, and is now a communicant of the Church, and in all his letters to me he writes of me as his deliverer and his father.

Before leaving London, Canon Wilkinson invited the gentlemen who had before formed a committee to keep up an interest in my work to hold a meeting. Some of these, with others, formed themselves into a committee, who agreed to continue, for at least two years, to further my work, hoping by that time that it would be self-sustaining, or that some person or persons would be raised up to endow it. The names of the gentlemen forming the committee are—

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

A. H. BROWN, Esq., M. P.

Rev. Canon FLEMING, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square.

HOWARD GILLIAT, Esq.

The Hon. Rev. E. CAER GLYN, Vicar of St. Mary's, Kensington.

Rev. C. GREEN, Vicar of St. Paul's, New Beckenham.

Rev. T. TEIGNMOUTH, Shore Chaplain to the Queen.

Rev. Dr. TREMLETT, Vicar of St. Peter's, Belsize Park, N. W.

LEEDHAM WHITE, Esq.

Rev. Canon WILKINSON, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

THOMAS KINGSCOTE, Esq., Treasurer.

FREDERICK A. WHITE, Esq., Secretary.

And most nobly have they redeemed their pledge. They have sent to me nine hundred pounds since the 1st of January, 1880.

It would be consonant with my wishes to tell more of the kindness which I received from the Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and St. Peter's, Belsize Park, and of the happy hours spent with Mr. Thomas Kingscote and his wife at the Trench, and of all that he and Mr. Frederick A. White, the one the Treasurer and the other the Secretary of this committee, have done; but to do so would reveal the nearest and most intimate friendship, and disclose deeds of love and kindness which they would not be willing to see in print. May God reward these dear friends a thousand-fold, here and hereafter, for the interest evinced in me and this work of God in my hands! I must not omit to speak of the renewed kindness of Mr. I. K. Gilliat, Mr. Algernon Gilliat, and Mr. Howard Gilliat, and also of Mr. Collet and Mr. Hamilton, of Brown, Shipley & Co. But the hour came when I bade farewell to the friends at Kinross

House, and with my two little boys left for Liverpool. We sailed the next day, the 5th of July, the day two years before on which I had first sailed for England, and reached New York after a passage of fourteen days. I got some friends to take charge of my little boys while I went to Washington. I saw General Sherman, who assured me the effort made before the adjournment of Congress to defeat me, in his opinion, had done me no damage, only I might have to fight for the buildings, which I wished to avoid if possible. During my absence in England, on the 4th of June, my son, Mr. Theodore A. Porter, was ordained to the diaconate by Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut, at Middletown. He makes the fourth of my boys now in holy orders.

On my return to Charleston I found the institution closed for the summer vacation, and the boys gone to their homes. I reported all debts paid up save some six hundred and thirty dollars, which were covered by an amount due from scholars. And thus again, for the second time, my friends in England saved the institution, for if they had not helped me we must have come to a standstill.

During this year eighteen were confirmed. There were in the Home during the year, from October, 1878, to August, 1879, sixty-seven boys, of whom sixteen were orphans, seventeen were fatherless, eleven motherless, twenty-three had both parents alive, twenty-nine paid nothing, and the rest paid an average of sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. We are trying to get the institute to be self-supporting. We charge two hundred dollars for everything, and, trifling as this is, only four boys paid that amount. It will thus be seen how many are on the beneficiary list; for all who do not pay the charges are, of course, included in that list. There were also sixty-nine day scholars, many of whom were on the free list. Now, the question may be asked, "Why do you take so many free?" The answer is, "Look at my position! Does this record tell of a self-imposed task—or does it indicate, in every step, the finger of God pointing me to my work?" When orphans and widows' children are brought to me, if I say no, there is not the slightest chance for these children. They will be left in the world, to grow up with no educational advantages and no spiritual opportunities. These

children are, for the most part, from representative families who have not recovered, and are not likely to recover in two generations, from the desolations of the war, and God seems to bring them to me and say, "Here, you do the work." What can I do but take them, and look to God, through his people, to give me the means? I know there is a limit to all this; but my limit seems to be the room I have to put them in. I am convinced that, at some time, a generous provision will be made for me by some large-hearted person or persons, and that I will be spared the incessant strain upon my nervous system, although I do not doubt God's goodness. The anxiety attending this work, the care, the provision, the training, the keeping everything in order and harmony (for there are some sixteen officials connected with the work, and there will be jars sometimes), the general oversight of all exhausts much energy. Then add to this from nine thousand to ten thousand dollars every year to look for, simply as God gives it. My friends, would I not shrink from a work that involves so much care, so much responsibility, if I dared? I have the rectorship of two parishes, one white, with two hundred and sixteen communicants in it, the other colored, with two hundred and thirty-six communicants; this is more than enough for one man. But if I am doing God's work, Christian readers, how can I draw back? I must go on, even if I am overwhelmed. You may help to avert this, if you will give to it what you can, and interest your friends in it, that it may go on blessing thousands and tens of thousands. We have so far boarded and educated twenty-six of the sons of the clergy without charge, and we never expect to charge the brethren—a fact that should interest them in the work.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1879, has come, and with it the teachers and boys gather in and go to work. During this year just closed, the 1st of August, 1880, there have been in the Home one hundred and eight boys: of these twelve were orphans, twenty-seven were

fatherless, ten were motherless, and fifty-nine had both parents alive; sixty-nine were beneficiaries, and thirty-nine paid four thousand four hundred and twenty-nine dollars, an average of a little over one hundred and thirteen dollars and fifty cents each. Only eight paid the full charge of two hundred dollars; the number of beneficiaries was, therefore, still very great. We shall endeavor this year to reduce the number.

As soon as Congress met, I went to Washington. I had furnished myself with some very strong letters from the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter and others, and began at once to work. On the 12th of December, General M. C. Butler, in the Senate, called the resolution up from the calendar. A few questions were asked of him, to which satisfactory answers were given, and in a few moments the resolution had passed the Senate unanimously. Generals Hampton and Butler, Senator Bayard, Governor Randolph, and others, offered me their congratulations on the progress of the affair. The opposition of the past summer had not again appeared. I then went to the House of Representatives. For good reasons we had asked Colonel Evins, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, to take charge of the resolution in the House; our own representative, the Hon. M. P. O'Conner, would cheerfully have done so, but it was thought most expedient to bring in other interests. Colonel Evins introduced me to the acting chairman of the Military Committee, of which General Joseph E. Johnston was a member, and I was invited to appear before them. I told my story, General Johnston stating to the committee what he knew of my connection with Lieutenant McQueen, and how he had given him a pass through the lines, and here again this bread cast upon the waters came back to me. The Military Committee unanimously recommended the transfer of the Arsenal; and this brought us to Thursday evening. Nothing more could be done until the next Tuesday.

Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, a very dear friend, went with me to call on the President and Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Tayloe requested me to tell the President and Mrs. Hayes about my work, and what I was then doing, which I did. On concluding, I found that I had interested my hearers, especially Mrs. Hayes, and she said: "You must have the Arsenal, and those boys must be brought up under the old flag." In leaving, I said: "Mr. President, if

this resolution passes the House, it will have to come to you. I am going back to Charleston, to preach four sermons on Sunday, and administer the holy communion twice to two different congregations. I will be back on Tuesday. I do not know what may happen in the mean time, but if the paper comes to you"—turning to Mrs. Hayes, and making a bow, I continued—"I leave myself in good hands." The President immediately said: "I can not tell, Dr. Porter, what influence Mrs. Hayes has with Congress, but she certainly has great influence over the President." We all appreciated the graceful turn the President had given to the incident, and we left in high spirits. I went to Charleston, discharged my duties there on Sunday, and left for Washington on Sunday night. On my arrival on Tuesday morning in Washington, my friend and host, the Rev. Dr. Elliot, told me that a savage attack had been made on me in the "New York Times." I hastened to the Capitol, and in the library of the Senate-chamber found the paper containing the attack. I at once sought General Butler, who sent for the correspondent of the "Times," and gave him the true version of the affair, and a few days afterward a refutation of the attack appeared in the "New York Times," but, in the mean while, the mischief intended had been done. However, I went boldly to those who I heard would oppose us. Hon. Mr. Randolph Tucker introduced me to General Garfield, the leader of the Republican side of the House. I called at his house and told him the story of my work in brief. He said the piece in the "Times" had had an effect, but he promised to correct it for me. Like Mr. Blaine, in the Senate, he expressed much pleasure to hear of such a work, and pledged his assistance. Surely God opened the hearts of the people. I did not find any opposition after I had told my story. Mr. Chittenden, of New York, was of great service to me; he had known me, and took much interest in the work. Senator Butler, in my behalf, spoke to several members on the Republican side, and the different members of the South Carolina delegation in the House did the same, so, when the Chairman of the Military Committee was recognized by the Speaker, the favorable report of the Military Committee was made, and the resolution was put on its passage: one hundred and eighteen voted for it, and thirty-six against it. I missed this scene; my

whole nervous system had been so wrought upon in this week of anxiety and labor that I had just left the gallery of the House, where I had waited for hours, and had gone to Senator Butler's committee room, thinking that nothing would be done, when his son came running into the room, saying: "We have got it! We have got it!" "Got what?" I asked. "Why, the Arsenal; the resolution passed, five to one." It was then my turn to rush down into the lobby of the House, where I met the South Carolina delegation. The House had adjourned, but not without passing the resolution, and that morning the President had told me he would sign it if it passed, so I felt sure that what I knew would give such an impetus to my work was an accomplished fact. I thanked God, and prayed for strength and wisdom for the increased responsibility, and that the hearts of the people might still be opened to me. The happiness would now be mine of returning to Charleston with the following order in my possession:

"GENERAL ORDERS }
"No. 114. }

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, December 19, 1879.

"A Joint Resolution of Congress, approved December 19, 1879, entitled 'Joint Resolution to transfer the Arsenal property in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, to the trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, for the use and accommodation of said school,' requires—

"That the Secretary of War be and is hereby authorized and directed to lease and deliver possession, upon such terms and conditions as to him may seem best, for the use of or in the interest of the Government, to the trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, the property known as the 'Arsenal,' situated in the city of Charleston, State of South Carolina, together with all the buildings, rights, and appurtenances thereto belonging, to be had and held by said trustees for the use and accommodation of said school for such time as said lease may run, if not theretofore required by the Secretary of War.

"SEC. 2. That the Secretary of War be and he is hereby authorized to make such terms and arrangements with said trustees for the care and protection of said property during its occupancy by said school, and for the redelivery of possession to the Government when thereto required, as will best subserve the interests of the Government: *Provided*, That the Government shall not be required to pay for any improvements that may be placed on said grounds during the continuance of said lease.

"Accordingly the Secretary of War directs that the United States property known as the 'Arsenal' [Charleston Barracks], situated in the city of Charleston, State of South Carolina, together with all the buildings, rights, and appurtenances, and the United States flag thereto belonging, be transferred to the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., to hold until a lease of said property is duly executed by the Secretary of War.

"The Quartermaster's, Ordnance, and other property in store at the Arsenal will be properly disposed of under the direction of the Departments concerned.

"By command of General Sherman :

"E. D. TOWNSEND,

"Adjutant-General."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEFORE returning to Charleston, an act of kindness was shown me, which proved that what was intended to do me harm, was, in God's providence, made to further my work.

After the joint resolution passed the Senate, and I had gone to Charleston to preach at my two churches, as already stated, the following article appeared in the "New York Times" :

"CHARLESTON ARSENAL—A MEASURE FOR GIVING IT TO A SOUTH CAROLINA SCHOOL.

"The Washington correspondent of the 'New York Times' says :

"A very objectionable joint resolution was passed very quietly in the Senate, upon the motion of Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, and in the absence of Messrs. Edmunds, Logan, and McMillan, who had been prepared to oppose it. The original resolution, which was introduced May 6, 1879, authorized and directed the Secretary of War to transfer the United States arsenal property in Charleston, S. C., to the trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, to be held by those trustees for the use of this school as long as it is not needed by the Government. By the second section, the Secretary was authorized to make terms with the trustees for the care and protection of the property, and for its delivery back to the Government. It was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, which reported, through Mr. Hampton, of South Carolina, an amendment. This made no material change in the resolution, but the words 'lease and deliver possession'

were substituted for the word 'transfer,' and a provision was made that the Government should not be required to pay for any improvements placed on the ground during the continuance of the lease. The resolution, as amended, was passed.

"This arsenal is not now used by the Government, and, like other unoccupied arsenals, is left to the care of an ordnance sergeant. The Rev. A. Toomer Porter is the Rector of the Holy Communion Church, in Charleston, and after the war he came North to raise subscriptions to aid his church. In this effort he was successful. Attached to the Church is a sectarian school under his charge, and for some time he has desired to obtain possession of the United States Arsenal, with its large buildings, for the use of this school, at a nominal rent, and for a long period. Leading Republicans in Charleston have opposed this design, on the ground that the school or institute is sectarian, aristocratic, and exclusive, and one to which the children of no Union man or Republican can gain admission. They assert that the youth educated in it are taught the extreme doctrines which were held in the South before the war, and were powerful in causing the war, and they claim that if the Government has no use for the arsenal, and desires to lease it, it would be more equitable to the residents of the State, and more profitable to the Government, to allow competition for it, and lease it to the highest bidder. Some say that, if it is no longer of use, it should be sold, and the proceeds covered into the treasury; but all agree that special privileges should not be granted to this aristocratic school, in which pupils and teachers, they say, are unfriendly to the Government. Having no representatives on the floors of Congress, the Republicans of South Carolina depend for support upon Republican Senators and Representatives from other States, and think that these gentlemen should guard their interests. It was stated by Mr. Butler, in urging the passage of the resolution, that the transfer had been recommended by the Secretary of War and General Sherman; but those who oppose the transaction say that these officers could not have fully understood the matter."

As I have mentioned, I saw the writer of the article, who promised to correct his statement, which he did, but not until much harm had been done to my cause. Concluding to go to Philadelphia before I returned home, I telegraphed my good brother, the Rev. William McVicar, that I would be with him at 11 P. M. After I reached his house, in the course of the evening, he read to me the following communication:

"PHILADELPHIA, *December 15, 1879.*

"Such unjust public criticism having been elicited by the passage by the United States Senate of a resolution to lease the Charleston Arsenal to the Holy Communion Church Institute,

it gives us pleasure as Northern men, differing in political opinion from the Rector of that institute, but personally acquainted with him and with the noble work carried on by him in Charleston, to testify in his behalf.

"A more unselfish, devoted, and tolerant clergyman than the Rev. A. Toomer Porter it has never been our lot to meet. He has devoted all of his private means, and the whole of his life and matchless energy to bring in and board and educate the poverty-stricken sons of South Carolina, without charge. He is training for useful positions in life boys who would otherwise grow up in ignorance. It can hardly be a reproach that many of these boys are of Revolutionary lineage.

"The assertion that his school is a 'rebel school' is amply met by the fact that, when his more advanced scholars have needed collegiate education, they have been sent to Schenectady, New York, and Hartford, Connecticut. One of his largest contributors was a colored man in Charleston. If to be an Episcopal institute is 'sectarianism,' it is of that kind which instructs and feeds the poor, clothes the naked, and builds hospitals and infirmaries. The more of such sectarianism the better.

"A healthy emulation among religious bodies in doing good to their fellow men is one of the best signs of the times, and nothing but narrow-mindedness will complain of being excelled in benevolence.

"No American can read the roll of the Holy Communion Church Institute without feeling pride and thankfulness that the young Francis Marions and Isaac Hugers of to-day are receiving from the United States Government even so small a boon as the use of a dilapidated United States Arsenal.

"JOHN WELSH,
THOMAS ROBINS,
LEMUEL COFFIN,
I. ANDREWS HARRIS,
JAMES W. ROBINS,
THOMAS CLYDE,

M. RUSSELL THAYER,
ALEX. BROWN,
NELSON McVICAR,
EDW. T. BUCKLEY,
GEO. M. CONARROE,
GEO. H. KIRKHAM."

These gentlemen had no idea that I was coming to Philadelphia; no communication on the subject had passed between us. It was simply an act of Christian love and justice to an absent brother. The article was published that evening in

several of the Philadelphia papers, and was sent to New York and republished there. A week after, the following appeared in the *Episcopal Register*, of Philadelphia. Thus, that which was intended to injure my cause, gave me a wider field, out of which many friends have come to aid and to cheer me.

“THE CHARLESTON ARSENAL TURNED TO THE USES OF
PEACE AND EDUCATION.

“It is almost wonderful how often, under the ruling of an all-wise Providence, the attempt to decry the Lord’s work is made an instrument to forward the very work opposed. A striking instance of this has just occurred. The Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., the self-denying and hard-working Rector of the Holy Communion Church Institute, knowing that the Government Arsenal at that place was disused, and not likely to be wanted for war purposes, conceived the benevolent idea of making the property available for the shelter and education of the two or three hundred poor orphan boys under his charge, and his suggestion was warmly seconded by General Sherman, who knew the excellent work being done by Dr. Porter, and a joint resolution authorizing the lease of the property at a nominal rent was passed by the United States Senate. But even this good work could not be allowed to progress without sectarian opposition, which went so far as to say that the property had ‘better be *unused*’ than appropriated for the purpose desired, and incited the following unjust article in a prominent New York paper.*

“This article attracted the notice of one of Dr. Porter’s friends in Philadelphia, who, feeling that he was over six hundred miles away, and perhaps ignorant of the attack, promptly drew up the following letter, which was gladly signed by some of our leading citizens, and tells its own story.†

“Dr. Porter came unexpectedly the same night from Washington to Philadelphia for a few days’ rest, not knowing he had been assailed, to find the letter defending him just published, the minds of men favorably turned toward his good work, and

* The article alluded to has been given elsewhere.

† Letter given above.

a pressing invitation to preach on Sunday morning before the large congregation of the church of the Holy Trinity. He preached there in the morning, and at St. James's church in the afternoon. The liberal contributions already made in this city for his work show how unjust assaults are mercifully turned into benefits. It is only proper to add that no man in the South has done more to allay sectional bitterness and further 'good will to men' throughout the country than the Rev. Dr. Porter."

CHAPTER XXX.

HAVING reached Charleston on the 24th of December, 1879, on Christmas morning, before sunrise, I went to the Arsenal, accompanied by some workmen, and showed them what the place needed to make it available for my purpose. A kitchen and pantry had to be built, the store-room to be fitted up for a dining-room and study hall, the second and third stories to be converted into dormitories, and other improvements to be made which were absolutely necessary. I had no funds with which to carry on the work, but I was sure that friends would come forward and help me. On the 26th the work began, and a busy scene it was. I had prepared a programme for the formal occupation of the premises, which I submitted to the Bishop, who gave it his approval. On the 8th of January, 1880, as a young man I had held my first service in one of these buildings, and it occurred to me that this anniversary would be the proper time for a grand ceremonial. All the necessary papers having passed between me and the officials of the Government, on the 8th of January, 1880, we took formal possession of the Arsenal.

Before giving an account of that day, I will give some of the letters I received from distinguished gentlemen whom I had invited to be present, showing the interest and sympathy felt in my undertaking—an interest which, I am happy to know, increases from year to year, as the results of the work become more apparent in the community where it is carried on.

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

"BUREAU OF EDUCATION,

"WASHINGTON, *January 5, 1880.*

"REV. A. T. PORTER, D. D.,

"*Holy Communion Church Institute, Charleston, S. C.:*

"DEAR SIR: Your invitation to be present on the 8th inst., at the formal occupation of the Arsenal, recently transferred to you by Congress is received. It would gratify me, specially, to be present on an occasion so auspicious, but duties here will prevent.

"With best wishes for your success, I am, very truly yours,

"JOHN EATON, *Commissioner.*"

"BOSTON, *January 3, 1880.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Thanking you for your kind remembrance in the invitations issued by you for the celebration of the 8th inst., I regret that I am obliged to decline the acceptance of that addressed to me.

"As the burial-place of my great-great-grandparents was in the churchyard of St. Michael's church in your city, I should like to have paid my first visit to South Carolina on this occasion

"I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JAMES S. AMORY.

"REV. A. T. PORTER, D. D."

"CHARLESTON, *January 5, 1880.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your flattering invitation to witness the inauguration ceremonies of installing the Holy Communion Church School Institute in the grounds of the United States Arsenal in this city is accepted.

"Permit me to add that, if this was the crowning arch of your services in the cause of education, it would satisfy the aspirations of the most ambitious, considered in a secular point of view merely. But, when to this is added the consideration that the agent is an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, one is at a loss indeed to measure the nature and extent of your success. In the conversion of an arsenal into a storehouse for the munitions of the mind, you may well take to yourself in letter and spirit the motto, 'Arma cedant togæ.'

"Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

"B. J. WHALEY."

“McPHERSON BARRACKS,
“ATLANTA, GA., *January 5, 1879.*

“REV. A. TOOMER PORTER, D. D., *Charleston, S. C. :*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation in behalf of the Rector and Board of Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, to be present at the ceremonies of the formal occupation of the Arsenal on the 8th instant, and regret that it will be impossible for me to attend.

“With my congratulations on the event, and my best wishes for the prosperity of the institute, and success in the great work, believe me to be respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“HENRY I. HUNT.”

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER: I have just read with absorbing interest the record of your noble and unselfish devotion to the cultivation of the minds and *morals* of the youth of our common country, and, although I can not emulate, yet I may be permitted to add my feeble voice in approval, *but not* in encouragement, for no such stimulant is needed by one acting under so high a moral obligation as to lead to the conviction that his achievements are prompted by inspiration. Such works, however, call for the aid of all those interested in the future well-being of God's creatures, and I therefore ask the acceptance of the inclosed check for one hundred dollars.

“With esteem, yours,

“C. T. LOUNDES.

“TO THE REV. A. T. PORTER, D. D., CHARLESTON, *January 9, 1880.*”

“CHARLESTON, S. C., *January 9, 1880.*

“DEAR SIR: I thank you very much for your kind invitation to attend the ceremonies on the occasion of your formal occupation of the Arsenal, transferred to you by the Government for your institution.

“I regret that professional duties deprived me of the pleasure I anticipated in being present, and I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of your consideration.

“I regard your institution as one of the ornaments of the

State, and the people owe you a debt of gratitude for the wonderful energy and for the philanthropy manifested in its origination and maintenance.

"Many a young man has received an education, and been prepared to occupy a position for which he was otherwise fitted, who would, without such benefit, have been reduced to intellectual waste and occupation in which natural ability would have been dwarfed. As a teacher in the medical college, I have seen some of your young men, and know that useful members have been added to society through your good work.

"I trust that the institution will flourish and expand in its new quarters.

"I am, with highest respect, yours truly,

"MANNING SIMONS.

"To REV. DR. A. T. PORTER, *Charleston, S. C.*"

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *December 30, 1879.*

"REV. A. TOOMER PORTER, *Present:*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: After your safe return home from your mission tour in the cause of education, I beg to add my humble but heartfelt gratulations and thanks to you for your noble efforts, blessed with such signal success, for additional means to carry on at a much enlarged scale the cause to which you devote your life, namely, that of educating our youth and enabling them to become intelligent, Christian citizens. My whole heart is with you in this noble work.

"Believe me, dear sir, yours sincerely and truly,

"WILLIAM UFFERHARDT."

"WASHINGTON, *January 9, 1880.*

"F. A. MITCHELL, Esq., *Secretary, etc.:*

"DEAR SIR: The friendly invitation of the Rector and Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute was not received until to-day. Hence what you may have been regarding as negligence on my part.

"With earnest wishes for the continued success of the institute, I am, very truly yours,

"J. E. JOHNSTON."

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 5, 1880.*

"REV. A. TOOMER PORTER, *Charleston, S. C.:*

"MY DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation for me to be present on the 8th inst., on the occasion of your ceremonies of taking formal possession of the Arsenal for educational uses. I regret that it will be impossible.

"Hoping that your success in your new quarters may equal your most sanguine expectations,

"With great respect, yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN."

"209 MEETING STREET, *January 5, 1880.*

"REV. A. T. PORTER:

"MY DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your polite invitation to join in the exercises at the formal occupation of the Arsenal on the 8th inst.

"It will afford me much pleasure to be with you, but I am afraid my professional engagements will prevent, so I can not give you a decided answer in the affirmative. Please accept my congratulations on the success thus far of your good work. You have my full sympathy, and, as a citizen of the State, I think you deserve the hearty 'well done' that should be acceptable to a faithful worker.

"Very truly yours, R. T. KINLOCH, M. D."

"CHARLESTON, *January 7, 1880.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I most truly thank you for the polite invitation of yourself and Board of Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, to be present with you at the formal occupation of the Arsenal on 8th January inst. I feel, reverend sir, that you have acquired much to gratify the loftiest ambition, if I may be permitted so to speak, persuaded as I am that incalculable benefit must result to this entire community and State by your acquisition and supervision. I have delayed answering your communication in the hope I might be able to attend, but I find the recent severe domestic affliction will not permit me to enjoy a pleasure I so much prize.

"I remain, with great consideration and esteem,

"Your obedient servant, R. W. SEYMOUR."

This is from one of our most respected citizens, over eighty-two years old :

" 9, E BATTERY, CHARLESTON, S. C., *January 3, 1880.*

"REV. A. TOOMER PORTER,

" *Rector Church of the Holy Communion, Charleston, S. C. :*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: With pleasure and satisfaction, I accept the invitation so cordially and courteously extended by yourself, and in their behalf by the vestry and wardens of your church, to participate in the ceremonies of the occupation by you of the U. S. Arsenal in this city, for the school which you have so graciously and successfully founded and sustained.

"At the time and place appointed, if health permits, I will punctually attend.

"Very respectfully and truly yours,

"JAMES G. HOLMES."

"CHARLESTON, S. C., *January 3, 1880.*

"REV. A. T. PORTER, *Rector :*

"DEAR SIR: Your courteous note of invitation to be present at the formal occupation of the Arsenal has been received.

"It will give me great pleasure to attend.

"The patriotic devotion to the education of our people, to which you have given the best part of your life and zeal, has, I am glad to see, been recognized by the nation at large in its present contribution to so worthy an object as education, an evidence of the great truth that the real arsenal for the protection of the whole country is an institution of learning.

"With great esteem and regard, yours,

"JULIAN MITCHELL."

"CHARLESTON, *January 3, 1880.*

"REV. A. T. PORTER :

"DEAR SIR: I am just in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the 'Formal Occupation of the Arsenal' on 8th inst. If my health on that day will permit, I will take great pleasure in being present to witness the success of an enterprise due solely to your efforts in so laudable an object.

"Very respectfully and truly yours,

"DAVID LOPER."

“CHARLESTON, *January 3, 1880.*

“F. A. MITCHELL, *Esq., Secretary, H. C. C. I., Charleston :*

“DEAR SIR: I beg to thank you for your invitation to be present on 8th inst. at the interesting ceremonies which are to take place in your formal occupation of the Arsenal, and regret that business engagements will prevent me from being present. The occasion will be a most auspicious one, in which no member of the community can fail to feel a deep interest.

“Your respectfully,

“EDW. CH. WELLS.”

“CHARLESTON, *January 5, 1880.*

“DR. A. T. PORTER, *Rector, H. C. C. I. :*

“DEAR SIR: I accept with pleasure your polite invitation to be present ‘at the formal occupation of the Arsenal.’

“I congratulate you upon the result of your efforts in obtaining the premises for the noble and valuable uses to which they are to be applied.

“I wish your institution every success in their occupancy.

“I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

“WM. L. WEBB.”

“34 BROAD STREET, *January 5, 1880.*

“F. A. MITCHELL, *Esq., Sec., Trustee, H. C. C. Institute :*

“DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge the invitation signed by the Rev. Mr. Porter and yourself, to be present at the formal occupation of the Arsenal by the Rector and Board of Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute on the 8th January. I regret that a prior engagement will prevent my acceptance of this invitation.

“It would be a pleasure, and not less a privilege, to be in any manner connected with an event so remarkable as that which on the 8th January you propose to celebrate. And it would be difficult to think of any occasion which will excite a more hopeful and earnest sympathy from all classes of our citizens. If in other days he was crowned who saved the life of a citizen, how should he be crowned who, in the face of so many difficulties, has saved for his State so many of her young sons, and educated them for the proper discharge of their duties? I can not think

of any one to whom for this great good we owe more, or as much, as the gentleman I have named. He rose to the performance of what seemed a superhuman duty, with what seemed superhuman courage and faith.

"That he should not have failed, would be of itself enough to provoke our admiration; that he has so eminently succeeded, would and does add to the highest measure of our admiration that of gratitude for the great good he has done.

"And now that he has succeeded in these times, when conflicting views and interests embarrass, delay, and perhaps defeat almost all measures designed for the public good, in this national recognition of the good he has achieved, and the sphere of which he proposes to enlarge, he may enjoy that proud distinction, coveted by so many, conceded to so few, of the Public Benefactor.

"Yours truly,

A. G. MAGRATH."

I would not convey the idea that every one approved of my occupation of the Arsenal. The proverb says, "Many men, many minds," and it was more than I could hope or expect that all would feel friendly to me on this occasion. Dr. Chambliss, a Baptist preacher, thought fit to make an onslaught upon me in the newspapers. He preferred that this place should not be used at all rather than that one religious denomination should get the better of another. He had no use to propose for the Arsenal. He appeared not to remember that the buildings at Lookout Mountain had been given to the Baptists by the Government, and others also. I made no response to this attack; but my principal, Mr. Gadsden, during my absence from the city, replied temperately. This attack was, however, not so hard to be borne as the following letters. There was one from the Standing Committee, declining to be present. But all this opposition emanated from one and the same source.

"CHARLESTON, *January 3, 1880.*

"TO THE REV. A. TOOMER PORTER, D. D.:

"MY DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of an invitation to be present at the formal occupation of the Arsenal, recently transferred by Congress to the Rector and Board of Trustees of the H. C. C. Institute.

"You are possibly aware that I hold and have expressed such sentiments with regard to this transfer as forbid me to appear as a guest upon an occasion which is meant to be congratulatory in view of the event.

"But nothing can hinder me from wishing for every effort to do good, and for yourself and your co-laborers personally, the best blessings of Heaven.

"Sincerely yours,

J. A. CHAMBLISS."

"6th January, 1880.

"REV. A. T. PORTER, *Rector of Holy Communion Church* :

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: As you request an early answer to your invitation of 26th December last, received 3d inst., I must beg leave to decline to be present at the formal occupation of the Arsenal recently transferred by Congress to the Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute. I could not be present even if that institute only were involved, as I have constantly opposed any appropriation of public money or property to the use or for the benefit of any ecclesiastical organization, as dangerous to the peace as well as the Constitution of the country.

"But in this case I feel myself bound to go still further, because you have published in the 'Monthly Record' an invitation to your brethren of the clergy to attend on that occasion in their clerical character and clerical dress; because you say you regard this 'as an event in the history of the Church in this diocese,' which 'promises in the future great results.' If I stand alone, I now make my solemn protest against any connection of the Church in this diocese with the action of the Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, as I believe nothing could be more disastrous to this Church than its committal to such a transaction.

"I am, very respectfully,

EDWARD MCCRADY."

"CHARLESTON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, January 7, 1880.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR, GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES: The invitation to the Wardens and Vestry of St. Philip's Church was received by me late in the afternoon of yesterday, 6th inst.

"An early answer being requested, a meeting was held at the earliest moment possible.

"As instructed, I beg herewith to forward their proceedings.

"I remain, yours very respectfully, etc.,

"J. J. PRINGLE SMITH, *Chairman.*"

The letter of the Vestry declining to be present took me by surprise, as I was not aware at the time that any vestry had been invited.—A. T. P.

"REV. A. T. PORTER, *Rector, etc.* :

"DEAR SIR: The note asking my presence at the formal occupation of the Arsenal, granted by Congress to the Holy Communion Institute, and a collation to follow the same, did not come to hand until some time after its date ; and as it seemed to be only a friendly invitation, and an answer was requested, I instantly wrote an acceptance. Believing now, from information since developed, that presence will imply approval of the grant, I reluctantly withdraw my acceptance.

"Regretting the necessity of doing what is called for by consistency, but is unimportant in itself, and assuring you of personal kind feeling, I am, dear sir,

"Respectfully yours,

HENRY D. LESENSE.

"6 KING STREET, *January 8, 1880.*"

The ground taken that the United States Government can not lease its property, for which it has no use, to any parties it pleases, and for any purpose, seems to be so absolutely preposterous that the circle of persons holding these views is, of course, very limited. I could have had it for a beer-garden, or a circus, or anything, provided I took care of it. Already I have expended sixteen thousand dollars on the property, for which I can make no reclamation on the Government. I have thrown it open to the public ; military companies drill here, and the grounds are used by archery clubs. It is a favorite drive for strangers, and a promenade for those who desire. But the religious influence is that of the Protestant Episcopal Church ; and all these advantages to these poor children, and all this opportunity for good, must be lost because some of them may become Episcopalians, or, this is such a violation of the Consti-

tution, that the civil liberties of this people are endangered, and the peace of the country invaded. We are grateful that such views do not prevail, and that we are in possession of the Arsenal, and are trying to use it for the greatest good of the greatest number of our fellow citizens, who will enjoy its advantages without regard to creed. We regretted the views of the parties, but not sufficiently so to mar our enjoyment, or prevent the programme from being carried out as designed. The following is the account as published in the "News and Courier" of the 9th of January, 1880.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE celebration of the formal occupation of the grounds and buildings hitherto used as the United States Arsenal, by the Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, was an impressive event. The ceremonies were simple, but conveyed, as they were meant to do, an expression of the warm sympathy of the community with the work, and the general satisfaction at the success that has so far attended it. The procession moved from the Church of the Holy Communion promptly at five o'clock in the following order:

- St. Patrick's Helicon Band.
- W. L. I., 40 men, Captain G. D. Bryan.
- Band.
- Charleston Riflemen, 30 men, Captain R. J. Magill.
- Carriages, containing
- The Bishop and Clergy in Surplices.
- Officers of the Army and Navy of the United States,
- Judge of the United States Court, and other Officers.
- Mr. James G. Holmes and Mr. W. M. Lawton.
- Mayor and City Council.
- Honorary Members of the W. L. I.
- President and Faculty of Charleston College.
- Teachers of Schools.
- Board of Trustees Holy Communion Church Institute.
- Principal and Teachers of the Institute.
- Alumni, Students, and Residents of the Institute.

In this order the procession moved down Ashley Street to Doughty Street and around the square formed by the Arsenal grounds, and entered through the main gateway on Ashley Street. Here those who were in carriages alighted, and all passed in on foot, the choir boys in their robes following immediately after the clergy, who were led by the Bishop and the Rev. Dr. Porter. A large number of citizens and ladies had already gathered in the grounds. Over the main walk three flags were suspended at intervals, the first being the banner of the institute—a white flag with a large red cross, and “H. C. C. I., 1867,” in red characters upon it—the State flag and the Stars and Stripes. The national colors also floated from the flag-staff.

The rest of the procession moved around the grounds, while the two military companies presented arms. Meanwhile the choir boys sang an appropriate hymn, beginning “The Church’s one foundation,” and the Bishop and those following him united in the recitation of a service arranged for the occasion.

When this had been concluded, the former and present pupils of the institute began cheering enthusiastically while the procession filed into the building on Bee Street, which had been arranged for the accommodation of the concourse which completely filled it.

After the recitation of the Creed and an appropriate prayer by the Bishop, the Rev. A. Toomer Porter arose and spoke as follows :

“Right Rev. the Bishop, President of the Board of Trustees, Brethren of the Clergy, the Honorable the Mayor and City Council, Fellow Soldiers of the W. L. I. and the Charleston Riflemen, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens all :

“We have invited you to meet us to-day to take part in the ceremonies inaugurating the occupation of these buildings and grounds, lately transferred to the keeping of the Rector and Board of Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, and we thank you all for the honor you have conferred upon us by your presence this afternoon.

“It can not be an ordinary occasion which has gathered together so distinguished an assemblage, and your presence, with

the warm expressions of regrets from those who have been prevented from attending, gives evidence that not only the mind, but the heart of this community has been moved by the magnanimous action of the Congress of the United States, the President, the Secretary of War, the General of the Army and the other officers, namely, General Sherman, General Auger, and General Hunt, through whose influence we were enabled to bring to a successful issue the efforts which have been in progress since March, 1879. Nor should we fail to mention with great gratitude the untiring exertions of our distinguished Senators in our behalf, coupled with the zealous coöperation of all the members of the House of Representatives from this State, with the aid of gentlemen in both houses from every section and of both parties of the country. All this influence and interest surely show that the idea we conceived of turning this abandoned property to profitable use has commended itself to the best judgment of the vast majority of our most distinguished fellow citizens.

“I do not propose to occupy your time longer than to give you a short recital of points of interest, and then will indicate the objects to which we propose to devote this acquisition. Pardon me if I introduce a chapter from personal history. On the 8th day of January, 1854, twenty-six years ago, and in this room where we are now gathered, I held service for eight persons, who were the remnant of a body of churchmen, who for some time had been trying to establish a mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this neighborhood for the purpose of creating a parish to be called the Church of the Holy Communion, after the parish founded by that distinguished saint, now gone to his rest, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of and in New York. Bishop Gadsden so highly approved of the noble work which that parish was engaged in that he desired to have a kindred parish in his diocese. Fortuitous circumstances enabled me to accept the charge, and our record in these twenty-six years is before the community. The Church of the Holy Communion has been built for twenty-five years, and to-day we come into these buildings and grounds, bearing one of her offspring in our arms, to find a home and a heritage of labor, and we trust of usefulness, for many generations, and for the benefit of many thousands.

“Pardon me a still more personal reference. On that day, twenty-six years ago, while I was holding my first service in this room, at my then home in Georgetown, my first-born son came into the world. Ten years afterward, while the shells were falling in this city, while in yonder building shot and shell were being manufactured, while the city day by day was in flames, while that dread disease, the yellow fever, was raging in our midst, my precious boy passed away to the paradise of God, swept off in a few hours by the prevailing plague. For three weary years I had mourned for that boy as no Christian should. When, on the third anniversary of his death, the 25th of October, 1867, twelve years ago, I was seated on his grave, the thought that I should leave my child with God, and rouse myself to do something for the living was injected into my mind. Four hours of close converse with God ended with the prayer that, if it was from him, I might have the faith, the wisdom, the zeal, the energy, the continuity of purpose to dare and do what I had conceived, and the vow went up to Heaven from off that grave and on my knees, that I would, while life lasted, do my best to fulfill the mission that was intrusted to me, while I prayed that God would open to me the hearts of people everywhere.

“You know how God has enabled me to realize both. Whatever diligence, whatever faith, whatever ability has been displayed, I desire most emphatically to say, by the grace of God all has been done that is done. We have been instruments, but he has been the life of it all. One thousand nine hundred boys have passed under our hands, fifty-nine have gone to college, four are in the Episcopal, one in the Presbyterian ministry; hundreds are in the other avocations of life. And if so many of our alumni were not here we would tell you, fellow citizens, we are the proudest people in the land at the splendid fellows we have turned out into the world; their record so far, thank God, is a bright one. Yes, we are not proud, but we are grateful; not that we think so highly of ourselves or our management, but that we have had such fine material to work upon.

“This has taken a vast sum of money, four fifths of which we have brought into this community and disseminated in it. And you all know the utter hopeless poverty of twelve years ago;

you know all the dreadful struggles our people have been forced to make; how many have sunk under their sorrows in these weary years. You know but for help from abroad no such work as this could have lived a year. And you will let me here express my gratitude, and I am sure I give expression to your appreciation, to our hosts of friends and brethren at the North and at the East, to brethren beloved in England, whose wonderful liberality for all these years has enabled us to keep our work in constant operation, and to close our twelfth year in debt to no one.

“The circumstances connected with our recent acquisition of this property, by which this institution by a national act has been lifted up before the eyes of the nation, are of too recent occurrence, and are too familiar to all, for me again to recount—thanks to the enterprise and generous liberality of our daily press, ‘The News and Courier,’ a paper of which any city has reason to be proud, for its surpassing ability. The President, the Rector, the Board of Trustees of the Holy Communion Church Institute, feel thoroughly the weight of responsibility which this magnificent trust on the part of the nation has imposed upon them. And they deem it their duty to tell to the nation what they propose to do with it, and to show they have had no narrow or selfish views in endeavoring to obtain possession of this public property, and that, while they will hold absolute control of all of it, they intend that it shall be used for the general welfare.

“First, then, the Home where the boys live and the school. We have now room to expand so that five hundred boys annually can live and be educated here, and we believe under the system of this institution we are just as capable of managing five hundred as fifty. We earnestly thank God for the great strides which the State is taking in general education, but in the nature of things the State can not provide the training, the discipline, the higher education, and the boarding of her sons, and there are large sections of our State where our youths are growing up in almost utter lack of education. As says the father of one of our boys who has been with us only two years, and who came to us a very raw country lad, but whom these young ladies would not be able to discover now by such a des-

ignation—his father, pleading that he might stay, says, ‘this county is filled with youths, and my son is the best-educated young man among them.’ Now, while we feel that that youth has done well in two years, we think it lamentable that he in his present grade should be the best-educated youth in his neighborhood. Of course he is here, and will continue here till he is prepared to go out into life.

“Now, we desire to gather all this material in each section, and bring it to this mill and grind it over; for I would like to say to those persons who wanted this place to establish a manufactory, that is just what we wanted it for, but not to make cloth, but to make *men* fit to put cloth upon—men to whom the destinies of this State are to be committed, who will found factories, and increase its wealth, its learning, its reputation, and, above all, its morals and its religion. This is the kind of factory we propose to establish here. We have now a school which will rank with any in its classical and its mathematical departments, as our students in Trinity and Union, and the University of the South, and the College of Charleston have evidenced. We need four additions—French, German, music, and a scientific department. We have just engaged a teacher in French. We desire to fill the other branches just so fast and so far as our means and the patronage of this city, this State, and the whole country will permit, for now we have most ample grounds for recreation, and buildings unsurpassed in their adaptability for comfort, health, and convenience; and we trust our fellow citizens in the State will overcome that most mistaken idea, that Charleston is not a healthy place. Our esteemed physician, who attends here daily, will show a record that compares favorably with any section of the country. We have lost but one member of this Home in twelve years, and have had very few serious cases of illness, and, with God’s continued blessing and our improved quarters, grounds, and facilities, we have every reason to expect a continued exemption from disease.

“We hope that our moderate charges of two hundred dollars for nine months, from October 1st to July 1st, for board, tuition, washing, medical attendance, languages, music, gymnastic exercises, and church accommodations, will induce patronage not only from our Charleston fellow citizens and the citizens of

our State, but from all parts of the country here at the South, and we hope some of our friends at the North and the East and the West, who wish to send their boys away from the rigors of the climate, will intrust to us their children, and thus, by extended patronage of those who can pay, we will be able to take large numbers who can pay little, or even nothing. If we can get three hundred boys who pay in full, we can take one hundred who pay nothing. And we would have it understood, all stand here on an equality; no exceptions are made, and none but the Board of Trustees know who pay and who do not, unless persons choose to tell themselves.

“Our system is one of trust and honor, and, though we are now making arrangements to introduce the military drill and other features of the military system, we do not intend to have sentries, or guards, or espionage; the boy who can not be trusted on his word of honor will not be dismissed by us; *our boys will make it* most agreeable to him to find his way permanently off these premises. Will you not, my boys? I must not dwell longer on the Home feature. We hope to gather here a large number of day scholars, who while here will be under all the rules of this establishment, but who will be kept entirely distinct from the living apartments of the Home boys.

“Take a walk around the grounds, and for the purposes of identification the Board of Trustees have agreed to affix names to all the buildings. Walk with me, then, up to the west side. We enter from the street, which, by a pleasant coincidence, is called President—and I must here say that the President of the United States treated me with great cordiality and signed the bill transferring this property with very marked cheerfulness. The first building on the left as you enter is the residence of Mr. John Gadsden, the principal, who has been here from the first day, and in this, his life-work, has made a record of which any man might be proud. This building will be named, as was the building from whence Mr. Gadsden has moved, in honor of you, Right Reverend sir, the Howe Hall, in token of our appreciation of the hearty support which you have ever given to this work. Facing this residence is another fine building, where Miss Seabrook, our matron, will preside. Of her merits this

whole State is full. She has more sweethearts than any woman in the land, for every boy who has ever been under her tender care loves her. Here a splendid hospital will be fitted up for the use of sick Home boys.

"This building, as was the one our matron has vacated, will be named in memory of our late beloved diocesan, the first president of this Board, the Davis Hall. Now face east and look at that long building, with the sallyport, before you; it has three stories. The first room on the left will be used for a study room and sitting-room for boys, the other for a dining-room, with kitchen and pantry attached; these latter two have just been built at some cost. The second story will be used for dormitories for the smaller boys, and the third for the larger, and when necessary we will carry out the buildings on either end to the extent of the hall. And what name ought this building to have? What name in South Carolina does this generation utter almost with reverence, always with grateful enthusiasm? After him it is ever to be called Hampton Court.

"Pass through the archway, and come down the broad avenue toward Ashley Street. On your left hand the dwelling house is to be the residence of the rector, and for the want of a better name it will be called Porter Hall. I am to stay there until I die, and when I am gone it will identify my name with the work. There will be my study; there, as I am the last appeal, many a trembling fellow will dread to be shut in that ample room to hear his sentence. Judging by your past experience you are going to have a hard time of it, are you not, my boys? Go on down the avenue. That shell of a building which was erected by the Confederate government for casting shot and shell, and has been used since by the United States as a storehouse for these missiles of death, in one month's time will all be metamorphosed, and we will make it one of the most commodious school-houses in this country. Here we mean to cast brains into molds, and to turn them out fitted for the conflict of life. We shall try to make it a storehouse of learning, and this building will for ever bear the name of one of South Carolina's distinguished sons—General M. C. Butler. It will be known as the Butler Hall.

"Turn with me up the walk, on the right hand of the gate

as you enter from Ashley Street, and the first building near the gate will be dedicated and used for a chapel, and this will be known as St. Timothy's Chapel. For the reason why we have given this building this name, we beg you to read carefully all of the two Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy, especially the 5th verse of the first chapter, and the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the third chapter of the Second Epistle, and I am sure every one will see the suitableness of the name. There is an eternal fitness in things.

"And here I am led, once and for all, to put before the public the truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning the religious teaching and denominational character of this institution. First of all, this institute in the Home and the school is open to all white boys from ten years up, who are worthy, without regard to religious connection, political affiliation or sectional residence, or even nationality. I say white, because my colored friends know that I have done, and I am doing, a very great work among them and for them, and I feel that I am in a position to speak as their representative, when I say the respectable colored people of this State neither ask nor wish a commingling of the races in our schools. A few selfish, ambitious demagogues may have such a dream, but not the thinking, earnest, respectable colored people among us. They know as well as we do that such an attempt, where the two races are so nearly equal now in numbers, would inevitably lead to antagonism, and would be seriously detrimental to both races. Besides, our colored people—some of them—know that in one hundred years 3,000,000 of white people have in this country increased to 50,000,000, while the colored race has increased from 500,000 to only some 3,500,000. They know in fifty years more these 50,000,000 of white people will number probably 100,000,000, while their race can only increase, if it increases at all, by natural generation. It is probable there will not be many American citizens of African descent in this land fifty years from now, and these intelligent colored people would not regard any man their friend who would do anything to put their children in the future, when they will need friends, in antagonism with those who, if only from the force of numbers, must for ever be the ruling race in this land, and who from every

principle of chivalry, every motive of patriotism, every impulse of humanity, every dictate of Christianity ought, every man and woman and child among them, to do all they can to help and save and elevate a race around whom daily is rising an impassable wall, the sides of which are closing in upon them slowly, steadily, but inevitably.

“What are fifty, or one hundred years in the lifetime of a race or a nation?

“Hence this entire work is for white people, though our colored people have their share of the benefit. There are now between sixty and seventy mechanics here at work, and not a white man is among them, and we will require a number of officers which will necessarily be filled with persons of that race.

“It is now understood who can come here—rich and poor, Democrat and Republican, Greenbacker and all Hard and Soft money. We hope to have a plenty of both—North and South, East and West, a great catholic gathering-ground of the land. Then, as to our religious teaching. At nine o'clock every morning we go into chapel; we sing a hymn, such as every Christian congregation can and does sing; we confess our sins, which every Christian ought to do and does do, for we all have a number of them to confess. When I am present, I tell my boys and the teachers and all who come to service that, if they believe the Gospel and repent of their sins and forsake them, God has put away their sins and forgiven them. We call that absolution; it ought not to frighten anybody, for we do not say, for we do not believe it, that we forgive them their sins, but that God does it. Will anybody object to their children confessing their sins to God, one with another, and having the authoritative assurance given them of their pardon, which the Bible tells us to do? We think not. Then we all say the Lord's Prayer, and then we sing a part of the ninety-fifth Psalm and read a chapter from the Gospel or Acts of the Apostles, without note or comment; then we repeat the Apostles' Creed, which all Christians agree in. We do bow our heads at the name of Jesus, as an act of worship to him, signifying that we believe he is both God and man; not because our brethren of the Roman Communion do so, though they are in this and much else eminently right and commendable, and imitable, but because the Bible

bids us do this. Can there be any harm in the lowly reverence at the mention of the name of our Saviour? I take off my hat to a gentleman. I bow my head to my God. Will a boy or a youth who is taught to worship him who bears that name ever lightly or profanely take it on his lips? It is a pity in this not too reverential age that more people, young and old, do not bow to that sacred name. If that is sectarian, brethren, we can't help it. We would not deny our Lord or conceal our faith for all the arsenals in creation or all the patronage of the universe. Next, we kneel down and say the Collect for the last Sunday past, the Collect for peace in the morning service of the Prayer-book; next, the one for grace; last, the prayer for the school, which is on the programme in your hands, which I wish everybody in the State would daily use for us. If they would, we would have such showers of blessings that we would scarce have room to contain them. And last, the Benediction, then one of those common hymns, and this takes at the utmost twenty minutes, seldom over fifteen, and that is all the service, save family prayer for the Home at night. And yet some think we spend three or four hours a day in religious exercises to build up the Episcopal Church. The whole atmosphere of this place is religious, but it is this kind of religion: to love God and to fear him, to do good to our fellow men, to speak the truth, to keep under our bodies; to lead clean, pure, sober, virtuous lives; to be careful, and happy, and joyous; to look upon God as our Father, Jesus as our Saviour and brother, the Holy Ghost as a friend and always near us, to help us fight the devil and drive him away; to do everything and anything that we can ask God's blessing on, to go anywhere we can ask Jesus to go with us; to know that He who went to wedding feasts and ate and drank like a man, approves of everything that is human and manly, and that all that religion is opposed to is unbelief and vice. Now, if any one objects to their children being taught this religion, then let them keep their children away. We would not lower our standard or change our method, save to improve those which God has so signally blessed, to please any man or set of men on the face of the earth. But we put our chorister boys in white robes! Yes, we do; we can't deny it, can we, boys? And we don't want to deny it either, do we, boys? Well, I don't know

that a white garment ever hurt anybody, except when some mischievous person dresses up as a ghost and scares people. And by-the-by, boys, this used to be an old Potter's-field; look out when you are walking about the grounds on dark nights. We are dreadfully afraid of white garments, are we not? We never see ghosts in shadows, do we? Nor could I ever find the Evil One in a white robe. Our wives and daughters and sisters and sweethearts never look so pretty as when they dress in summer all in white, and we never associate the Evil One with them. In heaven, the Bible tells us a great deal about the saints in white, so I don't think God can object to our having in his service here the use of the things he certainly has up above. But when I first put on those chorister garments, truly, a principal reason was to hide the poverty and shabbiness of my dear little fellows whom I utilized, to teach them how to sing, and save the expense of a hired choir in the days of our poverty. And now I think I would have a time of it with my boys and my people if I were to take them off. Everybody who has had anything to do with bodies of men or boys knows the disciplining effect of a uniform; that is all it is, a uniform that the boys in the churches Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer presided over and worshiped in, and which for all these hundreds of years, without interruption, has been continued in that Church, while he is ignorant of history who denies it has been and is the bulwark of Protestantism and the deadliest foe of infidelity and atheism.

"But enough of this. If we had not found our methods of administration advantageous, we would have changed them long ago; for, my fellow citizens, what we aim for is to have the best thing, and we aim to take it and to appropriate it from whatever source we can derive it. St. Timothy's Chapel has to be filled up. It needs everything. We mean to fit it up with chairs made for the purpose, and which can be used on other occasions and in other rooms. We need all the chancel furniture and choir stalls, prayer-books and hymnals, cassocks and cottas, and we hope, in time, stained-glass windows will come, for we do like to make everything about God's worship as beautiful as we can, and we trust that this chapel will be taken in charge by special friends all over the country, and soon be one in which we will delight. Who will begin?

"Now go with me a little farther on, to the other end of this same building, right at the angle of Ashley Street and Bee. Doors will be cut on Bee Street, and three fine large rooms will be divided off, nicely finished and furnished. There will be, first, a reading-room, where all the leading papers and magazines will be at hand. Next to it a library, free to all who will comply with the rules; and next to it—I hope I will not shock the sensibilities of anybody—there will be a billiard-room. In all of them there will be no loud talking, profane language, drinking or betting permitted. All who visit these rooms will have to sign a pledge to that effect. These will be separated entirely from the institute, and for these I propose, as soon as I get the leisure, to organize a totally distinct Board of Administration from among my fellow citizens generally, who have the talent for such things, and the inclination to help me induce young men to leave street corners and bar-rooms, and gambling places, and other questionable resorts, to spend in innocent recreation and in instructive methods their afternoons and their evenings in good and pleasant society. This will not cost a great deal to put into active operation, and we will see what can be done. This portion of the building will be named in memory of one whom I dearly loved, and who was an honor and a pride in his day to his city and his State. In memory of Mr. George A. Trenholm this will be called Trenholm Hall.

"Pass on to the story beneath us. Here we will soon have a thoroughly equipped machine shop, with all modern tools and appliances, so that, if any of our boys develop mechanical genius, they can learn to use their hands as well as their brains. Of course, this will take time, but I have an abiding faith in God, and an unwavering faith in my fellow men, that when they see some practical way of expending their money, that many will come forward with their help, and enable us to carry out our useful designs.

"The room in which you are now assembled will be used for exhibitions and social gatherings. The social intercourse of youths with young ladies of cultivation is elevating and refining, and I hope to see many joyous young couples enjoying themselves in a simple and innocent dance upon these floors.

We propose to form a Thespian corps, and we hope to see here our young men develop their histrionic talents.

"It seems to us that we owe it to the generals of the army, by whose influence and interest we acquired this property, to perpetuate in some fitting manner their names and association with this great enterprise, and we have determined, in compliment to them, to denominate this entire building the Auger Hall, in honor of General C. C. Auger, of the United States Army. The next building adjoining we propose to fit up as a first-class gymnasium, open to our own boys and to young men from the community who may desire to exercise their muscles and endeavor to make for themselves sound bodies for sound minds.

"This, my fellow citizens, is practical reconstruction, and will do good to our State and to our Southern land. Every day from the flag-staff will fly the United States flag, under which every boy in this institution was born, and to which we have now all sworn allegiance, and all who are educated here will be taught to honor that as the emblem of their nationality, and, if in the changes of time the unfortunate occasion should arise, to be ready to lay down their lives in its defense.

"Pass on now, still on the northern line of the grounds, and next we come to the garden. Here our boys will be required to work, and will be taught, practically and scientifically, the art and science of agriculture. This, in memory of one many of us learned to love, will be called the Ramsay Ground, in memory of Captain George D. Ramsay, of the United States Army. We will walk on to the cow-house, which we will fill with good cows, for my babes like milk as well as meat. Next is the stable and carriage-house, which we hope some good friends will put a horse or two in, for we will need them in carrying on our work.

"Let us resume our march along President Street, and, having passed Howe and Davis Halls and Hampton Court, we come first to a bakery, which we expect our suggestive matron soon to put to use. Next is the powder magazine, and here we confess to being nonplussed; it is full of powder, and we don't like to be blown up—by our wives or anybody else, and especially by powder, so we will wait till it is clear to make up our

minds what to do with it ; we don't like dark holes, but after a while we will see the light, and this too shall be used for the good of the community.

“ Along the south face on Doughty Street are a succession of old wooden buildings which will all be repaired and used as servants' quarters. Then comes a very good wooden building which will be used as tutors' rooms, a library, reading room, and a room for amusement for our boys. And, in honor of the distinguished officer whose name is enshrined in every Charlestonian's heart, this building will be known as the Hunt Hall, after the general who first gave to us the impetus which started the movement by which this property was attained. Next we come to the building known as the new hospital. We have our ideas regarding this, but at present we do not propose to carry them out, waiting to see whether our fellow citizens intend to give us their patronage ; but, in honor of our generous friends abroad, who have done so much for us, and are still doing so much, it will be called Old England Hall. We intend to offer rooms in it to young men who are in the city as clerks without homes, bringing them under the influence of contact with us, and letting them establish a mess for themselves, where with economy they can put up a little of their small salary, and begin to get a start in the world.

“ There is one purpose to which this building will be applied, should the necessity again arise. We believe, if we will observe the laws which science has revealed, that disease can, to a great extent, be prevented in a community ; and your fellow citizens look to you, Mr. Mayor, and to you, gentlemen of the City Council, under the wise, judicious, and business administration which you have inaugurated, to so devise a system of drainage, to so provide an abundance of water for drinking purposes and washing, and also for keeping our streets clean ; to so establish a sufficient number of public baths that people may keep themselves clean and enjoy the invigorating influence of the salt sea-water that flows all around us ; to so pave our city as to keep down noxious gases, and afford a firm road-bed for travel, and a free course to superfluous rain water. With the blessing of God on your sensible efforts, keeping up a strict quarantine, I do believe it will be many years, if ever, before

we are visited again with yellow fever. But, if after all you do it should please God in his providence to afflict us, at the first case every boy would be sent home, though we never have the alarm till their holiday begins and they have gone home already; but the day the necessity arises, the building will be placed at the disposal of the Howard Association. If I am dead when that day comes, I trust the Trustees will remember I have made this offer for them.

“There is a small house on the corner of Ashley and Doughty Streets which will be rolled up to the gate for the keeper, also an old building on Ashley Street which will be removed, using the materials to repair the other buildings. There will soon be hung up a fine bell, which we hope will not be mistaken for a fire alarm, for it will ring very often, and over the gate will be a sign, ‘The Holy Communion Church Institute.’

“Down Ashley Street we are planting sixteen laurel-trees, and some sixty water-oaks all round the rest of the square.

“We will now bow ourselves out, having traversed the grounds, asking our fellow citizens if the acquisition has been for narrow or selfish ends. Aggregated, the work seems immense, but separated, under the different organizations we propose, appealing to the different interests involved, do you not all see how perfectly practical the fullest realization of all this is?

“Do you ask, How do we expect to support this institution, separated from the other works here sketched? We answer: First, we rely on God’s continued help. Next, our friends at the North and at the East, and in England, who have been so steadfast in bringing us to this point, will not desert the work they have fostered, in this day of its great development. I know human nature better, and trust it too thoroughly to doubt this. Next, we expect a large increase of patronage. Next, look at our alumni; every man among them, I know, will feel it his duty and his privilege to annually contribute to its support. We ought to have this year at least seven thousand dollars from this source, and it will be a shame and a reproach to our boys if they do not stir themselves to get it. Every year this stream must grow larger. And lastly, are there not at least 20,000 persons in South Carolina who annually will give us at least one

dollar for this purpose? Give me this money annually, fellow citizens, and we will annually support and educate one hundred and thirty-five boys free of all expense. See what great results you can produce by a limited effort at an insignificant cost to each. Will not every one of you to-morrow morning send me your remittance? Many I am sure will send me much more than I ask for, but even your quarters, your half dollars, will swell the aggregate, and will not every one who reads this address turn to his or her check-book and send what they can?

"Now take a walk with me up to the house lately occupied by Mr. Gadsden and the dormitories of the boys. As soon as we possibly can we intend to thoroughly repair, paint, and furnish these buildings, which we will devote to a home for from fifteen to twenty ladies. This has been a dream for many years. Ever since the war, since the appalling necessity arose, I have purposed, when I could, to found a home for ladies reduced to poverty; and by this I mean a home where each shall be sovereign in her apartments, none to interfere with her when she comes, when she goes, or what she does. I know this will appeal to some classes of minds who will have nothing for all the rest. I shall die happy knowing I have left to sorrowing hearts a shelter and a home, where they can live and die in peace under the sheltering care of their mother the Church.

"Lastly, the present school building will be devoted to industrial pursuits, teaching women to sew and to wash and to cook. The late Davis Hall is my private property, which, having given up for twelve years to the institute, I shall now resume and devote it to the interest of my family.

"My fellow citizens, all this has occupied me more days to think out, and will require more years to execute than you have given seconds to hear about it, and therefore I will conclude without offering any apology for the length of my address."

Dr. Porter was frequently and loudly cheered during the progress of his speech, the references to Senators Hampton and Butler, General Hunt, Miss Seabrook, and Mr. Gadsden being received with particularly vehement tokens of approval.

At the conclusion of his remarks the band played the Star-spangled Banner. Dr. Porter then introduced the Hon. W. D.

Porter, whose appearance was greeted with hearty applause. He said :

“Mr. Chairman : For some time past it has been my desire and effort, for prudential reasons, to abstain altogether from public speaking, but I can not forbear, on so interesting an occasion as this, to offer my testimony to the value and nobility of this Church Educational Institute.

“I have known for several years, in common with our citizens generally, of this great work, of the indefatigable and self-sacrificing energy with which it has been prosecuted, and of the great amount of good, moral, intellectual, and spiritual, that had been accomplished through its agency. I knew that it was borne along on the shoulders of an Atlas, and was not therefore much surprised at its progress and success. It was not till a few days since that I read the ‘History of the Holy Communion Church Institute,’ published in 1876; and not till then did I have any conception of its wonderful history, and of the amount of faith and love and unwearying patience and perseverance that had been expended on it; how it sprang from a deep and absorbing private grief, from the very grave of a buried affection, whence, as by some Divine influence or inspiration, an unavailing sorrow was transformed into an active, useful, and hallowed purpose and enterprise; how self-sacrifice, the purest and noblest of human virtues, gave it birth and pervaded its progress to the present day; how the last dollar of private property was cheerfully and prayerfully expended in providing a ‘Home,’ and then eight teachers were employed, and thirty-three boys, orphans, half-orphans, and children of destitute parents, were called for as resident scholars; ‘and up to this time,’ says the writer and founder, ‘I had not one dollar, nor did I know where to procure one.’ Well might he add, ‘When I look back to this period I can only say that God must have supernaturally nerved me to the work.’ During the first year, there were over five hundred children in the day-school, and thirty-three living in the Home who for the most part had to be fed and clothed.

“What a work for one human being, without money or means, in a community impoverished by war, to conceive and undertake and accomplish! And what, it may be added, look-

ing to the results, can love, faith, trust in God and self-devoting constancy fail to accomplish?

"This was but the beginning. To go through the history of the twelve or thirteen years of the life of this institution would occupy a great deal of time, but it would show a catalogue of doubts, fears, anxieties, rebuffs, reproaches, trials, disappointments, and every discouragement short of absolute despair, that would be enough to make the heart sick, were it not that there were an obverse to the picture, and that it would also show as an offset and relief the most noble and steadfast acts of generosity from friends at the North as well as at home, and a series of providences that can not be regarded otherwise than as special and marvelous. Let every one that can procure it read that history. It reads more like fiction than fact, like romance than reality. But, knowing it to be true, its effect will be to strengthen your faith, to increase your reliance upon the ever-present and ever-active goodness of God, to enlarge your conceptions of what is possible to persevering and well-directed human endeavor, and enable you to realize how good and beautiful and grand a thing it is to train the minds and morals of young men in the ways of knowledge, virtue, and religious truth, and in return to be loved and revered by them in life, and to be remembered by them with blessings when the time shall come to lie down to the final rest from labor. I may be excused for saying in public what I have before said to Dr. Porter in private, that if I had the privilege of a choice I would rather be the author of the work he has done than of any other work since the war of which I have any knowledge.

"A word or two to the pupils of this School and Home. Boys, young men! keep the character of this institution inviolate, for it is a *Church* institute, and it is conferring upon you the most precious of boons. Education, such as you are receiving here, was never more valuable than it is at this day. There was never a time when knowledge had more sway than at present. The ignorant man is worse than a cipher; he is an opprobrium and an encumbrance.

"Brains, thought, culture, and science are the moving forces of the world; they inevitably secure the ascendancy over brute force and brute numbers. And this struggle for ascendancy is

now in progress, and it behooves you to be fully equipped and to quit yourselves like men in the contest.

“Your Rector is a kind and beneficent father to you; your teachers are your best friends. There is no rigid discipline set up here, no prying espionage—all is referred to your sense of honor, your own self-imposed and self-enforced restraints. The laws of the institute are laws of honor to you; their observance depends altogether on yourselves. Remember the record of the 1,900 young men that have preceded you in twelve years. They have kept the good name of the institute free from reproach. Let it be understood among you that every intentional violation of a law established by your Rector is an insult to him and a breach of good faith among yourselves; that every such violation is a stain which you feel as a wound and will resent as an indignity. Animated by this spirit and acting on these principles, you will keep full high advanced the standard of personal honor and of obedience to rule that has hitherto characterized the institute. Happy the school or college that can intrust the enforcement of its laws to its own students!

“We all know from experience how terrible a calamity is war, but, if unsuccessful, it brings in its train evils that are worse than war itself, as, for example, ignorance, demoralization, vice, and a general relaxation and loosening of the bonds of moral and religious obligation. The true and only corrective of these evils is thorough and systematic education, in which the great principles of moral and spiritual truth shall be earnestly inculcated.

“Fortunately, providentially, two kindred educational institutions, founded by private charity, were vouchsafed to this community shortly after the war: the Holy Communion Church Institute and the Confederate Home and School—the one for boys and the other for girls, the one for young men and the other for young women—the one for fathers and the other for mothers of the coming generation. When they sprang into existence, they came like angels of light to combat the powers of darkness. The rainbow of promise was over them—the smile from behind the cloud, the smile of God himself, rested upon them. They grew and prospered, side by side, for a kindred spirit animated them, and a kindred zeal and energy impelled and

upheld them. How much good these two institutions have done and are doing in extending our knowledge, in refining our tone, in improving our manners, and in saving and elevating our civilization can not be calculated, for it is the characteristic of such agencies that their influences expand and multiply, and pass with increased volume and momentum from generation to generation. They put us on the right track, and carry us forward from day to day with accelerated speed.

"To those who founded and managed them, and to those whose sympathies encouraged and whose benefactions sustained them, our thanks and gratitude are due without stint; but better, infinitely better, than thanks and gratitude, the consciousness of having done so much good without selfish motive, and the pure and unalloyed approval of their own consciences will be their exceeding great reward."

"Dixie" was then played by the band, after which Dr. Porter said that it gave him sincere pleasure to introduce to the audience one who had been his friend in his youth and in his manhood, and whom he had learned to love very dearly; one who was eminent as a citizen and distinguished as a business man, and who had recently been elevated to a position in which he might be expected to do much good work for the benefit of the entire community. He introduced and called for three cheers for the Mayor, the response being given with marked heartiness, and joined in apparently by everybody.

Mayor Courtenay came forward and said:

"Right Reverend Sir, Ladies, and Gentlemen: My public duties have pressed upon me so continuously the past few days, that I have come here to participate in this extraordinary commemoration without a moment of preparation for the call that my good friend the Rector told me would be made upon me. Nevertheless, I feel it a high privilege and a great honor, personally and officially, to be here. Personally, it is a privilege to be a witness of this imposing triumph of one who is very near and dear to me, and, officially, to assist in the reinauguration of a great educational institution which, in the providence of God, I feel is destined to bring a great blessing to our com-

munity. Let me mention some things personal to myself and my friend, which may interest you all, and will be pertinent to the occasion. The drum and fife of a recruiting sergeant, enrolling soldiers for the Seminole War, first attracted my steps as a little boy into this inclosure, and from my first soldier scene in 1837 I strayed into a school-room not far from this spot, a juvenile volunteer in letters—I learned my A B C in this Arsenal square. It is something of a coincidence that I should be here this evening as Mayor of Charleston, a participant in the transfer of this once Champ de Mars to the more quiet surroundings of the academy. Thirty-two years ago, while in attendance at a large conflagration on one of the lower wharves, as a new member of the Phoenix Fire Company, *working* alongside of me on the brakes, I met for the first time him who has since *worked* his way to an enviable fame on both sides of the Atlantic. Since that night of conflagration he has grown nearer to me, and we have been close friends. I recall attending a Sunday service in this very building, I think, twenty-six years ago, conducted by Dr. Porter, before he was ordained a priest, as a missionary undertaking in this, the then thinly settled section of our city. It is another coincidence that, after so many years of labor, we should meet on the very spot of the small beginning in 1854, to dedicate the whole area of a spacious square, with its numerous buildings, to the full development of his life-work. In persistent and continuous labor, intelligence in aim, and devotion to the cause he serves, South Carolina has no higher citizen. And not the less worthy of record is the circumstance that this munificent dedication of property is the almost unanimous action of the Government of the United States; and conspicuous in the good work are some of the foremost captains of the Union in the late war between the States. It was a high thing for such men to do! May the noble lesson it teaches bear fruit all over our now united republic!

“My friends, the want of South Carolina to-day is the education of her people. We are told that the public schools are supported by the State, and that the opportunity for learning is afforded, but the appropriations for such a breadth of territory have been infinitesimally small and altogether inadequate to the

requirements of the people, so that outside of the cities and towns the population is rarely reached by the schoolmaster; and the best proof of the past neglect of this essential to the future welfare of the State is shown in the fact that in the recent General Assembly, composed, with rare exceptions, of the representatives of the white race of South Carolina, the proposition to purge the ballot-box by an educational franchise could not be entertained for the reason that too many of the members' constituents would be disfranchised. Thus it is that, by such sad excuse for the neglect of a plain duty, nearly one half of our State is at the risk of being remanded to the rule of ignorance and vice. So great is our need for teachers that, as colaborers in this great cause, I welcome the various religious denominations of our State to this one neglected field of educational work. I care not under what religious flag the result is wrought out. It may be by those who worship

“ ‘ With pomp of Roman form,
Or with the grave ritual brought from England's shore;
Or with simple Faith which asks no more
Than that the heart be warm.’ ”

“ But let us constantly hold up the hands of all willing workers, and see in the spread of learning a new future for our State.”

The close of the Mayor's address was followed by a renewal of the cheering.

Dr. Porter then introduced President Tupper, of the Chamber of Commerce [Mr. Tupper belongs to the Baptist Church], who said :

“ There are certain obligations that we owe to society which can not be disregarded, and no citizen can be unmindful of them without falling short of his moral and public duty. When we consider that ignorance is a curse and knowledge is a blessing to every community, we are forced to the conclusion that the proper training of our children is not only a duty to them, but is the highest obligation that we owe to society. I also contend that, whenever the means and circumstances of the

parent or guardian will permit, or where provision is made by the Commonwealth for popular education, it should be reasonably full and complete. No parent can bestow a richer gift to his child than a mind stored with useful and varied learning.

“I believe that the ends and objects of a Christian community are the same as a Christian church. Hence I agree with Dr. Arnold that in Christian countries there can be no real and sound moral education which is not based upon Christianity—not the Christianity of any sect or school, but those spiritual principles which may be deduced from the New Testament—principles which are common to all sects, and which are exemplified in deed rather than in creed—in life rather than in dogma.

“The principles of our Government and the permanence of the republic itself depend upon the education of its people; neither can be sustained by the sword. It is only through virtue and intelligence, and through that wisdom acquired by knowledge, that they can be maintained. And when the shades of Bellona are converted into the groves of Academus, and the deposit of arms becomes a seminary of learning, surely there can be no cause for regret, increased satisfaction rather, that we have a Government which appreciates the cause of education. There is no higher duty that the Government owes to the citizen, beyond the maintenance of the laws, than the encouragement of learning. And when the religion of the Bible is combined with the secular education of youth there is only the stronger reason for the encouragement of that learning.

“The Constitution of our country wisely prohibits Congress from the establishment of any religious church; but it also declares that the citizen shall enjoy the free exercise of religious worship and opinions. All denominations, therefore, of decent worshipers are entitled to its protection and even encouragement. And if a sect of Christians having over 3,000 churches in the United States, with 1,500,000 worshipers, and owning church property of the value of \$75,000,000, a sect whose faith is founded upon the morality of the Bible, confirmed by the teachings of their patriot fathers, whose Church for generations has been the temple of the highest dignitaries, the loftiest minds, and the purest characters of England; if this Church receives a boon from Government to aid in the advancement of *general*

learning, and not for the propagation of its dogmas, a boon that does not take from the treasury a single dollar, but, on the contrary, protects the property of the nation; should this be a cause for complaint from other Christian sects? And, even if this trust confided to a responsible Church acts as a little leaven to lighten her burdens and perhaps enlarge her sphere of usefulness, does this affect the welfare or retard the progress of sister churches? Or is it a reasonable cause for jealousy and displeasure? If such dissatisfaction exists, it does not accord with the charity of the Gospel teachings. It should rather be a cause of rejoicing that a popular institution of learning, under the supervision of an enlightened Christian Church, has secured, from opportunity and perseverance, a slight advantage in the work of education and benevolence.

"It is only the spirit of *intolerance* that could object to that laudable zeal and enterprise which wins success in such a cause. *Intolerance* in religion implies persecution, and it would employ the secular arm, if it could, for the suppression of other creeds. Macaulay said that the Puritan disliked bear-fights, not because it gave pain to the *bear*, but because it gave pleasure to the *men*. So intolerance would persecute, not because society suffers from unbelief, but because the heretic is happy.

"I can remember, when a boy, attending a Fourth of July celebration at which that excellent prelate, Bishop England, was present. At the proper time, when sentiments were in order, Mr. Alfred Huger, who presided at the table, gave a complimentary toast to the Bishop, commending him for his *toleration* of all religious sects. The Bishop rose from his seat, and I well remember his opening remarks. He said his friend had done him great injustice, for he was *not* in favor of the *toleration* of all religious sects. (Here the friends of the Bishop became alarmed for him, but the good prelate was great at surprises on social occasions.) And he went on: 'So far from being merely in favor of toleration,' said he, 'I am for the *encouragement* of every religious sect whose faith is founded on the Bible, and that sustains the laws and good order of society.'

"This speech made an impression on my mind, and every thought of tolerance recalls it to my recollection.

"There are mutual *dependencies* of human learning and re-

ligion. We have received certain faculties and powers from God, and they should be trained in *his* service. This obligation is not only enforced by the Scriptures, but has its seat in the human heart. It is the foundation of *all* religion. In polytheism were various gifts from various deities. Each god had his separate claim for homage. The wise man, recognizing the gift of wisdom as coming from Minerva, erected a shrine to that goddess. The husbandman, reaping his sheaves, raised high the song of praise to Ceres; while the blood-stained warrior, fresh from victory, consecrated his trophy to Mars, to indicate his homage and gratitude. And such is the claim that the Beneficent Giver of our mental faculties has upon us, and this claim all should recognize in education.

“But many will recognize no duty higher than securing immediate good to themselves; these, however, will admit that a legitimate object of education is *human happiness*, and that there can be no happiness without due regulation of the moral principles. If education, then, has only these objects, our business is to find the best system of morality, and the best method of teaching that system. I need not argue before this audience that Christianity inculcates the highest, purest, and only enduring morality, and that every system of morals worthy the name is drawn from the maxims of our holy religion. It is the lessons of a pure and undefiled religion combined with secular instruction that we would have taught to our children.

“There are many who do not deny the importance of religious instruction, but who would separate it *entirely* from secular education. They allege that religious instruction belongs exclusively to the *pulpit*, and should not be committed to teachers of secular learning. We do not undervalue the effect of ministerial instruction, but in what respect does the pious school-teacher interfere with the instructions of the pulpit, if while he is searching literature to refine the imaginations of his pupils, if while he opens the volume of nature and trains them in studies which afford knowledge and recreation, he opens to them that other volume in which the God of *all* has manifested himself, and points out those sources of information which drive away evil, smooth the brow of care, sanctify disease and trouble, and place all the virtues that can adorn humanity

in the center of the human heart, to cast a brilliancy on all learning and accomplishments? On the contrary, if the teacher neglects this, and never alludes to the Supreme Being, except so vaguely as to lead the boy to think it is a matter of no consequence, if he is taught at church that all virtue has reference to God, and if he is taught at school that virtue is a possession of human attainment and trivial concern, is there not danger that the youth will regard religion as a secondary matter not connected with the real business of life—a mere subject of speculation to be learned and practiced, or not, as convenient?—or some dull science, as Shelley describes it, ‘the contrivance of priests for their own emolument.’

“Exclude religion from secular instruction, and there will be inevitably an infidel tendency. The principles of religion should be reconciled with the science of philosophy of the schools; its truths can be tested by the standard of reason, and presented logically to the mind. I would confer no diploma to the student who was not thoroughly read in the Scriptures, and who could not refute by sound argument the shallow logic and sophistry of the infidel.

“I have heard it objected to the Holy Communion Institute, that from its *quasi* religious organization it must be *sectarian*. The objection to combining religious with secular instruction is urged by every school of infidelity in the world. You will find it, too, in Paine’s ‘Age of Reason.’ The first step of all these philosophers is to attack the agency through which religion and Christianity are conveyed to man. But there are pure and good men who dread the thought of denominational influences getting into our schools; they contend that, if each sect established schools of learning, each would endeavor to press its own doctrine in instruction. No doubt they would, if they deemed their leading doctrines essential to salvation. But the sects, differing themselves on what they esteem *vital* points, and there being doctrines of the Bible upon which nearly all of them agree, *these* may be taught by all; and I do not believe that in this institute, or in other Protestant institutions of secular learning where religious instruction is combined, efforts are used to make proselytes to any particular communion.

“From the views of education I have endeavored to express,

it must be apparent that this institute, from its organization and discipline, its religious basis, and the high morality and excellence of its principal and his assistants, commends itself to my unqualified approbation.

“Although under the charge of the rector of a denominational church, it can not be regarded as a *sectarian* school. Other denominations are represented in its faculty and among its students, and I will venture to say that a higher status of morals and discipline does not exist in any other seminary of learning in the South. This is not exaggeration. I judge solely from observation, from my personal knowledge of some of the graduates and many of the present students. Their general appearance indicates good culture, and they have the manners of gentlemen.

“I have incidentally referred in my remarks to the reverend Rector of this institute. His presence here to-night shall not deter me from some reference to his merit.

“If unwearied zeal, fortitude, and perseverance under many discouragements; if laboring in the cause of religion and education in a community almost disheartened and impoverished by the calamities of war, the broken fortunes of whose people could afford him but little assistance, and to win success under these adverse circumstances entitles a man to consideration and applause—I claim for him that consideration. His long and close association with the merchants of Charleston, their knowledge of his career from boyhood, and of that strict integrity, capacity, and virtue which have peculiarly fitted him for the station he now fills, surely entitle him to every encouragement at their hands. Nor is his reputation confined to this city and State. The highest dignitaries in England, both of Church and State, have recognized his labors as those of a philanthropist and Christian; neither was this appreciation confined to the prelates and laity of the Church of England. The members of other denominations there, in sympathy with their trans-Atlantic brethren, contributed freely and cheerfully to this work of love and benevolence. And I here appeal to those who have at heart the future welfare of Charleston, who desire to restore those golden days when our merchants stood preëminent throughout the commercial world for their probity, whose

pride is awakened by thoughts of a prosperous future for their children, and whose paternal solicitude would desire worthy associates for them when they enter upon the trying duties of life—to such I appeal for an institution based upon unerring truth and the teaching of Him who was the author and finisher of our faith.

“I feel that I would not be doing my duty on this occasion, nor could I rest easily on my pillow to-night, if I neglected so favorable an opportunity to caution the young gentlemen of this institute against a growing evil in this community, a vice corrupting to youth and debasing to manhood. I have heard it called *the gentlemanly vice of gambling*. This pernicious practice, in my judgment, is the most insidious and dangerous that curses society. I know that I will excite the prejudice, and perhaps give offense to some in this assembly, by denouncing as a crime what they consider only as an exciting pastime. But the law denounces it as a crime, and the same penalties of fine and imprisonment that punish the thief are made to punish the gambler.

“I know but little distinction between the *public* and the *private* gambler. If it is a gentlemanly accomplishment to invite a friend to your house, and, while plying him with wine and cigars, win away his money, using the same snares and incentives to play that are practiced in the worst gambling-hells of the city, and in many cases, too, when the stunted family of the foolish victim is to suffer from his losses on the morrow—if this, I say, is a necessary accomplishment of a gentleman, I willingly forego *for ever* all claim to the title.

“But some will say that the losing man had his chance to win, but luck was against him. It is not always so, for the winning player is generally the practiced hand, sharp and experienced, and he seeks the silly sheep in order to fleece them. The habit of gambling is almost impossible to reform. The winner from his easy gains desires to win more, and the loser to recover his money, and from the spirit of revenge goes on with his desperate venture. It is a practice that excites the worst passions of the human heart, covetousness and revenge, and oftentimes villainy and fraud.

“I know from experience the difficulty of resisting the

temptations and importunities of friends, at social parties, to induce you to stake your money at the card-table. I know the shifts and devices I have been put to in framing polite excuses for declining; for no one in good society likes to affect a higher morality and superior principles to a hospitable host and surrounding friends. And it is here that the young man of generous nature is in most danger, when he apprehends that his refusal to bet among reputable people implies a reflection upon them or a miserly care of his money. Thanks to the teachings of my earliest and best preceptor, I have *never* gambled. I have resisted the vice in every form from boyhood to this very moment. With some consistency, then, I call upon the worthy principal and faculty of this institute, upon its alumni, upon all parents and guardians, to denounce and put the brand of infamy upon a vice which has blasted the prospects of so many young men of Charleston, and entailed misery upon their families—a vice which demoralizes the mind, corrupts the heart, ruins the reputation, and ensnares the souls of our brethren and our children.”

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Porter next introduced the Right Reverend Bishop Howe, who said that the audience would not expect him, after the preceding addresses, to make any lengthy remarks. It was his duty and office, as President of the Board of Trustees of the institute, to thank all those present for their attendance. He did so the more earnestly as he was sure that they would not have gathered here unless brought by something more than idle curiosity—by an interest deeper than that which expires with the passing hour. He was sure that they felt a deep sympathy with the institution, and with the Rector in his extraordinary exertions. As he thought over the past and remembered the conception and birth of the institute in the time of tears, of suffering, and of the necessities of the people, and compared it with the brightness of the present time, he was reminded of the words sung hundreds of years ago, that had lost none of their sweetness, none of their force, with the lapse of time, “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless

come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The good God had blessed the sowing of this seed, and now they clasped the generous sheaves to their bosoms. In times past they had wept together over common calamities; but now they rejoiced over common blessings. He desired especially to thank his brethren of the different denominations for their attendance. They were present to give their good wishes, and to cheer the institution on. The institution would still be religious, and necessarily so. God—to use a warmer word still, the blessed Lord and Saviour—had blessed them too greatly to allow them to forsake him now. He felt, and the presence of his friends assured him still further, that the old-time theological bitterness had passed away. In all theological libraries were to be found musty folios thronging the shelves, which had served as the armories from which Christians drew ammunition with which to bombard each other, instead of fighting together against sin, Satan, and Death, the fearful trinity of woe that their Lord had come on earth to destroy. As the old guns and balls about the grounds were now comparatively useless, except for the forge, so the old theological lions slumbered, he trusted, never to roar again. He congratulated the principal, the pupils, and the teachers of the institute—the Rector needed no congratulation with the results of his work and the testimony of its appreciation before him—upon their enlarged sphere of usefulness. They had now buildings and grounds commensurate with the magnitude of their work. He believed that they would continue in the future, as in the past, faithful in their labor, and he believed that this school would always be pointed out as a good one, because they would do their duty. To the young gentlemen of the institute he would say a special word of congratulation, and he would take occasion to beg that they would let the words of the speaker who had preceded him, regarding the vice of gambling, sink deep into their hearts, that they might lead sober, righteous, and godly lives. He congratulated them upon the possession of these buildings and the fair and ample grounds. In the old place they had no playground, and, unless they differed greatly from boys when he was young, they would regard the playground as one of the most important features of any school. What they had had before was merely

a limited playground, but now they had a very fine one, and he hoped they would use it cheerfully and diligently. He trusted in the future that they would all look back upon the period spent within this institution as the brightest and happiest in long and honored lives. When Bishop Selwyn was in this country, he had stated that it was customary in England when the bishop visited the school to declare a general holiday. He hoped that they would consider his presence a not unpleasant visitation as, in accordance with the custom in Old England, he would announce a general holiday for next day.

After the subsidence of the frantic juvenile cheering that greeted this announcement, the exercises were concluded by the singing of a hymn, and the Bishop pronounced a benediction.

At the close of the ceremonies in the hall, a flight of rockets from all parts of the grounds summoned the visitors to "supper," which was spread in the northern wing of the main building, under the personal supervision of a number of the ladies of the Church of the Holy Communion. The tables, six in number, were loaded with oysters, turkey, sandwiches, cakes, and fruit of all kinds. Amid a grand display of rockets, the Light Infantry filed into the hall, headed by the Helicon Band.

The Charleston Riflemen, who formed a part of the military escort, had been compelled to leave the grounds, as the members had to attend the anniversary meeting of the company. After the infantry, the cadets of the institute filed into the hall, and after them the alumni and the members of the Board of Trustees. The soldiers and the cadets promptly obeyed the order to "fall to," and in about fifteen minutes the tables were cleared of everything except the plates and spoons. The ladies looked on from the outside—and wondered. There was no speech-making, no toasts, no ceremony. But the boys, and their teachers, and their friends, enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and everybody was happy.

"THE TRANSFER OF THE ARSENAL TO THE CHURCH INSTITUTE.

"The formal occupation of the United States Arsenal in this city by the Holy Communion Church Institute took place yesterday. It was a notable event, as marking the enlargement

of educational opportunities in South Carolina, through the zeal, energy, and self-sacrificing labors of the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., the Rector of the Holy Communion Church, and founder of the institute.

"Dr. Porter built up the Church Institute amid the ruins of a prostrate State. The people of Charleston and South Carolina could do little to help him. There were moments when he was tempted to despair. Some friend in need was always forthcoming. So warm was the interest excited by Dr. Porter's representations of his aims, and the wants of the youth of the State, that four fifths of the large sum of money expended in establishing the institute came from the Northern States and England. Nineteen hundred boys have passed through the institute, and the scope of its operations is now greatly extended. Congress authorized the lease of the United States Arsenal to the Church Institute, until such time as it may be called for by the Government. It is not likely to be needed for many years, if ever. For all practical purposes the institute is permanently in possession of the Arsenal buildings, with the extensive grounds, furnishing accommodation for about five hundred resident pupils. The pupils who are able to pay full tuition fees help those who are not so well off. If there be three hundred pupils who pay in full, a hundred can be taken without charge. The corps of instructors is already large, and will be added to without delay. A sketch of the history of the institute, its purposes, and the arrangements for the future, together with an explanation of the religious phases of the institute, is given in Dr. Porter's address.

"The transfer of the Arsenal to the Church Institute was the joint work of the President and Cabinet, and of Congress. Both Democrats and Republicans supported the proposition. This, as Dr. Porter says, is 'practical reconstruction,' honorable alike to both political parties, to North and South, to President and people. The ambition of Dr. Porter's life bids fair to be fully realized, and the greater his success the broader and deeper the benefit to the people of the State."—*Charleston News and Courier* (Editorial).

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER these proceedings were over, and the work on the building was well in hand, business of a personal nature requiring that I should go to New York, I left Charleston. While in the former city, I received letters from Cannes, France, from two lady friends of Boston, who, having heard of my success, and appreciating the continued needs of my work, each sent me one thousand dollars. Other good friends, in New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, gave me about two thousand five hundred more. Thus did God's care and love and approval manifest themselves in my behalf, inspiring me with renewed trust.

During my absence the work so far progressed that Mr. Gadsden, the principal, and Miss Seabrook, the matron, moved into the Arsenal with all the boys, and were completely settled in their new quarters on the 11th of February, 1880.

While I was in Washington, General Sherman asked me if I intended to move into the grounds myself, to which I gave a negative reply. He said, "How can you manage such a work if you are not on the spot?" I soon saw that he was right. It was impossible; therefore I gave up my own home, endeared to us by many associations, and moved into one of the buildings in the inclosure. General Hunt's quarters I gave to the principal; to the matron and for a hospital other buildings formerly used for officers' quarters. I took for myself the house outside of the quadrangle, which needed some alterations to make it comfortable for the family. I built a high bell-tower at the gate, and surmounted it with a cross, and over the gate had the sign put up, HOLY COMMUNION CHURCH INSTITUTE. There were an immense store of shot and shell and a number of gun-carriages, all of which the Government had removed during the winter. In April I got control of a large brick shell of a building, which had been put up during the war, by the Confederate Government, for a foundry. This building I had transformed, by the middle of July, into one of the finest school-houses in the State, capable of accommodating six hundred boys.

And so we passed the winter, doing our work to the best of our ability. Mr. Chaloner, who came to us from the North nine years ago, and who has become identified with the work, having proved a remarkable mathematical teacher, returned, bringing another teacher, Mr. Pinckney. The month of June proving unusually warm, the physician advised us to disband while the city was healthy. We had very little sickness during the year, and in all these years, among the multitude of boys we have had, but one inmate of the home has died.

During this year fourteen of my boys were confirmed. In these thirteen years—years of perplexity, but, thanks to our Father, of gladness, too—we have sent sixty-three boys to college, and have had over two thousand under our charge.

The expense of fitting up this place has been very great, the cost being about sixteen thousand dollars, and it has taken all the money that I could command, so that, when the school closed, financially I was much embarrassed. There was money due from scholars, and some promised from England, but it had not yet arrived. Calling the Board of Trustees together, I laid before them our necessities, and they made such arrangements as would tide me over my present difficulties. And so our thirteenth session closed. During the summer, the money came from England, and some of the dues from the boys were paid. But we find ourselves with the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars due for current expenses, and eight thousand dollars due on the improvements on the buildings and grounds. I know that this is a great load to carry, but I have done the best I could. The property would not have proved available without these improvements; but now we have every facility for making it one of the noblest institutions in the country. And if this record shows that the work was inspired by and has been guided, guarded, and provided for by the living God, why should I doubt his continued loving care? I do not doubt; my faith in our Father is unshaken; I believe in God, and I also believe in my fellow men. I am sure that they will not let me struggle on to failure; *that* will not surely be my reward for all that has been given of time, strength, and means. I am not pleading my own cause; I am pleading the cause of the young, of the impoverished. Help me, my friends, to give

these boys that best of all starts in life, a good education, and a healthy, moral, and religious training.

Last year there were in the Home and day-school one hundred and ninety-two boys. Of those in the Home eight were orphans, thirty fatherless, ten motherless, and fifty-eight had both parents living. They paid an average of one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and sixty-three cents; the average cost being one hundred and fifty dollars. Sixty-five paid nothing.

I know not what is before us in the unwritten future; God's eye alone can penetrate that darkness. If this book, in its future chapters, is to recount any further striking manifestations of his love and care, we can not tell. But we propose, by God's grace, to try to do our duty faithfully. We shall endeavor to give our boys the best education in our power, and we shall also strive to bring them up as loyal citizens of the Government under the flag of which they live. Ours is not a political school, nor a partisan school; but an educational institution, governed by the laws of religion and morality. We give our boys the training of Christian gentlemen, brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord; and neither political party nor religious sect need fear the result. We ask the aid of our friends to develop all the work sketched in my opening address. We ask the prayers of the faithful that God will continue to bless us, and that in all our cares, necessities, anxieties, disappointments, and success, we may keep a single eye to his glory and the welfare of our fellow men.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE following letters are from some of the alumni of the institution, and speak for themselves :

“WALTERBORO, S. C., *January 3, 1880.*

“MY DEAR MR. PORTER : I fear you think that I have lost interest in your welfare, but, sir, the apparent neglect is not intentional.

"I have learned to know what life's responsibilities are, and am striving to fill my place as a dutiful son should.

"I have often wished to assist you in your pecuniary embarrassments, but my salary has always been very small; just barely enough to support us; hence my never having before come forward to your aid. I assure you, my dear sir, that my most earnest wish has always been to show my appreciation of your kindness to me, in actions rather than words.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you in the celebration of so important an event in the history of our school as its entrance into the Arsenal, and, if circumstances will permit me, I will most assuredly accept your invitation so kindly tendered to the 'Alumni of Our Home.' Please, sir, accept the trifle inclosed.

"With regards to your family, I am yours, with affectionate esteem,

"GEORGE R. F——."

"SEWANEE, TENN., *August 22, 1880.*

"MY DEAR MR. PORTER: Your letter to hand, and I was very glad to hear from you so soon. I am not feeling in such a moody condition to-night, and therefore do not hesitate to make a confidant of you. A burden has been cast aside, and at last a ray of light has dawned upon my life. You know, Mr. Porter, that I would willingly, at all times, pour out my heart to you; but would you desire me to burden you with my troubles, you, who are worried with a thousand other things?

"But, although I refused to tell you of my troubles, I can not refrain from telling you of my joys.

"The hopes of my life are realized at last. After *long, long* meditation and prayer, I have finally a firm conviction that God has chosen me as one of his disciples—to spread his gospel. I recognize that I am treading on holy ground, and also the sacredness of this mission; I recognize, too, that there are trials and temptations to be undergone for Christ's sake; but I look forward to all with joy. And I thank God that I can enter upon this work with all my heart, soul and body; and enter it, too, as *pure* as the day that I was born.

"Such thoughts can not but be comforting to a miserable

sinner. I have never forgotten your first prayer with me in the church. Please, Mr. Porter, never mention this to any one, except (if you like) the Bishop and Mr. Gadsden. . . .

"I am now assisting Professor Harrison, teaching his Junior Latin and Greek altogether, and assisting him in Intermediate Latin and Greek. And he has laid before me the expectation of being elected his regular assistant next year. But my mind is fixed, and nothing will ever change me. I can not enter the Theological Hall until next year, for reasons which will be given hereafter. But my studies, in the mean time, will all be in that direction.

"Pray for me, Mr. Porter, and let me hear from you often.

"Yours affectionately,

"B. L. W——."

"AIKEN, S. C., May 21, 1880.

"REV. A. T. PORTER, *Charleston, S. C.* :

"MY DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 17th inst. to hand, and contents noted. I have noted with constant and zealous pleasure the course you pursued, the obstacles you overcame, and your final triumph, in obtaining the Arsenal grounds, for the benefit of those who may have the good fortune to be placed under your guidance and supervision, through those whom you have so well and judiciously selected, as the medium through which your high and ennobling influences are brought immediately to bear upon the happy inmates of the 'Old Home.' And if I were able, you may rest assured, beloved sir, that I would need no appeal from you for aid, in carrying on your noble and blessed work of love and charity; for my heart is too full of love and gratitude to you, for me to need such admonitions. I know, sir, that words of friendship and sympathy can never support a school, but as I know the kindness of your heart, and call to mind the oft-repeated assurance held out to me, along with the rest of my schoolfellows, while at 'The Home,' by yourself, that the greatest reward we could give you would be a life worthy of a Christian and a gentleman, I am not ashamed to give these feeble assurances of my love and gratitude, though I am at present unable to give any pecuniary aid. I *am* trying to lead such a life as will not make

you ashamed to say, 'He was once one of my boys.' I am conscious of constant shortcomings, but these, I know, are common to the lot of all mortals, and therefore I am not discouraged. I have found it quite hard to make a living thus far, being able to supply only the necessities of life. I am and have been studying law, in the office of the gentleman whose name is at the head of this sheet, for the past eighteen months. I work for him during the day, and study at night. My salary is barely enough to provide necessary clothing and pay my board; and, in fact, would be far from sufficient were it not for the kindness of my cousins, who take just whatever I can pay, when I can pay it, and say nothing about its insufficiency. You will therefore perceive that it is impossible for me to do anything for the school at present, though I am ever so anxious to. But I hope at some future day to be in easier circumstances; and you may rest assured, sir, that I will not then forget my 'Alma Mater.'

"With kindest regards to Mrs. Porter, Miss Seabrook, and Mr. Gadsden, and much love for yourself, I beg that you will kindly remember me to all inquiring friends.

"Yours, most affectionately and respectfully,

"H. K. J——."

"AURELIAN SPRINGS, HALIFAX Co., N. C., *June 1, 1880.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Your note reminding me of an unfulfilled promise reached me a few days since. The matter would have commanded my immediate attention but for the fact that at that moment I was suffering with an attack of a disease well known throughout these parts as Impecuniosity. Such being the case, a reply had to be deferred till the amount herein found could be collected. Most cheerfully do I send this sum; only regret it is not greater. Why I have been thus dilatory in attending to a call which should meet with a hearty response from each of us, is, that I have been more or less encumbered with debt since entering upon the duties of my profession—necessarily so, because I commenced without a dime in pocket. Nothing, I assure you, my dear friend, excepting being able to get married, would afford me more real pleasure than a visit to our beloved Alma Mater. May God long spare the lives of the

supervisors of this noble institution, and crown their every endeavor with preëminent success, is the fond hope and earnest prayer of

“Yours, most faithfully and affectionately,

“W. W. J——, M. D.”

“SEWANEE, *August 10, 1880.*

“MY DEAR PASTOR: I arrived here safely after a very pleasant but tedious trip. Found it very lonely until I arrived at Atlanta. I am very much pleased with the place and people. The first night I attended a contest between the two literary societies in orations, on which occasion Moreland spoke. The next day was the Commencement, and the four graduates were from South Carolina, two of whom were your boys. Moreland delivered a French, and Wiggins a Latin oration; both were very fine. I met the Bishop and had a long chat with him. He said that ‘he had been bragging about Guerry and myself, and did not want us to go back on him.’ I promised that I would try hard not to.

“Now, my dear father (for I consider you as such), I feel as if I can never show enough gratitude to you for your kindness to me, nor can I express in words what I have profited by your good lessons taught and examples set. I know sometimes you feel as if you are speaking in vain, but rest assured your words always strike deeply into some boy’s heart, although they do not tell you so. I can truthfully say I have never listened to your addresses in Sunday-school or elsewhere that I did not derive some good. You can not imagine how I feel for you when a boy shows ingratitude, for I do think, if there is ever a man that has sacrificed all for the sake of winning souls for Christ, it has been you, and it is a wonder to me that you don’t get discouraged sometimes. I shall never forget the fatherly way in which you always received me, and I never hesitated in telling you anything; in fact, I have told you things I never told my mother, for fear it would worry her. O father! if I only had words at my command to express my love for you, how happy I would be! I would rather gain the love and admiration of Mr. Gadsden and yourself than any two men on earth. I am indebted to that institute for any good qualities

that I possess, for it was the means of forming my whole character. As you complimented me on the performance of my duty, let me say here that it was from you and Mr. G. that I first learned what duty was. I will not tire you any longer, but will beg that you will act the father's part as you have hitherto done, and I will promise the son's part. Give me what advice you can and tell me all my faults, for I have many. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. P. when you write again; hope she is improving. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

"Your affectionate son,

"A. R. M——.

"P. S. I will resume studies to-morrow; know I will find it hard at first. Moreland received the gold medal for declamation."

"ORANGEBURG, S. C., *June 21, 1880.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: Yours of the 29th of May, after some delay, was received. The references which it contained to the past most deeply touch my heart. I often think, sir, with pleasure of the many happy days that I have passed under your fatherly care, and of the kindness displayed by Mr. Gadsden and Miss Seabrook; and there is not a day that passes that I do not pray that God's choicest blessings may rest upon you and your noble institution. I have refrained from expressing to you my simple thanks, hoping from time to time to be able to send you a more substantial acknowledgment of my gratitude, but I find myself still unable to do as I wish. Since leaving you, sir, my health has been not at all good; in addition to that, I have my widowed mother to care for. I am engaged in planting, and, although unable to respond to your appeal immediately, as I desire, you may depend upon me in the fall, when I shall do all in my power to aid the glorious work which you are carrying on. You spoke of applying to strangers; believe me, dear sir, when I say that you would not have that to do if all of the alumni felt as I do upon this subject, and had the necessary means. Remembering with the deepest emotions of gratitude your kindness in the past, allow me to subscribe myself as one of your own boys.

"Yours, devotedly and lovingly,

"E. L. A——."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It may be of interest to some of my readers to see a few of the letters which I receive. From these they can judge whether my work is still needed in our recuperating but still impoverished State:

“July 12, 1880.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: It is with diffidence that I approach you upon a subject which gives me so much uneasiness that I only hope you may be able to assist me.

“Your kindness to my son Paul has been, and ever will be, most truly appreciated by him and myself; and, among all the train of ills that accrued from that sad event which withdrew him from your care, I believe *that* withdrawal to have been not the least, as having turned him from pursuits for which he had a natural bent. Now I have, as the only parent left to little ‘L—— L——,’ to ask *most earnestly* that you will, on the 1st of October, take him under the church guidance of your institution. He has been for a year and a half under Paul’s sole protection, for I was too ill to do for him, and after my recovery I sought refuge in the city, that I might not again return to the malaria which has proved so detrimental to me. I fully recognize all that the young folks have done for L——’s improvement, and Paul has been most devoted to this small brother, but experience teaches us how little can be done where there are no educational advantages and very, *very* few church privileges. It is from this life of exposure to malaria, and all other disadvantages of a country sojourn as it now is, that I beg you to rescue this young boy, bright in mind, easily trained, but from various causes very backward. With all the efforts of Paul and his wife to teach him, in the midst of other occupations, he has forgotten much that he knew, as my place could not well be supplied, and he has missed parental authority. Your friend, my brother L——, has promised from time to time to communicate with you upon this subject, but the claims of an increasing family, with small means, have of late greatly engrossed his time and care; thus I feel impelled to urge this

case of charity upon you myself. I say this 'case of charity'; for I must candidly confess that those known by common parlance as 'the poor' can scarcely be more destitute of means than my sons are at present, the drought having destroyed many of their anticipated resources; and you know that, so far as a support for L—— goes, he is verily an orphan, I having naught but love and prayer to bestow upon him. He will be ten years old in September. I trust that I may be permitted to *rest* here, where true Christian kindness and affection are doing more than I could have hoped for a shattered constitution, and where I enjoy once more the comforts of our 'Mother the Church.' Should this boon be granted me, I will be near L——, if you can receive him, will be able to see him, and render any assistance that might make the task lighter to Miss Seabrook of taking care of so young a child.

"Hoping that your family may recruit from their summer's jaunts, and that your health may recover,

"I am, with regards to your mother,

"Very respectfully yours,

"I. C—— G——."

"CHARLESTON, *August 14, 1880.*

"MR. PORTER:

"DEAR SIR: I have been so blessed in having my son with you, I will beg you, as his widowed mother, who has nothing to depend on but my needle, you will let him still be at your school. I will contribute as I have done, if but a dollar at a time. You have found him studious and ambitious, and he will ever appreciate your generous interest in him. He is now spending his vacation with one of your boys who is his friend, in Abbeville—young P——. You will please continue your interest in my boy, and keep him with you.

"Yours, with respect and gratitude,

"L. C. M——."

"LAUREL HILL, *August 1, 1880.*

"REV. DR. PORTER:

"DEAR SIR: I was informed to-day that you required application to be made for scholars by the 15th of August. I hope I am not too late in asking that my son R—— may

be received again into your valuable institution. God grant you may have it in your power to confer this great charity on me and on my orphan boy, whose only chance of education lies with you. There is not even a free school—we are so sparsely settled—to which I could send him, so that, unless you can receive him, his chances of education are at an end, at least for the present.

“I can not express how truly grateful I am for the benefits already conferred on him—I see him so much improved in every respect—or how deeply humbled I feel in making these repeated applications without offering compensation. It is only for the great benefit of Christian *education* for my boy that I could again ask such a favor.

“I beg that he may, if possible, be received as a beneficiary ; for I have found it as much as I could do to supply his books and clothing, having four other little ones to provide for by my own exertions. At the same time I promise to pay as much toward his support as I possibly can. If we do not have caterpillars, I trust I shall be able to do something for him. If you can not receive him as a beneficiary, please let me know the lowest terms at which you can receive him, for I must strain every nerve to keep him at school, even at a great sacrifice to the rest of us. I think I can safely promise for him that he will take advantage of every opportunity offered, and I hope he may one day have it in his power to make some return to the institution to which he owes so much.

“Respectfully and gratefully,

“A—— J. L A R——.”

“BLUFFTON, S. C., *August 14, 1880.*

“The Rev. TOOMER PORTER :

“DEAR SIR: Will you be kind enough to take my son W—— in your institution, and give him as good an education as he is capable of receiving ?

“I regret being obliged to ask this of you, but we are really in very indigent circumstances, having no support, and only enabled to live by the united efforts of my two daughters in teaching and sewing.

“My husband, whom I lost just two months ago, was an offi-

cer in the late war—was one of the first to volunteer his services, and among the last prisoners released from Fort Delaware at its close. His sufferings there settled the disease on him which finally took him away.

“W—— will be twelve in the fall, is well grown, if not large, for his age. We will be glad to hear from you as early as it is convenient.

“Hoping that you can grant my request,

“I am, very respectfully,

“Mrs. T. H. C——.”

“To the Rector and Board of Trustees of the Institute of the Church of the Holy Communion :

“REV. BROTHER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD : The inclosed application is in behalf of the lad in whom I had endeavored to interest the Rector while at the Convention in May last. In reference to the boy himself I would say that he is moral, truthful, and capable, and I think is desirous of securing a good education. In reference to the circumstances of his widowed mother, alas ! it is all too true, and I am satisfied that, if there is any worthy family in the State deserving of such help as is asked in their letter, they are equally so.

“I sincerely hope and pray that you may find it in your power to assist them in the way desired, viz., by receiving the son into the institute as a beneficiary.

“With much respect, I am, yours in Christ,

“B. B. SAMS, *Missionary.*”

“August 24th.

“DEAR MR. PORTER : I have just heard that applications ought to have been made by the 16th, and write by first mail, trusting that I may still be in time to get W—— in, for, if we are so unfortunate as not to send him to Dr. Porter’s, it will be a great disappointment to us. I make just the same offer that we did last year, \$50. I did hope so much that we would have been able *next* year to do more, but it is utterly impossible, and but for the kindness of my good friend could not send him to school at all. We regret very much that we have not been able to return the amount you so kindly lent him when he was coming

back home, but Mr. D—— has not yet been paid for his work.
 With kindest regards, and hoping to hear from you at an early
 day, Yours very respectfully,

“D. F. D——.”

“Direct Fort Motte, S. C.”

“SUMMERVILLE, August 13, 1880.

“TO MR. JOHN GADSDEN :

“DEAR SIR: I desire to make this application for the continuation of my son as a beneficiary in the institution.

“I am a widow with six children, five of whom are entirely dependent on my own energies and the kindness of friends, so that I am utterly unable to give them an education, even of the plainest kind. I therefore solicit your aid in my behalf, in this my earnest appeal for my child's welfare, feeling sure that, under the care of such an institution, my son will become a useful and, I trust, pious member of society. My son is now thirteen years old, and, with management and rule, can be easily controlled.

“I therefore earnestly beg your attention again to this my appeal, trusting that God will, in his goodness, guide and direct all things.

“Yours, with sincere gratitude and esteem,

“M—— H——.”

“August 12, 1880.

“MR. PORTER :

“DEAR SIR: I would like you to take me in your school. I am a widow's son, and have had but few advantages. I haven't got much money, and I heard you were a very kind man to poor boys, therefore I concluded to apply to you for a place in your school. You will please let me know what you will take me in for, and whether I can be accommodated or not. I was in Charleston in June, and was introduced to you by J. W.

Yours truly,

“D. L. S——.”

“HOLLY HILL P. O., CHARLESTON CO., S. C.”

“HARDEEVILLE, S. C., August 11, 1880.

“REV. DR. PORTER :

“DEAR SIR: Will you be good enough to give my son a place at the Holy Communion Church Institute the coming year? I

am extremely sorry that I have nothing to pay for his education. I am obliged to support myself and two little boys by my own exertions.

"He is the son of the late F. M. E., of Charleston, S. C., and will be twelve years old in November next.

"Respectfully,

"_____."

"BLUFFTON, *September 20, 1880.*

"Rev. Mr. A. T. PORTER :

"DEAR SIR : Your letter of the 15th inst. came duly to hand ; allow me earnestly to thank you for the acceptance of my son in your noble institute. You may be assured I shall daily invoke the blessing of our Heavenly Father on your noble efforts in behalf of the youths of our State.

"I will pay for his uniform if my daughter succeeds in collecting her money due her by the county as teacher of the Free School, otherwise I shall have to pay by installments. I can not promise to pay any amount in advance for his washing, as our only means of support is by the united efforts of my daughters with our needle, etc., but I will certainly endeavor to forward it from time to time, as I get it. You will kindly let me know, at your earliest convenience, when I shall send my son, and what will be *absolutely* necessary for him to have.

"With warm and grateful thanks for your kindness,

"I remain, very truly yours,

"S. B. C——."

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN the course of the winter, wishing to excite a more general interest in the work, the trustees elected Mr. Charles T. Lowndes, Hon. W. A. Courtenay, Mr. H. Buist, Mr. W. C. Courtney, and Mr. Thaddeus Street, as co-trustees. All of these gentlemen kindly accepted the trust during the winter. Mr. Lowndes, after going over the grounds the next day, wrote me the following letter, which speaks for itself :

"MY DEAR MR. PORTER: Although I can not emulate, yet I can appreciate, the great work in which you are engaged, and to which you devote a noble life—a work that must be felt throughout the length and breadth of our State, furnishing educated and Christian gentlemen from whom the avenues to legislation and industries will be supplied; and, as I realize the importance of such education to my State, I can not but equally recognize my obligation to aid you in your good work, and therefore ask the acceptance of the inclosed check for one thousand dollars.

"Sincerely and truly,

C. T. LOWNDES.

"To the Rev. A. TOOMER PORTER."

May God raise up many such friends for this work!

With this kind and generous act from one to whom I personally owe so much, and to whom this Christian endeavor is so largely indebted, invoking the continued blessing of the Triune God, I close my book up to October 1, 1880.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Now, what do I want of you, my readers?

1. I ask of you your sympathy and interest, that you will give me your prayers that I may be fitted for the great work which has been committed to me and my colaborers; that my faith, and love, and zeal, and wisdom may be increased; that God's blessing may continue to rest upon this work, and that it may go on prospering; that many souls may be born unto God in this institution; and that of its graduates many may go out to fit themselves for the preaching of the gospel of God's dear Son.

2. Pray that the example of this work may spread, and that others may be raised up to do just such works—for there is no place where they are not needed; and the greater the number, the greater the blessing which flows into the Church and the world.

3. I ask you to consider whether you can not spare something from your income to help on this work, not only now, but so long as it needs help—which will not be one day after it can be supported at home. And I ask you not to delay your gift; good intentions sometimes fail from procrastination. Of the worthiness of the work you must be assured, or else my pen has written in vain.

4. I ask you to help me by giving something toward the endowment, so that I can begin to do a like work for the girls, who need it as much as the boys. Many of these we have lost already. This much-needed work I would have undertaken before, but I had not faith nor strength sufficient. We do not want it said of South Carolina, "Her boys are ignorant, but her girls will never know it." We want our boys to be educated, and we want our girls to know and appreciate it. Oh, how many who read this can, of their abundance, spare something for a cause which appeals so touchingly to the tender heart of humanity!

5. Will you not remember this work when making your will, and thus live on in the young men, who will be doing good service to the Church and State through you, when you have gone to your reward?

It has been asked, "Why do you want an endowment? Do you expect this class to need such aid for ever?"

I answer:

1. The fate of this work seems to hang on my life, which may be cut short at any moment.

2. Certainly, for a generation, this will be needed. The poverty among this class is too widespread and too great to be removed immediately. Let it be borne in mind that *all*—all save honor—has been lost; and in losing, this class have lost, we may say, for ever. They may struggle up, by slow degrees, to a more comfortable position; but there is no earthly power that can ever restore them what has been swept away.

3. My time is taken from my parish and other duties of the ministry, in going about to solicit aid.

4. Persons will weary of giving continual aid to this one object. As it is, one after another drops out of the charitable

circle, and there is great difficulty in supplying their place ; and this will increase as time goes on.

5. We are establishing a great Christian institution, to last for all time, and there will always be widows' sons and orphans who will need help.

Lastly, I wish to get as many scholarships called by the names of the donors as I can, at the North. This will be another means of reknitting the sections and helping to keep them together. A scholarship of two thousand dollars will educate and support a boy ; and five thousand will educate and support three boys.

Reader, will not a blessing come to you if you lend your aid in bringing to perfection that which God has so signally blessed ? Is it not a privilege to be colaborer with God ?

Commending this simple story to your hearts ; committing it to the God of all grace ; giving glory to him for the wonders he has wrought ; praying that his Holy Spirit may rest upon us and all our helpers, I close this history up to date, October 1, 1880 ; offering all my prayers through the mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God, be all honor and glory, love and dominion, now and for ever. Amen.

THE END.

Form of bequest of MONEY or other PERSONAL PROPERTY
to the HOLY COMMUNION CHURCH INSTITUTE, of CHARLES-
TON, S. C.:

*“I give and bequeath to the HOLY COMMUNION CHURCH
INSTITUTE, of CHARLESTON, S. C., the sum of
Dollars, to be applied to the uses of said INSTITUTE.”* (If
particular conditions are desired to be attached to the bequest,
they may be here added.)

Form of devise of REAL ESTATE to the INSTITUTE:

*“I hereby give and devise to the HOLY COMMUNION CHURCH
INSTITUTE, of CHARLESTON, S. C., its successors and assigns,
for the uses and purposes of said INSTITUTE, the certain real
estate situated at _____, and described
as follows.”* (Here add description of property, by metes and
bounds, or otherwise particularly identify it. If conditions are
to be attached, or special trust created, the same may be here
noted.) *“To have and to hold the premises above described to
the said HOLY COMMUNION CHURCH INSTITUTE, its successors
and assigns, for ever.”*

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